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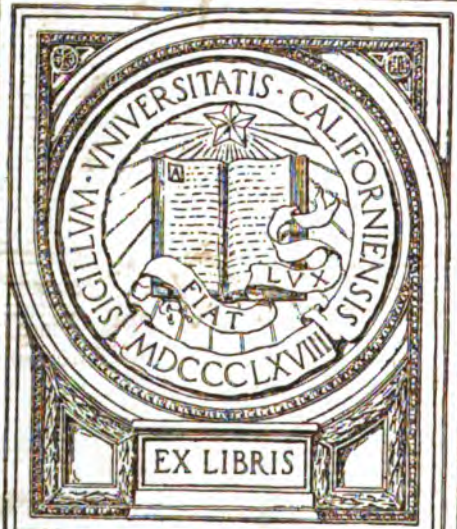

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PEAK IN THE KUEN LUN RANGE.

DRAWN BY MAJOR STRUTT FROM A SKETCH BY R. B. SHAW.

VISITS TO HIGH TARTARY, YÂRKAND, AND KÂSHGHAR

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

(FORMERLY CHINESE TARTARY),

AND RETURN JOURNEY OVER THE KARAKORAM PASS.

By ROBERT SHAW,
BRITISH COMMISSIONER IN LADÂK.

WITH MAP AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

LONDON:
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.
1871.

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UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

PREFACE.

It is necessary that I should say a few words to explain the late appearance of this book.

On my return to England in January, 1870, after my expedition to Yârkand, I was preparing to put into shape my notes regarding that country, when a telegram from India in the *Times* announced that some British officers were to be sent on a friendly visit to the Atalik-Ghâzee, or King of Eastern Toorkistân. I at once telegraphed an offer to join this expedition, and within five days received an answer favourable to my wishes.

I was therefore obliged to leave England at once, and hurry out to the place of rendezvous, the northern end of the Pangong Lake in Western Tibet.

The records of my former journey existed in the shape of a journal written from day to day when there was anything of interest to write, and of a diary (almost illegible to any one but myself) recording mere daily movements, or such things as there was not opportunity to write out more fully. These I brought out to India with me in the steamer, and prepared for publication in such a hurried manner as was alone possible amid the heats and discomforts

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of a voyage down the Red Sea in June. It seemed a pity to plunge again into Toorkistân without leaving behind me some of the results of my first exploration, and so my hastily corrected MS. went home by the next mail.

As my early return from my second expedition permitted of my bestowing the last cares on my book before submitting it to the public, it was again sent out to me for that purpose. But it found me prostrated by a severe and dangerous illness, the result of the exposure which I had undergone.

Hence a fresh delay, which I have been unwilling to increase by a more adequate revision.

Finally, after travelling with me from Toorkistân to England and out again, then home and out a second time, my unfortunate book is now setting out on its *fifth* voyage between Asia and Europe, trusting to be no longer tossed by adverse waves and blasts.

The explanation of this delay will account for, and I hope cover, many of the deficiencies which will be found.

With regard to the spelling of the names, I have endeavoured to give such combinations of letters as will enable an ordinary English reader (unacquainted with the Jonesian, Gilchristian, or any other system) to pronounce the words in a way not differing very much from that of the natives. The sole rule I have to offer is that the words in this book should be pronounced *naturally*, with the single exception that the *g* is always hard, even before *e* or *i*.

I conceive the object in a work of this sort should

be to enable the reader *not* to write out the words in their proper native characters, which he has not the least desire to do, *but* to ascertain approximately their native sound. The practical effect of spelling, according to one of the systems, is that half the readers (who naturally will not take the trouble to learn it) catch the wrong sound, while my words, though uncouth-looking, will, I trust, not mislead in the same manner. The orthographic systems, like the Pierian spring, are dangerous to those who have not drunk pretty deeply of them.

For instance, the system which renders the Oriental short vowel by "u," expects the reader to pronounce its word "hue" to rhyme with *high!* But this requires a very cultivated taste. Nor is it likely that without instruction we should forget our early associations, and pronounce the word "Turk" as though it were written "Toork," which the Jonesian system requires. In fact, the letter *u* is a very dangerous one. Half the people who might see the words "pundit" or "Punjab" for the first time, would be uncertain whether they should pronounce the *u* as in "Hindu" or as in "Turkey."

I confess that if I could have hoped that my readers would begin by learning a table of pronunciations I would have prefixed one to the volume, for I should much prefer to use the Jonesian system; but, as they would in practice do nothing of the kind, they would only catch a wrong pronunciation from a too scientific method.

I also wish to enter a protest against what may be

called the foreign method of spelling for English readers, which is sometimes adopted. Combinations are used to represent certain Oriental letters which the French or Germans may not have equivalents for, but which we have. For instance, *Dschenguiz* is written, when *Chengiz* would represent the sound as well to us, and would moreover possess the advantage of being an English form. And so "Djedda" for "Jedda," "djangal" for the familiar "jungle." Surely we Englishmen have enough connection with the East ourselves, not to be dependent for our Eastern words on any other European nation.

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For several years I had been established in the Kangra Valley, under the snowy Himâlaya. Repeated shooting expeditions into the mountains, extended as far as Cashmeer, had initiated me in the art of Asiatic travel. Here, on the outskirts of India, the interest is naturally attracted to the mysterious regions which exist beyond the great mountain rampart that bounds the whole northern side of that empire. Explorers find that, in whatever part of its length that boundary is attacked from the south, they have first to cross a wide extent of mountainous country, often consisting of high parallel ranges divided by great rivers (both ranges and rivers running longitudinally in the same direction as the entire chain), and that finally

they reach a high barren plateau, supported on the outer ranges, as on a series of walls. This high barren plateau is Tibet, which extends behind the whole length of the Himâlayas, and is supported by them. It has a natural division into Eastern and Western Tibet, drained respectively by the Sampoo[1] and the Indus rivers, which rise close together, and run away from one another, the former eastward, and the latter westward, for many hundred miles. They finally both break through the mountains to the southward, and run into the sea, embracing the whole of Northern India between them. The identity of the Sampoo and the Brahmapootra seems sufficiently well established to warrant the above rough description.

Imagine a wall supporting behind it a high terrace of gravel; suppose this gravel terrace to be hog-backed in the middle, so that the waters rising there run away to the right and to the left till they each find a low place in the wall and escape away through it. This is the relation which Tibet and its rivers and the Himâlayan chain bear to one another. But what lies beyond, on the further side of the barren gravel terrace? Is it supported on that side also by a wall of mountains, or does it slope gradually down to the general level, or does it stretch away for any great distance at the same high elevation, and with the same barren character?

These speculations assumed a marvellous attraction

[1] The river of Eastern Tibet is known to us by this name. But really the word "Sampoo" signifies "River" in the Tibetan language, and therefore the Indus in Western Tibet has just as much claim to the title as the other.

as one gazed up at the mighty wall behind which their mysteries lay hid. They were nourished by the appearance of those natives of Ladâk, Zanskar, &c., waifs and strays from the nearer and more approachable districts of Western Tibet (part of the country I have represented as the gravel terrace), who are to be seen every year in the Kangra Valley. Black tents of peculiar make appear for a few days at a time in the winter on open spaces by the roadsides, and shelter dingy families of narrow-eyed Tibetans—petty traders, who come down with their wares. They are not prepossessing in appearance, with their high cheek-bones, their dirt, and their long pig-tails. But they are the most good-tempered of mortals, and they always greet you with a grin.

Moreover, every year the few English sportsmen who penetrate into the wilder parts of Ladâk bring down reports of the wonderful animals to be found there, and of the curious customs of the Booddhist inhabitants. Wild sheep as large as ponies, wild cattle with bushy tails like horses and long hair on their flanks reaching nearly to the ground, besides antelopes and gazelles, are to be obtained by those who toil sufficiently; while, for non-sportsmen, the curious monasteries perched on almost inaccessible rocks, with their Romish ceremonial, their prayer-wheels, their gigantic images, and ancient manuscripts, form the chief attraction.

But while Ladâk was thus tolerably well known, though situate at the distance of nearly a month's march across the mountains, the region beyond it seemed to combine all the attractions of mystery

and of remoteness. Some few native traders had been known to penetrate to the distant marts of Yârkand, and even Kâshghar, and they brought back frightful tales of toil endured and of perils escaped. Men's lives were there said to be of no more account than sheep's, and few traders ever dared to repeat the venture. Rumours of rebellion in those regions also reached India. The subject Moghuls, a Mussulman race, were said to have risen and massacred their Chinese masters, and to have established the independence of the "Land of the Six Cities," as they called the country which is shown in our maps as Chinese Tartary.

On turning to European books for information regarding this region, one finds more of romance than of history. This is the country of Little Bucharia, whose sovereign, immortalised by Moore, obtained Lalla Rookh for his bride. The brothers Michell, in their book 'The Russians in Central Asia,' report of it as follows:—

"Our ignorance of the region in question has long been made a matter of reproach to us, and our knowledge, 'chiefly conjectural,' has been stigmatised as a disgrace to science, 'owing to its wretched state of imperfection.' It would, perhaps, puzzle those who thus readily impeach the energy which has already sacrificed so many valuable lives in this very country if we were to ask them to devise means for throwing open to Anglo-Saxon enterprise a country where emphatically every man carries his life in his hand. Something more is required to prove courage or conduct than to exclaim 'Fool!' or 'Coward!' as each successive traveller recoils before the hardships

and dangers of a journey through Little Bokhara."

One sad instance of this insecurity of life was more particularly brought to the mind of dwellers in the Kangra Valley. In 1857, Adolph Schlagintweit, the great German traveller, passed up by that route to Eastern Toorkistân (as I shall henceforward call the region in question), where he was murdered by the chief, Wallé Khan, who was then besieging the Chinese garrison of Kâshghar. From the Kangra Valley he had taken several servants, who afterwards returned to their homes with the melancholy news.

All this, as may be imagined, added unspeakably to the interest with which we regarded the huge snowy wall which forms the first barrier between us and that mysterious land, which Marco Polo had been almost the only European to visit.

Attracted towards this region in 1867, I extended my usual yearly excursion as far as Ladâk. My companion and I were anxious to meet those caravans from Central Asia which annually come to Western Tibet. We wished to make acquaintance with the merchants, and were prepared, if we saw a chance, to go on as far as Khoten, a small Mussulman principality, an outlier of Toorkistân, situate under the mountains which bound Ladâk on the north. The chief of Khoten had, in 1865, very hospitably received Mr. Johnson, an officer of the English Survey, who was then employed in the neighbouring mountains. We hoped to experience a similar reception, could we secure the support of some merchant of note, who might act as our introducer.

These hopes were, however, frustrated by the news

which met us *en route*, that the little principality of Khoten had been invaded, and its chief killed by Yakoob Beg, the new ruler of Kâshghar and Yârkand.

This intelligence of the events which had taken place during the preceding winter, was brought over by the first party who crossed the mountains after their release from the snows of winter and the floods of spring. We persevered, however, in visiting Ladâk, and were well repaid by the novelty of the scenes which we beheld. After leaving the narrow fir-crowned gorges, the precipitous cliffs and the glacier-passes of the real Himâlaya, we entered upon the vast table-land of Tibet in the district called Roopshoo; which, however, reminds one at first sight of the British soldier's remark about Abyssinia: "Well, if it is a table, it is a table with all the legs uppermost."

Lying at an elevation equal to that of Mont Blanc, this plateau consists of broad valleys without water, which seem a few hundred yards wide, and are really plains of many miles in extent. On either side arise rolling mountains of all shades of red, yellow, and black; the rock occasionally cropping out near the summit to break the uniformity of the long shingly slopes of *débris*. Everything is bare gravel, both mountains and plains. Not a glimpse of verdure is to be seen, save in some slight depression where the eye at a distance catches a faint yellow gleam along the ground, which a nearer approach shows to be the effect of some scattered blades of a harsh and prickly grass, piercing up through the gravel like so many discoloured porcupine quills. When

you begin to despair of finding those great traveller's requisites, *water* and *wood*, your guide will lead you into a recess of the hills, where a small stream derived from some distant snow-bed far up the hill-sides, has given rise, before disappearing under the gravel, to a thicket of brushwood two or three feet high, and where groups of shallow pits, surrounded by loose stone walls, each with its rough fireplace in the middle, point out where the wandering tribes of Tibetans occasionally pitch their tents. If you are wise, you will take advantage of these sheltering side-walls, low and creviced though they be, for suddenly, in the afternoon, there will arise a terrific blast of deadly cold wind which will numb all the life in your body under a dozen covers, if it strike you. The Tibetan traveller cares for no roof overhead if he can shelter himself from the wind behind a three-foot high wall. Hence the numerous little stone enclosures clustered together like cells of a honeycomb at every halting-place, with one side always raised against the prevailing wind. While thus sheltering himself from the cold of the afternoon, the traveller will scarcely believe he is in the same country where in the morning he was guarding against sunstroke, and nearly blinded by the insufferable glare.[1] It is a terribly unsatisfactory country to travel in. On those endless plains you never seem to arrive anywhere. For

[1] This fact confirms a note in Rawlinson's 'Herodotus,' where instances are adduced in support of the old historian's idea, that in the Eastern parts of the world the mornings are hotter than the afternoons. Herodotus would explain this by supposing the sun to be nearer the Eastern regions (over which he rises) in the morning, and nearer the Western regions in the evening. Of course, the real cause is purely local.

hours you march towards the same point of the compass, seeing ever the same objects in front of you. If you discover another party of travellers coming towards you in the distance, you may travel for half a day before you meet them. The air is so clear that there is no perspective; everything appears in one plane, and that close to the eyes. When, after threading these interminable valley-plains, you descend again towards the inhabited country of Ladâk, the first bits of village cultivation seen on an opposite hill-side have a most singular effect. "Cela vous saute aux yeux." They seem to come right out of the surrounding landscape of desert, and to meet you with almost painful distinctness. Imagine patches out of the best cultivated parts of England, dropped here and there into a parched and howling waste of mountains, such as one might imagine the Atlas to be, or such as Aden is; and this under an Italian sky, with an atmosphere which acts like a telescope, bringing the most minute and distant objects into notice. No gradations of verdure; each bit of cultivation is as distinctly defined from the surrounding desert hill-side as if it had been actually cut out by measurement from another country and dropped there.

Approaching the village, you pass a long, low, broad wall, covered with flat stones, inscribed with sacred sentences in two different styles of the Tibetan character. This is a "Mané," and not a village is without several of them. At each end there is probably a "Chorten," in form a large square pedestal, surmounted by a huge inverted tea-pot, all whitewashed; while crowning all is a

small wooden globe or crescent supported on a sort of obelisk. These erections, varying from ten to twenty feet in height, are supposed to contain the remains of sainted Lamas, whose bodies have there been buried in a standing position. Little pigeon-holes at the sides are filled with numerous small medallions, looking like lava ornaments. They are moulded into wonderful figures of hundred-handed deities, venerated by this denomination of Boodhists, and are composed of clay, mixed with the ashes of other dead Lamas, who are thus, in a material sense, transformed at death into the image of their gods.

On reaching one of these structures, the devout Tibetan invariably passes it on his right; hence the road here always bifurcates to allow of this being done both by goers and by comers. The scattered houses of the village are flat-roofed, two-storied, built of huge sun-dried bricks, with walls sloping considerably inwards, and finished off with brilliant white and red stucco over the doors and windows. On the roofs are generally small piles of horns (either of wild animals or of domestic sheep and goats) stuck all over with small flags and rags of coloured cotton. Fierce-looking black "yaks" (the cattle of Tibet) with their bushy tails, and long hair hanging below their knees, and giving them a petticoated appearance, graze about the fields or grunt discontentedly as they are led in by the nose to carry the traveller's baggage. They are generally conducted by the women, who wear red and blue petticoats with the stripes disposed up and down, cloth boots gartered up to the knee, tight-fitting jackets covered

with a sheepskin cape (hair inwards), sometimes lined with scarlet cloth, bare heads with curious cloth lappets protecting both ears from the bitter wind, and, above all, a "perâk," their most precious ornament, consisting of a broad strip of leather hanging down the back from the top of the head, and sown all over with rows of large false turquoises gradually dwindling away to single stones near the tip. The men, beardless all, wear similar cloth boots, thick woollen frocks girt round the waist and just reaching below the top of the leggings, and on their pig-tailed head a kind of black Phrygian cap, like an English drayman's, of which the hanging end serves a variety of purposes, being brought down either to shade the eyes from the sun or to shelter either ear from the cold blasts of the afternoon.

Amongst the group collected to stare at the traveller there is generally a Lama, dressed in a red robe which allows one arm and shoulder to be bare, as is also the head. In his hand he carries a prayer-cylinder, which he whirls round on its wooden handle by an almost imperceptible motion of the hand, aided by a string and small weight attached to it, and assisting the rotation. Perched on some neighbouring pinnacle, or jammed against the vertical face of some rock, is the Lama's monastery. Such is a Tibetan village without a tree except a few stunted willows along the life-giving water-courses; while all above, to the very edge, is a howling wilderness of gravel, with no signs of man's existence.

In the broad valley of the Upper Indus, which constitutes Ladâk, the villages in places extend con-

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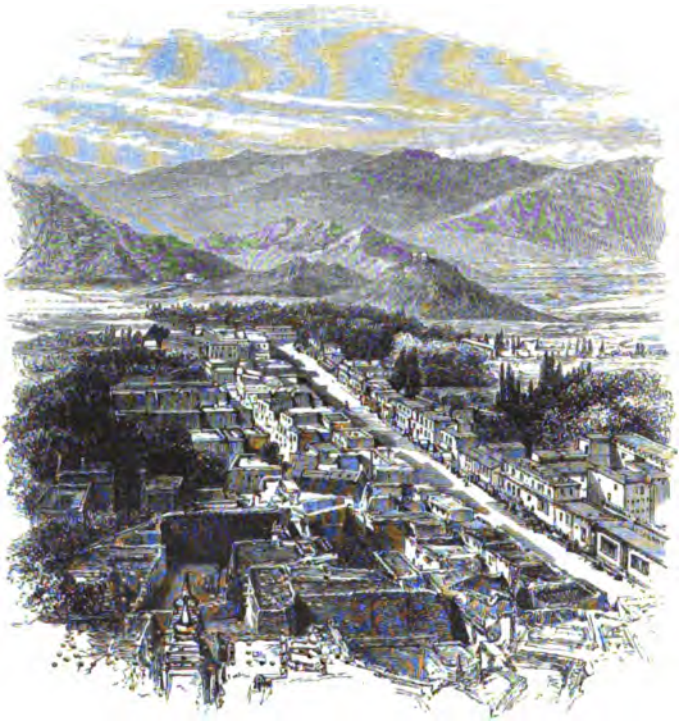
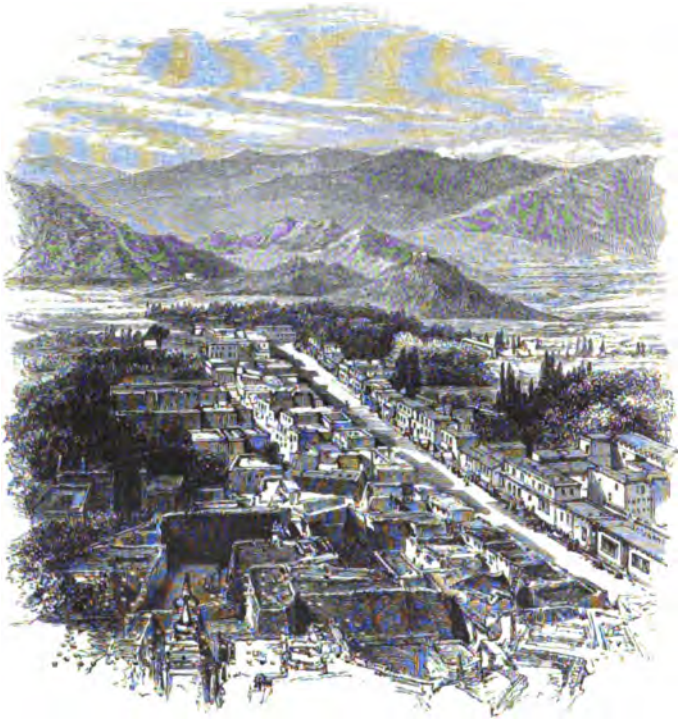


BAZÂR OF LEH (LADAK),

With View in the Distance of the Range South of the Indus From a Photograph by Dr. Henderson



BAZÂR OF LEH (LADAK),

With View in the Distance of the Range South of the Indus From a Photograph by Dr. Henderson.

tinuously for several miles. The crops are here wonderfully luxuriant, and the climate is milder, the elevation being only 11,000 feet. The town of Leh itself is nestled under the hills, at a distance from the river of some four miles up a long gentle gravelly slope.

Arriving here, I was preparing to study the Tibetan manners and customs more attentively, but the first walk through the town at once dispelled all the rather contemptuous interest which I had begun to take in the people of the place, by introducing a greater interest in lieu thereof. For stalking about the streets, or seated in silent rows along the bazaar, were to be seen men of a different type from those around. Their large white turbans, their beards, their long and ample outer robes, reaching nearly to the ground, and open in front showing a shorter under-coat girt at the waist, their heavy riding boots of black leather, all gave them an imposing air; while their dignified manners, so respectful to others, and yet so free from Indian cringing or Tibetan buffoonery, made them seem like men among monkeys compared with the people around them.

Perhaps it was partly the thought of their mysterious home which imparted to these Toorkee merchants such a halo of interest. Visitants from a world of hitherto forbidden access to all others, these very men must have witnessed the tremendous vengeance which, like a second Sicilian Vespers, had recently consigned 50,000 invaders to a violent death. They had probably themselves taken part in the massacre of the Chinese idolaters. Their eyes must be quite accustomed to the wholesale executions which were

said to be of daily occurrence in those distracted regions. Their ancestors, right back to the time of Tamerlane and Chenghiz Khan, must have taken part in those convulsions which, originating in Central Asia, have been felt even in the distant West.

When we began to make their acquaintance, their disposition seemed hardly to correspond with the terrific character which was ascribed to their compatriots. They came and sat with us in our tents, and talked in a friendly way with us through an interpreter, sipping our tea the while with great gusto, despite the horror-stricken looks of our Indian Mussulmans who are so far Hindooised as to consider such an act a breach of caste. Our guests were essentially "good-fellows," able to enjoy a joke and give one in return, talking freely, and yet never stepping beyond the proper limit. They seemed to respect both themselves and those they conversed with, and when they rose, they took their leave with the deferential bows of a courtier. In colour they were scarcely darker than Europeans, with red lips and ruddy faces. On our first arrival a man approached me dressed in a felt wide-awake, a long flowered dressing-gown and high riding-boots. His beard and moustache were light brown, his face quite fair, and he stared me in the face like an Englishman. I was on the point of addressing him as one, when he turned aside and sat down by my Mussulman servants. He was a Yarkandee "Hajjee" or pilgrim!

They took to the English at once, but their hearts were quite won over when Dr. Cayley, the new

British Resident at Leh, was able to announce to them a considerable reduction in the duties. It appeared that, some years before, the Cashmeer Maharaja, in whose territory Ladâk lies, had entered into engagements with the Supreme Power, the British Government, to reduce his enormous custom duties to five per cent. for merchants trading between India and Central Asia. As usual, this engagement was nowhere carried out, and after repeated remonstrances, our Government was obliged to depute an officer to Ladâk, for the purpose of watching its execution. Dr. Cayley was the first appointed to this post, and he at once reported to our Government that the reduction of duties was systematically disregarded by the Cashmeer officials. On the details being brought officially to the knowledge of the Maharaja, orders were sent up to Ladâk to remedy this state of things, and this time these orders were attended to, as there was a British officer to watch over their execution. I happened to be in the town of Leh at the moment when this was publicly proclaimed, and the gratitude of the Yarkandee merchants was vented in the first instance on me, in my character of an Englishman. I received from them a small ovation, until I succeeded in carrying off all my friends in procession to the house of the British Resident, outside the town, to whom their thanks were really due.

We spent nearly a month here studying the characteristics of the Toorkees, learning all we could about their country and its rulers, and paving the way for an expedition next year. At last we started back, late in October, from Ladâk, and were but just

in time by forced marches to cross the Bara Lâcha Pass before it was closed for the season by the snow. Here we had the misfortune to lose two Hindoostanee servants, who lingered behind, and, finally overpowered by cold, sat down with the apathy of their race to die. Our party being much scattered, and bivouacking in different places that night, we did not know of their absence till it was too late to save them. Their bodies were found crouched togther, and rifled by the Tibetan yak-drivers.

I shall never forget that night's bivouac on the snow. As soon as the horse carrying the brushwood fuel came up (it was past 12 o'clock at night), we two Englishmen made shift to light a fire against a rock, clearing away the snow for the purpose. Attracted by this, a Sikh merchant who was crossing the pass the same day, came and sat down with us. His long black beard and moustache were covered with pendant icicles which dragged down the hair by their weight. His face was haggard, and his only thought seemed to be of the fire. I presently found a bottle of rum, and was proceeding to uncork it, when he looked round, laid his hand on my shoulder, and said earnestly: "I am partner in that." I laughed, and gave him some, and it seemed to revive him, for he began to bewail his fate. He was travelling quickly with all his wealth in a portable form, carried on five lightly laden horses. One, the most valuable, he was in the habit of leading himself as he rode. He now told me that, finding his hand getting frozen by holding the leading rope, he had cast this treasure-laden animal adrift in the pass, and did not know what had become of him. On his own

horse he had carried a parcel of valuable silks. This had slipped off a few hundred yards back, but he had not had the energy to dismount and pick it up. To those who know the nature of Indian merchants, such neglect will speak volumes of the state to which he must have been reduced. I advised him for the future to take our example, and walk instead of riding when the cold was so great, assuring him that we had been comfortably warm all the time. But I must add, in explanation, that our style of clothing had somewhat contributed to this. We wore each of the usual articles of dress about fourfold, besides a huge fur robe and a lambskin cap tying below the chin.

I may add that our friend, Tara Sing the Sikh, recovered his treasures, for one of my servants, a hillman, who was coming behind, finding a stray horse in the pass, caught him and brought him on.

After experiencing such cold as this, and marching across treeless wastes for so long, it may be imagined with what pleasure we descended our last pass, the Rotang, and looked down upon the magnificent deodar forests and the green valley of Kooloo, one of the hill states attached to the Kangra district. As soon as we reached the beginning of the forests, intersected by a good mule road picturesquely winding through the shades, and crossing delightful little torrents of clear water by rude wooden bridges, in a climate which seemed to us spring after our winter, we lay down to enjoy the first glimpse of such wonders. We were surprised in this position by an English officer from the Kangra Valley, who was out on a shooting excursion. He at first quite refused to recognise us, and it was not till we had spoken to

him several times in English that he overcame his first impression of our being Yârkandee merchants. In fact, on looking in our glasses afterwards, we found our faces were quite black from the glare of the snow, while our long fur robes and Tibetan boots must have completed the illusion.

On arriving back in the Kangra Valley, I set myself in earnest to prepare for next year's expedition. My companion, unfortunately, was not able to join me again, so I continued my preparations alone. Putting together the information acquired, it seemed that the only chance was to go up in the character of a merchant. Asiatics who travel do so from one of three motives, and they can understand no other. Their journeys are either religious, commercial, or political. They will cross the whole continent to visit a shrine; they will peril their lives on a trading trip; and envoys are constantly threading their way from one distant Chief to another. From the first and the last pleas I was debarred. I was determined to go as an Englishman, and, as such, I could have no religious attraction in Central Asia; nor could I obtain any official recognition from our Government as a motive for the journey.

Yet I was convinced that the favourable moment had now arrived for opening intercourse with Eastern Toorkistân. It is needless to give my reasons for this belief here; they will appear in the sequel. So I determined to adopt the third and only remaining character, and go as a merchant, and the rather that this would give me an excellent opportunity of discovering the state of the Central Asian market and what promise it afforded to English

trade, especially with regard to the disposal of Indian tea, in which I had a personal interest. This commercial information, if I could obtain it, would be a most valuable result of my journey, for with half-barbarous nations trade is the only bond of union. I might thus hope to establish permanent communication with Central Asia, which the mere casual transit of an English traveller would never accomplish.

It then became a question whether I should add surveying to my programme. Eastern Toorkistân is a blank on our maps as far as any real knowledge of it goes. All the details are conjectural.[1] It would therefore be highly important to have it properly surveyed and mapped. But I asked myself, Is not this attempting too much? The chances, as everyone says, are incalculably against the success of the expedition on any terms. Why add to the difficulties such a formidable one as this? Surveying is the very thing that barbarous nations are so fearful and jealous of. Nor is it only barbarous nations that have this feeling. The most civilised people of Europe would be affronted if they discovered that a secret survey of their country was being made by emissaries of a foreign power. If my expedition is shipwrecked on this rock, the entrance to Central Asia will be blocked up for many a year to come. Suspicion of the English, now happily non-existent, will be engendered; and the chance of a future

[1] Always excepting the labours of Major Montgomerie's native explorers, who had penetrated to Yârkand.

survey as well as all the more legitimate objects of my journey will be frustrated.

On the other hand, if this first and most critical expedition turns out well; if they see that the first Englishman whom they have ever admitted into their country shows no disquieting curiosity to learn too much; if they find that no more evil results from his visit than from that of an Asiatic merchant: there is reason to hope that they may relax their suspicions and allow freer access to future travellers. Then, when they have learned that we have no evil intentions against them, will be the time to take observations and rectify our maps.

After all, we do not desire to know a country in order to map it, but we map it in order to know it. It would be sacrificing the end to the means were I to correct our maps at the expense of our future intercourse, and to explore Eastern Toorkistân in such a manner as to shut it against all future explorers.

I therefore determined to confine myself to a prismatic compass, which might pass as harmless even if seen, and to eschew all such more elaborate instruments as would both compromise me by their appearance and tempt me to imprudence in their use.

In order to carry out my intention of going in the character of a merchant, I made arrangements with an enterprising firm in Calcutta to send up a venture of goods, chosen in such a way as seemed most suitable for the Yârkand market.

Presents also, chiefly in the shape of firearms, had to be bought, for in Asia nothing can be done

without the interchange of gifts. I trusted chiefly to these to unlock the door for me, purposing to send up some confidential messenger in front of me, who should present the king and his chiefs with gifts in my name, informing them that I was myself following with more valuable ones which I hoped to make over in person. It seemed as if this course afforded the best hope of success, by appealing to their cupidity while at the same time disarming their suspicions by frankly announcing my coming beforehand.

My confidential messenger I found in the person of Diwân Bakhsh, a Mussulman who had formerly been in my service as Moonshee, or writer, and was now occupying some petty post under Government. His family had always been in the service of the Mussulman Rajahs of Rajaoree; but the Maharaja of Cashmeer had annexed Rajaoree during the disorder which succeeded our Sikh Wars, and the deposed Rajah is now a pensioner on the bounty of the British Government. He has had by degrees to part with most of his followers. Diwân Bakhsh and his brothers were accordingly cast loose on the world a few years ago to earn their own bread. In consequence of his origin, Diwân Bakhsh is better educated than most of the class of moonshees amongst whom he has taken his place, knowing Persian well and Arabic slightly. He is, besides, accustomed to the etiquette and ways of a native court. These qualifications pointed him out as a fitting man for my purpose, especially as he would leave a wife and family in the Kangra Valley dependent on his return for their future subsistence; a satisfactory

pledge for his good behaviour when I should be at his mercy among his co-religionists.

Him, therefore, I engaged, after many doubts and hesitations on his part, to go forward and prepare the way for me at Yârkand. For the first part of the journey, however, he was to accompany me.

CHAPTER II.

THE TRIBES OF TOORKISTAN AND TARTARY.

Characteristics of the People of Eastern Toorkistân — "Tartarised Aryans" — The original Inhabitants probably of Aryan Blood — Last Relic of these in Sarikol — Toork and Tajik; Kirghiz and Sart — The People of Badakhshan; and of Wakhan — The Oozbeks — The Kipchaks — The Toorkmâns — The Kazaks — The Kara-Kalpaks — The Kirghiz — Their Mahammadanism; Settlers in Eastern Toorkistân; Cashmeerees; Baltees; Badakhshees — The Thian-Shan; Kalmâks — The Great Desert; the Doolâns — Zungaria — The Toongânees; alleged Etymology of the Name, and Origin of the People — The Taranchees, Kansoo, Charchand, and its mention by Marco Polo — Zilm, and its approximate Position — The Talkas.

THE inhabitants of Eastern Toorkistân are very far from being pure Tartars. Compared with the nomadic Kirghiz, and even with the more civilized and mixed tribe of Oozbeks, the men of Yârkand have a decidedly Aryan look.[1]

They are tall and somewhat gaunt (resembling the typical American as depicted in caricatures, or even

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[1] This fact does not seem inconsistent with what we learn from ancient authors. The *Sakæ* apparently inhabited this region (Rawlinson's 'Herodotus,' App., Bk. VII., Essay I., § viii.), and they are always mentioned by Herodotus in connection with the Bactrians, an Aryan people; and by Strabo (Bk. XI., chap. vi., § 2; chap. viii., §§ 2, 8) in connection with the Massagetæ, another Aryan people.

The fact that the Sakæ are classed among the Scythian tribes does not prove their Turanian origin, when another tribe of Scythians (those inhabiting what is now the South of Russia) have been proved to be Arians by their language (Rawlinson's 'Herodotus,' vol. iii., App., Bk. IV., Essay II.); and since moreover the term Scyth is probably not a real *ethnic* name. (Strabo says: "The ancient Greek historians called all the nations towards the North by the common name of Scythians and *Kelto*-Scythians.")

The picture of a Scythian captive from the Behistun sculptures given in Rawlinson's 'Herodotus,' vol. iv. p. 53, has a very full beard and other decidedly Aryan features.

portraits, of the late President Lincoln). They have long-shaped faces, well-formed noses, and full beards. This description applies to the ordinary Yârkand peasant or villager.

The stunted-looking Kirghiz, on the contrary, have narrow eyes, high cheek-bones, thick depressed noses, with no more hair on their face than an ordinary Chinaman. Even the Oozbeks are seldom seen with beards, having generally only a few straggling hairs at the corners of the mouth, and on the chin. Those who have more than this—and they are few—owe it I fancy to the infusion of Tajik blood, having lived long in Bokhâra and Khokand among people of that race.

I think these facts show that the modern Yârkandees are not pure Tartars like the Kirghiz,[1] or even Aryanized Tartars like some of the Oozbeks, but rather Tartarized Aryans, if I may so express myself. This could only arise from the early population having been Aryan, for we know that no immigration of that race has taken place since the period of the Tartar invasions. The fact that the name of Khoten (and perhaps several other names) has been derived by eminent authority from an Aryan source, also points to the fact of an early occupation of the country by Aryan inhabitants.

From the Chinese annals it is gathered that about the middle of the second century B.C. a tribe of Tartars called the Yoochee, being pressed upon by other Tartar tribes on their North-east, advanced into

[1] The Kirghiz I believe to be purely *Tartars*, but very mixed as regards the several branches of that race.

Yârkand and Kâshghar, driving out the original inhabitants.

It may be gathered that these original inhabitants were by no means entirely expelled, to judge from the strong infusion of Aryan blood which, as I have said, is still noticeable in the population of these provinces. Those that emigrated before the Tartars must have been at first pushed up against the Pamir Mountains and Steppes, a huge wall running North and South, and dividing them from the country to the West until they overflowed that boundary, and poured into the valleys which lead down to the Oxus and the plains of Bokhâra, which they would find occupied by men of a kindred race to themselves. Up to the present day, however, one small remnant of them which hesitated to cross the mountains was left cooped up in the valleys of the Sarikol district *East* of the Pamir, and in the corner between it and the Mustak Range. This last relic of the Trans-Pamir Aryans has within the last two years been removed from its resting-place; the Atalik-Ghâzee having transplanted the whole tribe (consisting of not more than 1000 or 1500 individuals), after the manner of Eastern conquerors, as they caused him continual trouble. Some of these captives I saw at Kâshghar, and have since been informed that none are now left in Sarikol, where Kirghiz immigrants from the North have replaced this ancient Aryan people. They speak a dialect of Persian mixed with Toorkee words, few and far between, but without any apparent admixture from the Dardoo languages to their South.

Beyond the Sarikol district, and across the Pamir

Range, another portion of the escaping Aryan population halted and settled down in the high valley of Wakhan at the head-waters of the Oxus. The other gorges by which the high plateau of Pamir drains westward are also partly occupied by people of this race, and partly by wandering Kirghiz with their cattle.

It is of course difficult, in our present state of knowledge, to say where the tide of immigrants from the East ceases in these valleys, and which of them had already at the time of the migration been occupied by men from the plains to the westward, as both populations were of the same race. It is enough to have traced the fugitives from Yârkand up to the Pamir and across it.[1]

Those who were left behind must have gradually blended with their Tartar conquerors, giving them their features, but receiving from them their language. This need excite no surprise. It is not uncommon for a nation to adopt another language in the East. A remarkable instance is that of the Hazarahs, North of Afghanistan. They would be selected as types of the Tartar race, so fully do their physical characteristics agree with their real lineage. Yet their language is Persian at the present day. If pure Tartars thus talk Persian, we need not hesitate to accept the fact that the Toorkee-speaking Yârkandees

[1] It is said that the language of Wakhan differs from that of Badakhshan and of the Tajiks of Bokhâra, which is nearly pure Persian, by the presence of many words resembling those of Sanscrit or Tâkree. This, if true, would make the Wakhanee language of much interest as being a relic of a distinct and very early branch of the Indo-Germanic tongue, spoken by the Aryan race on first issuing from the Aria-Veja or even in that earliest seat of the race, and before it had divided into the two great branches, the Vedic and the Zendic.

have a very large proportion of Aryan blood in their veins.

The Tartar invasion, which *incorporated* with itself the Aryans East of the Pamir, only succeeded *in conquering* those to the West. While the people of Yârkand and Kâshghar are an apparently homogeneous race, the Bokhâriots and Khokandees are divided into subject Tajiks and dominant Toorks. Of course the great commercial cities on both sides are the resort of men of all tribes, many of whom have settled there with their families. But the mass of the people in the East do not differ among themselves. They do not call themselves by the name of this or that particular tribe. They are simply Yârkandees or Kâshgharees. In fact Eastern Toorkistân seems to have been a kind of reservoir into which the various floods of Tartar invaders poured. Whenever it became full to the brim it overflowed into the Western plains. But there the successive waves formed for themselves distinct channels in which they have been content to stay; or rather they flow like oil upon water, instead of mixing together like water and wine.

In Western Toorkistân a man is a Tajik or an Oosbek, or a Kipchak, or a Toorkmân in addition to being simply a Bokhâriot or a Khokandee.

Among these various tribes there are two great cross divisions. The first is the division of TOORK and TAJIK, or of Tartar and of Aryan blood. The other classification is that of nomads and settled people, KIRGHIZ and SARTS.[1] The former of these

[1] The Russians, I see, mistake this classification, and confound it with the other, making Sarts to be merely the same as Tajiks (probably because the first Sarts or settled people whom they came across happened to be

(who I believe are all Tartars) are of many different tribes,—Kazak, Kipchak, Kara-Kalpak, &c., besides the true Kirghiz, who are again subdivided into their various Hordes. The Sarts or settled people include the Aryan Tajiks as well as the Tartar Oosbeks and others. All over Bokhâra and, I believe, as far as the Syr Dariâ (or River Jaxartes) the Tajiks compose the mass of the population, the cultivators, the shopkeepers, and merchants, the writers, and sometimes are found as soldiers and even Governors. Beyond the Jaxartes in the Khanate of Khokand, the Tartar tide (so near its place of outpour) proved too strong for them, and they are found more sparsely, as merchants and writers, and even in higher employ, and not so much as cultivators and villagers. This at least is the account given of their own country by the Andijânees and Khokandees in the service of the Ataligh-Ghâzee at Kâshghar and Yârkand.

The TAJIKS are a very handsome race with high foreheads, full expressive eyes shaded by dark eyelashes, thin delicately-formed noses, short upper lips and rosy complexions. Their beards are generally very large and full, and often of a brown and even sometimes of a reddish tinge. They differ from the high-caste men of Northern India, only in being more stoutly and strongly built, and in having fuller faces.

Their kinsmen the men of BADAKHSHAN bear even a closer resemblance to the Northern Indians. One

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Tajiks). They are wrong, however, for all the Khokandees whom I met with in Eastern Toorkistân agreed in affirming that Sart is merely a word used by the Kirghiz to denote all who do not lead a nomad existence like themselves, whether they be Tajiks or Oosbeks.

of them came to see me at Yârkand. Both my Moonshee and I thought that he was a Cashmeeree by his appearance, and we made one of our men address him suddenly in the Cashmeer language to test his nationality; but he evidently could not understand it. He told us in Persian that he was a Badakhshee, and we were afterwards convinced that he was speaking the truth. Now his Cashmeeree appearance is very interesting as showing the Aryan affinities of his nation. For the Cashmeerees form as well marked a type as that of the Jews. No one who has seen them would hesitate to swear to the nationality of one of them in a Court of Justice. Other Badakhshees that I saw approached them very much in appearance, but none so strikingly as this man, who actually, without any effort on his own part, deceived my Moonshee who has been born and bred among Cashmeerees.

The WAKHANEES (a small tribe of them has settled in the Kilian Valley near Sanjoo) partake of these characteristics, having also some of them light hazel-coloured eyes, as have also the SARIKOLEES whom I saw at Kâshghar. But the rough life they lead in their highland valleys has given them a certain harshness of feature, as well as an asperity of character which contrasts with the good temper of their neighbours the Kirghiz.

All these tribes talk varieties of the Persian language, from the Bokhâra Tajiks who boast that their tongue is the oldest and purest form of Persian, to the Sarikolees and Wakhanees who have an incomprehensible patois, compounded (so it is said) of words resembling both Sanscrit and Persian, and therefore

possibly descended from the early form of speech which was the mother of both. So much for the pure Aryan races of Central Asia.

The most civilized of the Tartar or Toork tribes[1] are the OOZBEKS. They are now the ruling and military caste in the three Khanates of Khiva, Bokhâra, and Khokand. The Oozbeks must have been borne in upon a later wave of invasion from the East. Towards the end of the fourteenth century (A.D.) we hear of them from Timoor Lang in the early part of his Autobiography as being a heathen (non-Mussulman) tribe, located, together with the Jatta,[2] on the North of the River Jaxartes (that is, just at the exit from Eastern Toorkistân), who made frequent incursions and attempted conquests in the fertile province of Mâwar-oon-Nahr (the kingdom of Bokhâra) of which they are now masters (by permission of the Russians), and where they have become the most bigoted adherents of Islâm.

Their characteristics (in Khokand, at least, where they are probably purer in blood than their brethren who dwell among the Tajiks of Bokhâra) are a modified form of the Kirghiz features, viz., taller stature, a very little more hair on the face, which is longer and less squat-looking, and a less ugly cast of countenance. Whether it be that the Tartars are so essentially a nomadic race that they begin to lose their distinctive characteristics when they settle down, or

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[1] I hope I may be forgiven for using these words interchangeably as the Central Asiatics do in practice. Their word Toork agrees with our word "Tartar" or "Mongolian" in being a generic term.

[2] Probably connected with the Massa-*getæ*, who are mentioned by the early writers in this very region.

whether it be that all the Oozbeks have now a certain admixture of Tajik blood in their veins, it is certain that they are less Tartar-like than the Kirghiz. That the former cause may have some effect in this direction is shown by the difference between the features of the nomadic Tibetans of Roopshoo and of their settled brethren in Ladâk, who are undoubtedly and unmixedly of the same blood. The former are utterly hideous, possessing every form of ugliness, while the agricultural Tibetans have more regular features, though they are *regularly* ugly.

With regard to the admixture of Tajik blood in the Oozbeks, this also is probable, considering that there is undoubtedly much Oozbek blood in some who call themselves Tajiks. The Atalik-Ghâzee Mahammad Yakoob Beg is an instance of this. His cheeks are too high for a true Tajik. The features are too coarse for a Tajik, and the beard is too thick for a Toork.

There is another type also, characterized by a fleshy, flabby countenance, long-drawn eyes, a sallow complexion (contrasting with the ruddy, brick-coloured cheeks of the Oozbeks generally), and a large but apparently not very powerful body. This type is ascribed to a strain of Moghal blood. It is very difficult in Central Asia to trace the descent of the several types which are often found mixed up under the same name. When a given tribe, like the Oozbeks, has attained a certain amount of prominence, men of quite different blood have no hesitation in claiming the honoured designation, especially as there is no caste prejudice or difference of religion, as in India, to prevent amalgamation. The claim is some-

times disallowed for a time, but in the course of a generation or two of persistence the original difference is probably forgotten or passed over, and a living puzzle is prepared for the future ethnologist, similar to that which the geologist would find in the clever introduction of a fossil bone into an earlier formation than that to which it belonged.

Thus some of the better families in Kâshghar are beginning to call themselves Oozbeks, implying a claim of kindred which the Andijânee Oozbeks do not recognize.

There are several other minor tribes of *settled* Toorks.

The KIPCHAKS form a link between the nomad and the non-nomad Toorks. They possess cultivated ground in the dominions of Khokand, but they also move about with their herds of camels and sheep from the spring till the reaping season for the purpose of grazing. They are held in higher repute than the real Kirghiz, and are said to be very courageous, making good soldiers. Several thousands of them are in the service of the Atalik-Ghâzee at Kâshghar. In countenance they are like the Kirghiz, but they talk a dialect of Toorkee differing from that of the Kirghiz, as well as from that of the non-nomad Toorks.

The TOORKMÂNS of Oorganj (Khiva) are also wanderers, living in felt tents which are called "kara-ooee" (black-house), while those of the Kirghiz are called "âk-ooee" (white-house). They are said to talk a kind of Persian among themselves, but they understand Toorkee. A Khokandee who had travelled among them gave me a long account of the

wonderful endurance of the Toorkmân horses, and of their power of flat-jumping, over water, &c. They fetch very high prices, and are so valued that a foal is often bargained for before it is born, if of a well-known strain. But as I never encountered the Toorkmâns, who are moreover thoroughly described in the pages of M. Vámbéry's book, I merely enumerate them among the tribes of Toorkistân.

The KAZAKS are another tribe of nomads frequenting the country West and North of Tashkand, and included under the general but improper denomination of Kirghiz.

There is also a tribe of pastoral TÖRKS regarding whom I could not learn anything distinctive; nor regarding the KARA-KALPAKS, unless it be that the latter have given their name to a kind of felt sun-hat, often used in Eastern Toorkistân under the name of "Kalpak." But perhaps it is the tribe that derived its name from the hat, and not the hat from the tribe. The name Kara-Kalpak (black-hat), would perhaps better fit the more civilized race.

But the main mass of nomads are KIRGHIZ proper, in their various hordes. Those who live in the range North of Kâshghar, are distinct from those of Khokand who are known as the Alai Kirghiz, from the plains of that name where they pasture their flocks and herds. To this large horde belong those who wander in the valleys on both sides of the Pamir, as well as on the steppe itself. They have occupied the territory of Sarikol, and a small advanced party of them has for some years frequented the pastures of Sarikeea on the Karakash River, near Sanjoo, the most Southerly point reached by these nomads. Their

characteristics have been already described. The apparent obliquity of their eyes is due to the puckering up of the face to avoid the glare reflected from the barren soil. A fold of skin or flesh is drawn up at one corner of the eye, so that its lower margin forms an oblique line. But the line of the upper eyelid is horizontal, and the axis of the two eyes is one straight line. I have particularly noticed this in the old men of the tribe, whose eyes are scarcely visible in the daytime, and appear to be drawn up at one corner; but in the dusk or when they are sitting in the firelight of their tents, the lower eyelids are allowed to drop into their natural position, and the eyes resume their horizontal appearance.

All these tribes that I have been describing, both Tajik and Toork, are Mussulmans of the "Soonee" or orthodox persuasion. They all more or less look upon the Court of Bokhâra with religious veneration, as being (next to the great Sooltân-i-Room, or Sultan of Turkey, who is the Chief of Islâm) the great depository and model of the Faith. Its usages with regard to the enforcement of religious practices and the disabilities of Hindoos and Jews, are imitated in the other Central Asian kingdoms. The Atalik-Ghâzee, King of Yârkand and Kâshghar, obtained the former title (which means Tutor or Guardian of the religious Champions) from the Ameer of Bokhâra, in his character, not of temporal, but of spiritual Sovereign.

The Oozbeks have mostly forgotten all their own traditions in adopting Islâm, and generally take Mahammadan names derived from the Arabic. But

among the Kirghiz you still find the old Tartar names such as Toctamish, Satwaldee, &c.

The natives of *Eastern* Toorkistân cannot be classified into tribes, as I have before mentioned. However, nearly all the races of Western Toorkistân, above enumerated, are represented in Kâshghar and Yârkand by settlers or temporary residents, brought over (especially since the expulsion of the Chinese) by the various pursuits of commerce, and military or civil service under the Atalik-Ghâzee. Many Afghans also are to be found in his army, where they are much esteemed as good soldiers; while the Cashmeerees have a whole quarter to themselves in the city of Yârkand, forming a nest of villany, corruption, and deceit, whence originate all the disquieting rumours, and the lying accusations against Hindoo merchants. The Cashmeerees are held in great disrepute among the Toorks, and especially by the warlike Oozbeks, who are now masters of the country.

A great many Baltees (or Mussulman Tibetans) have also established themselves around Yârkand where they cultivate a little land, being the chief growers of tobacco and melons. Many converted Chinese, too, are to be found as gardeners (both of flowers and of vegetables), as well as in the ranks of the army. Nor must the Badakhshee settlers be omitted from the list.

I have not yet finished the classification of the heterogeneous mass of human beings who make up the population of a Central Asian town, in addition to the children of the soil. There are many also from the tribes to the East. But here it is necessary to

remember the formation of the country in that direction. There stretch out two great arms of habitable country embracing between them the impracticable Desert of Gobi (or the Takla-Makân of the Toorks). These two tracts of habitable country run along the bases of the Northern and the Southern ranges of mountains (the so-called Thian-Shan and Kuen-lun). Through the former ran the great road to China, but as this was not frequented by the subject Toorks it is difficult to get information about it.

I will first take this Northern arm lying under the Thian-Shan or Mooztâgh Mountains, and comprising the provinces of Aksoo, Kooché, Karashahr, &c. For a certain distance the mountains are inhabited by Kirghiz, who are succeeded further east by tribes of somewhat similar appearance, but Booddhist in faith, who are called by their Mussulman neighbours KALMÂK (Calmuck). As far as I can ascertain, it is about the neighbourhood of Karashahr that the Calmucks begin. In the mountains they are wanderers like the Kirghiz, but part of the town population also consists of them. The Atalik-Ghâzee has many in his service, of whom some are still armed with bows and arrows. They are said to fight chiefly on horseback.

The skirts of the deserts are occupied by the DOOLÂNS, a Mussulman tribe of semi-nomads of predatory habits. The Toorks call them a Moghal tribe. They are said to live in holes in the earth or mud huts. Beyond them again, and among the lagoons and lakes (the chief of which is Lop Noor) formed in the midst of the desert near the district called Koordam-kâk, where the united waters from Eastern

Toorkistân vanish in the sand, there are vague rumours of a savage tribe who live on fish, and dress in the bark of trees, but I never found a man who had seen them.

Behind the Thian-Shan or Celestial Mountains extends a large region, formerly called Zungaria. The mass of the people are said to be of Calmuck origin, but there are two other dominant tribes of different blood. One of these is the TOONGÂNEE tribe, the other the TARANCHEE.

The tradition regarding the Toongânees is that they are of mixed race, bred between the Tartar invaders and Chinese women. These Tartars are said to have settled in the Western parts of China with the wives whom they had taken. Their name is commonly derived from the Toorkee root "troong," signifying to remain, and they are sometimes called *Troongânee*. They are strict Mussulmans in religion, but their language is Chinese. In shape those that I have seen are large, strongly-built men with very Mongolian features and scanty hair. In a very interesting communication from one of the best authorities on these subjects, on this side of China, which I have seen, the name Toongânee is derived from the Chinese words "tun-jên," signifying "military colonists." Both derivations agree so completely with what can be learnt of them, that it is difficult to assign a preference to either. The Chinese name is the one which it would seem most probable that they should have bestowed on themselves, that being their language. But in the far East nations are seldom known to foreigners by the names which they

give to themselves.[1] The Western Tibetans designate themselves as "Bôt;" the Toorks, who are called by their Indian neighbours "Moghal," ignore this appellation; the "Kalmâks" of the Mussulmans are the "Sokpo" of the Tibetans; while the Chinese are only known to the Central Asiatics as "Katai" (Cathay). Thus it is quite possible that Chinese-speaking Toongânees[2] may have a name derived from the Toorkee language.

The Taranchees are also settlers, but of much more recent date. It seems to be agreed that they were transplanted from their more Western homes in Toorkistân as a means of quelling the resistance which they had hitherto made against their Chinese conquerors; in the same way that the Children of Israel were transplanted by the Kings of Assyria.

There is also in Zungaria a considerable mixture of Chinese; for this region was employed as the Botany Bay of the Empire, to which were exiled both criminals and also political offenders.

Further East than Zungaria we come to the Chinese province of Kansoo, with a large proportion of Mussulmans in its population. North of this again are the wilds of Mongolia; and so we reach a country of which our only knowledge is obtained from the Eastern side.

Having thus traced out the long arm which

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[1] This fact is important as showing that the derivation of the name by which a nation is known to its neighbours is no conclusive proof of its ethnic affinities. For instance, the Kara-katais are not Toorks, although the work Kara (black) is Toorkee; nor are the Kizil-bash, although their name (signifying Red-heads) is also Toorkee.

[2] Professor Vámbéry says that *Toongânee* is from a Toorkee word signifying "a convert." See Yule's 'Marco Polo,' i. 255.

stretches along the North of the Gobi Desert, we now turn to the Southern boundary of that vast waste. If our knowledge of the former region was hazy, here it resembles darkness. But there are two points which shine out with uncertain light.

CHARCHAND is reported to lie at a month's distance from Khoten by a road which leads all the way along the foot of a mountain range (the so-called Kuen-lun of Chinese and European geographers), and between it and the great Desert of Takla-Makân or Gobi. No roads are known to lead across this range further East than that from Poloo, which brings the traveller over to the Pangong Lake in Western Tibet; but there is a road leading Eastward into China, which, however, was not used by the Chinese when they were in possession of the country. Now Charchand is independent both of the Chinese and also of the Atalik. The balance of evidence seems in favour of its being inhabited by a non-Mussulman race, notwithstanding Marco Polo's assertion to the contrary. No caravans now visit it from Khoten.[1]

The other place which I have mentioned has not, I believe, hitherto been known to Western geographers. I became aware of its existence in the following way:—There were two Calmucks at Yârkand who had belonged to the suite of the Chinese Ambân (or Governor). This man had first held high office at Lhassa, whence he had been transferred to the Government of Eastern Toorkistân. The Calmucks took service with him at Lhassa, and followed

[1] See Yule's 'Marco Polo,' i. 176-180, and ii. 475.

him to Yârkand. When the rebellion broke out and all the Chinese were killed, they, being old men, were spared on consenting to turn Mussulmans. Their own home, they say, is ZILM, a country and town distant one and a half month's journey from either Aksoo or Khoten, and at an equal distance in point of time from Lhassa. It is situated at the edge of the mountainous country which extends between it and Lhassa. North of it stretches the Great Desert.

They say that they are called "Kalmâk" by the Toorks, and "Sokpo" by the Tibetans. Zilm possesses manufactures of carpets, horse-trappings, penholders, &c. There is traffic between it and Lhassa, merchants going and coming as they do between Ladâk and Yârkand.

This account is confirmed by the fact that articles such as those described are imported occasionally into Ladâk, under the name of *Zilm* or *Zirm* goods.[1]

Now if the town of Zilm is six weeks' journey from either Lhassa or Aksoo, its position may be guessed at. The journey to the former place must be through mountains or high plateaux, according to the above statement, while the way to the latter would be almost entirely through plains. The distance to Lhassa may therefore be compared to that from Cashmeer to Yârkand; while from Zilm to Aksoo would be about 600 miles, allowing for deviations.

Thus the position of Zilm may be roughly put at

[1] There can be little doubt that *Zilm* (qu. *Zilin*?) or Ziling is the city of *Sining*-fu on the Shensi frontier of Tibet. See Yule's 'Marco Polo,' i. 243.

latitude 38° N., and longitude 90° E., or South of Lop Noor and East of Charchand.

My two Calmuck informants further state that the more Western Sokpo (Calmucks) including those of Zilm are pure Booddhists, being called by the Lhassa people "nang-pa," or "of our faith;" while the Eastern Sokpo are called "chee-pa," or "of other faith," and are much looked down upon. Even the wilds of Tartary have their orthodox and their heterodox idolaters, and monks in yellow fight with monks in red!

There is a difference of dialect as well as of faith between the Eastern and the Western Sokpo; but they both write the same character which, like the Chinese, reads in columns from top to bottom.

Beyond these tribes there are others called KALKA Sokpo (unless these are identical with the more Eastern of the two former). They worship a Grand Lama, called the "Yezun-Dampa," who, like the Dalai Lama of Lhassa, is supposed never to die, but transmigrate into successive bodies.

Of course these Kalkas must be the Mongol tribe known by that name to the Russians and to the Chinese; and the "Yezun-Dampa" is evidently the same as the "Guison-tamba,"[1] or Lama-king of Kooren or Oorga, near the frontiers of Siberia. It is said that his emissaries appear every year or two at Lhassa to pay their respects to the Dalai-Lama.

We have thus brought our imperfect survey of the tribes round by the South of the Desert of Gobi into

[1] Huc's 'Travels.'

the regions concerning which our more accurate knowledge is derived from the Eastward. Thus the two sources of light are pushing towards each other, giving good promise that the penumbra still remaining between them will soon be dispelled by the rays from one side or the other.

CHAPTER III.

RECENT HISTORY OF EASTERN TOORKISTÂN.

Affairs in the Khanate of Khokand, and expulsion of the Ruler Khooda Yâr Khan — Khoja Wallé Khan, and his invasion of Eastern Toorkistân — His murder of A. Schlagintweit — Khooda Yâr Khan recovers the throne of Khokand — Disturbances in Kâshghar and Yârkand — Advance of the Russians in Western Toorkistân — Account of the Revolt of the Toongânees against the Chinese Rule — The Kirghiz descend on Kâshghar — Their Barbarities — Fresh Invasion from Andijân — Toongânees in power at Yârkand — Mahammad Yakoob takes Kâshghar and Yârkand — Assumes title of Atalik-Ghâzee — Conquers Khoten, and puts to death the Khan Habiboollah — Receives an Envoy from Russia — Conquest and depopulation of Sarikol — Chronological Table of Recent History.

IN order to understand the recent events in Kâshghar and Yârkand it is necessary to go a few years back in the history of the Khokand State on the Western side of the mountains.

Until some fifteen years ago the Khanate of Khokand comprised the fertile lands watered by the River Jaxartes (or Syr Dariâ, formerly called the Sihoon) and its tributaries. The upper part of it, nearest to Kâshghar, is mountainous, constituting the ancient province of Farghâna, the home of Bâber, the founder of the Great Moghul dynasty of India. This province is now generally called Andijân, from its former capital. After leaving the mountains in its Westerly course, the Syr Dariâ, turning to the North-westward, receives many tributaries from a range called the Kara-tâgh (black mountains) in the north. This country is fertile,

and contains many towns; but on the Southern side of the river there stretches out the great Desert of Kizil-Koom (Red Sand) which divides it from Bokhâra. All this belonged to Khokand.

At that time Khooda Yâr Khan was King, and his brother Malla Khan was under him Governor of Tashkend, one of the most important towns of Central Asia. The King was unpopular, and in this circumstance his brother perceived an opportunity for raising himself to power. He intrigued and made for himself a party among the nomad tribes of Kipchak, Kirghiz, and others, with whose help he made insurrection. Adherents joined him with troops from Oosh, Margilân, Andijân, and other towns, and as soon as he felt himself strong enough he marched against his brother. This was in the year 1857. Khooda Yâr was immediately abandoned by almost all his forces, upon seeing which he said, "God is great," and retired to Bokhâra.

It was just before this event that an incursion was made from Andijân into Kâshghar and Yârkand by the Khoja Wallé Khan Tourra,[1] a member of the former royal house of Eastern Toorkistân, which had for the last hundred years been living in exile in Andijân, whence they led periodical inroads against the Chinese rulers of their ancient patrimony. On this occasion the whole open country as far as Gooma fell into the hands of Wallé Khan and his lieutenant Tillé Khan, only the cities of Kâshghar and Yârkand holding out against them. It was at this time that the traveller Schlagintweit appeared on the scene.

[1] See Appendix, 'History of Eastern Toorkistân,' extract from Davies's 'Trade Report.'

My informant, a merchant who was in Yârkand at the time, says that the European gentleman was seen approaching the gate of Yârkand with his servants and baggage, but before he could enter the town he was intercepted by the soldiers of Tillé Khan, who conducted him with all honour to the neighbourhood of Kâshghar. The Cashmeeree Akskal, or Consul, Ahmad Khan, was sitting on the gate. He sent off to report the arrival of the European to the Chinese Ambân in the new city. But meanwhile Schlagintweit was hurried off to Kâshghar by the Andijânees. There he was murdered by Wallé Khan. This chief is said to have been a great "jin," or demon, intoxicating himself daily with bhang. His courtiers were compelled to sit with their eyes cast down, and their open hands outstretched before them as in prayer. If one of them raised his eyes he was ordered off for execution. When Wallé Khan went out, if he heard a "call to prayer" from a mosque he would send for the "muezzin," and say, "How dare you lift your voice? Knew you not that Wallé Khan was come abroad?" and the man's head would be taken off there and then. Many other oppressions also he committed. An old Andijânee, who came over with him, told me that every day some three or four men were ordered out to execution, mostly "be-goonah," or "without fault." Such was Schlagintweit's fate, which he remembered well.

When Khooda Yâr Khan retired from Khokand, as I have related, he was well received by Bahadur Khan, the Ameer of Bokhâra, who treated him in accordance with his rank, giving him a wife of his own family, &c.

Meanwhile a certain Alam Kool, a chief among the Kipchaks, who had brought about the late revolution, was growing up to great power and influence under his master Malla Khan, the new ruler of Khokand. At the end of three years five chiefs of the Kirghiz, however, conspired together, and during a temporary absence of Alam Kool assaulted the palace at dead of night, and killed Malla Khan in his bed. Affairs remained unsettled for a short time after this, until Alam Kool by a *coup d'état* seized and beheaded these chiefs, and began to rule as Regent, in the name of Sooltân Khan, the young son of his late master. His rule prospered exceedingly. He caused the whole of Khokand to submit to his power, defied Bokhâra, which had espoused the cause of the exiled Khooda Yâr, and seemed destined for great things, when a new and far more formidable enemy assailed him. The Russians attacked the Khokand State, advancing up the Syr Dariâ, and Alam Kool's career was cut short by his death in battle against them in 1865. Taking advantage of this, the Ameer of Bokhâra marched against Khokand, and seated Khooda Yâr Khan again on the throne. The Kipchaks and others who had been instrumental in his former dethronement, after some vain resistance fled before him, bringing his nephew, the son of their late master, away with them to Kâshghar. They were gladly taken into service by the Atalik-Ghâzee, who treated Sooltân Khan with great distinction, assigning him houses, servants, and equipment equal to his rank. He was seen at Kâshghar by some of my servants.

One of my informants relates that the town of

Oratippa having at one time risen against Malla Khan, he began bombarding the place. A shell fell in the bazâr, tearing up a deep hole in the earth by its explosion. Immediately a spring of water, which had never shown itself before, began oozing from the spot, and has continued ever since. It bears the name of "Malla-Boolak," or "Malla's Spring."

While Alam Kool was still Regent of Khokand the rumours of disturbances that had broken out in Kâshghar and Yârkand led to a fresh expedition being undertaken by the exiled Khojas from Andijân. This time it was Khoja Boozoorg Khan who led them, being accompanied by an auxiliary force of native Khokandees, under the Koosh-bégee Mahammad Yakoob Beg, a native of Pishpek, which is now a Russian possession. This man had been Governor of Ak-Masjid, on the lower part of the Jaxartes, or Syr Dariâ. He had repulsed the Russians once, after a defence which they themselves designate as "heroic." There are rumours, however, that he had some dealings with them either before or after this, and that he sold them some lands. At present the only marks of his acquaintance with them which he bears are five bullet wounds received at their hands. Thus these two, Boozoorg Khan and Mahammad Yakoob went forth with a small force eastward to seek their fortunes in Kâshgharia.

Five months afterwards the Shaghâwal Mahammad Yoonas (who had before been Chief Secretary to Malla Khan, and then served Alam Kool in the same capacity) was sent on a mission to Kâshghar. Having accomplished his purpose he was about to return, when news of the death of Alam Kool reached him.

Foreseeing that Khokand was no longer a place for him, he took service with the Koosh-bégee Mahammad Yakoob (under whom he had formerly been), and has since risen to be the second man in the kingdom and Dâd-khwâh of Yarkand.

Before relating the fortunes of the expedition led by Boozoorg Khan and the Koosh-bégee, I will conclude my account of the events in Khokand.

The King of Bokhâra marched to Khokand, and re-established his *protégé* Khooda Yâr. The Khokandees were much struck by two elephants which he brought with him, and which are the envy of all other Central Asian potentates. It was gravely related to me that one of these elephants, having got loose, set off on the road to Bokhâra. They tried in vain to stop him, and at last reported the matter to their master. The Ameer took off his signet ring, the symbol of his authority, and despatched it by the hands of a courier on horseback, saying, "When you have overtaken the elephant put it before him, and order him in my name to return to Khokand." The man did so, whereupon the elephant paused, turned round, and slowly marched back to the city!

Meanwhile the Russians, after one of their periodical halts, were again pressing forward up the Syr Dariâ. The Ameer of Bokhâra, defeated at the battle of Irjâr, withdrew his garrison from the frontier town of Khojend, which properly belonged to Khokand. Before the troops of that State could occupy it, the Russians were before the place. The citizens hastily organized a defence. One of those engaged, a Tajik with whom I conversed at Yârkand, assured me that all the available guns were removed by the retreating

Bokhâra garrison, and only one injured brass gun of small calibre was in the place when it was besieged.

The defence was made good for twelve days, ten outside and two inside the city, before it fell. After the capture the Russian hospitals were opened to the wounded Khojendliks. My informant, or a friend of his, had counted three hundred and seventy wounded Russians in hospital, of whom four or five were dying daily for some days after the fight. He confessed to great losses among the townspeople, but said their wounded were very carefully tended by the Russian surgeons.

Khojend has hitherto been the limit of the Russian advance up the Syr Dariâ. Thence they have turned southward to Samarcand, thus rounding the great desert of Kizil-Koom, which extends between the lower course of the Syr and the Bokhâra territory; the upper part of that river, forming the mountainous part of the Khokand State, or Andijân, is still left in a state of semi-independence in the hands of Khooda Yâr Khan.

Turning now to Eastern Toorkistân, we will follow the fortunes of Boozoorg Khan and his Koosh-bégee. But first it is necessary to notice the condition of affairs which they found there.

The following account was given me by the King's Mahrambashee, Ala Akhoond, whose father had been Governor of Kâshghar city under the Chinese, while he himself was interpreter on the staff of the Chinese Ambân. He had thus ample opportunities for getting information, and his account is corroborated by independent witnesses:—

The Toongânee soldiers in the Chinese service at

Aksoo and Kooché having mutinied, in conjunction with their countrymen further East, the Chinese at Kâshghar were on the alert to disconcert the plans of those Toongânees who formed part of their own garrison. They were all invited to a feast and massacred, and so the Kâshghar Ambân was delivered from that danger. Not so, however, in Yârkand and Khoten, where, as I hope to relate presently, the Toongânees, after a struggle, obtained the upper hand. The whole country being in an uproar on account of these events, the Kirghiz from all the mountains round, from South, from West, and from North, collected like vultures by the hope of prey, and attacked Kâshghar. Their principal chief was Sadeek.

For one year and four months (according to my informant, but the dates will only allow of about six months) the Chinese and their Toork partisans defended the city of Kâshghar, until they were reduced to the greatest straits. First they ate their horses, then the dogs and cats, then their leather boots and straps, the saddles of their horses, and the strings of their bows. At last they would collect together in parties of five or six, who would go prowling about with ravenous eyes till they saw some one alone, some unfortunate comrade who still retained the flesh on his bones. They would drag him aside and kill him, afterwards dividing the flesh between them, and each carrying off his piece hidden under his robe. Thirty or forty men died of hunger every day. At last, when no defenders were left on the walls or at the gateways, the Kirghiz made good their entrance.

Their barbarities are almost indescribable. The

Mahrambashee and his father (the Toorkee Governor of the city), together with the wife and mother of my informant, with many other prisoners of note, were so tightly packed into a small prison that it was impossible to sit or lie down. For twenty days they were kept thus, fed with a small biscuit apiece, and about a saucerful of water each day. Then the Mahrambashee's father was told that, unless he produced 100 yamboos (about 1600*l.* or 1700*l.*), he would be killed. To impress the threat upon him, he and his son (my informant) were hung up for a day and night by the long pig-tails which they wore in compliment to their Chinese masters. The women of the family were also suspended in another way. By selling houses and gardens (which of course, under such circumstances, fetched but a small fraction of their real value) ninety yamboos were raised. In lieu of the remaining ten the Kirghiz threatened to carry off my Mahrambashee and his brother for slaves. By some means, which I did not exactly understand, the required sum was completed, and this ruined family was then released. The father and mother are gone to Mecca,[1] where they hope to die, while the son is a *groom of the chambers* under the new *régime*. The Kirghiz looted the whole place, murdering right and left in the most wanton way. They would tear the very carpets from the floors; and when the Toorkee children and infants, roughly

[1] The Mahrambashee tells me that his father does not live in Mecca, but in one of the small towns in the district. He only goes into Mecca to perform his devotions. The reason is that according to their belief every action whether good or bad, performed in Mecca, reckons ninefold. Therefore men prefer that their daily life should not be at Mecca; but only to perform their devotions they go there!

pushed on to the bare floor, began to cry, they were seized by the legs and their brains dashed out against the ground. In the midst of these and worse horrors the invading force from Andijân interrupted them under Boozoorg Khan and Mahammad Yakoob. They were routed, and many of their chiefs seized and executed; among others Sadeek.

Meanwhile the fortress (or Yangee-Shahr) of Kâshghar, situate about five miles to the south of the city, was still holding out with its Chinese garrison. The people of Kâshghar, a turbulent set, but deeply attached to their former rulers, the saintly family of the Khojas, joined Boozoorg Khan and his energetic lieutenant, who, it is said, had originally arrived from Andijân with only eighty followers!

It was the Koosh-bégee Mahammad Yakoob who was the leading spirit in all these affairs, while Boozoorg Khan contented himself with idly enjoying the veneration of his disciples or subjects. The Koosh-bégee, collected troops in the country round, and reinforced by 500 men from Khokand, sat down before the fortress. Daily reinforcements poured in from Andijân as the siege was protracted. Every day ten or twenty fresh recruits joined his camp, but he did not succeed in taking the place in less than fourteen months. When the siege was drawing to a close the Ambân, or Chinese Governor, called a council of his chief officers, and proposed making terms with Mahammad Yakoob. The officers assented, and began apportioning among themselves the respective shares they should furnish for a present to the conqueror. Meanwhile, the Ambân, who had collected his whole family (his daughters behind his

seat, and his sons serving tea to the guests, who were seated on chairs round the room) listened attentively for the signs of the capture of the place. Presently he heard the shouts of "Allaho-akber," by which the Mussulmans announced their entry, upon which he took his long pipe from his mouth, and shook the ashes out on a certain spot of the floor where a train of gunpowder communicated with a barrel which he had previously prepared under the floor of the room. While the unconscious officers were yet consulting about a surrender, the whole house was blown up, and they perished in the ruins.

But before this successful issue to the siege of Kâshghar, the Koosh-bégee Mahammad Yakoob had made several expeditions against Yârkand, which was in the hands of the Toongânees, owing to the following circumstances:—

During the spring of 1863 the Toongânees tried to arrogate the authority in Yârkand to themselves, and the Chinese offered to give them two-thirds of everything except the command. The Toongânees refused the offer, and so matters stood for a month. One day they slaughtered sixty bullocks, and fed all the chief Mussulmans of the city. That day week, in the middle of the night, the Toongânee part of the garrison set fire to all the Chinese houses, both in the New City and in the Old. As the Chinese rushed out to avoid the flames they were cut down one by one.

The remainder shut themselves up in the inner division of the Yang-Shahr. The Toongânees then exhorted the townspeople to exert themselves, as now, or never, was their chance of freedom. Accord-

ingly, the latter came to their assistance. My informant Jooma says he came with Akskal Ahmed Khoja, the chief Cashmeeree trader, and, as the weather was hot, they brought a "chah-josh" full of tea for the Akskal. When they approached the gates the Chinese began to fire upon them, and there was a general stampede of the townspeople; the Akskal, being a fat man, was seized round the waist by two of his people, and dragged off at a run. After this the Chinese made the most of their advantage, by advancing along both walls to the gate, which they seized. Thus the Mussulmans who remained in the outer portion of the Yang-Shahr were entrapped and massacred, to the number of 800. Trenches were then begun by the assailants, and approaches made by sapping towards the west side of the wall; this took a month. From these trenches mines were carried under the wall, and a portion, forty or fifty yards in length, blown down. Even then, the Chinese made such a resistance that no entry was effected until a levy *en masse* was made of the whole Mussulman population, who attacked simultaneously on all sides. The Chinese were so diminished in numbers (less than 1000 were left) that they could not adequately defend the whole *enceinte*, and when the Mussulmans (town and country people joining) made an assault with much tumult, they withdrew from the walls. The Mussulmans, fearing mines, forbore to enter, and their caution was justified by a terrific explosion which took place shortly, shaking the ground for miles around. Fragments of bodies fell even in the Old City, and so great was the dust that nothing was visible for an hour afterwards.

Then the Mussulmans rushed in and cut down the few survivors. The Ambân and the principal part of the garrison had died in the explosion.

For nearly a year after this the Toongânee chiefs ruled, and made a fruitless attack on Khoten (where the Mussulmans had overpowered the Chinese garrison, and established the Hajjee Habiboollah as King). They were defeated near Sanjoo, and lost all their guns. After this they allied themselves with the Kooché and Aksoo chiefs, the successful leaders of the rebellion against the Chinese.

It was about this time that Mahammad Yakoob, leaving the greater part of the Andijânee force still besieging Kâshghar Yang-Shahr (Fort), captured Yang-Hissâr, and marched against Yârkand with a few men. They fought from morning prayer time till afternoon prayers (it was Friday), and Yakoob got the worst of it. At first, his onslaught shook the Koochârees, but, his horses getting tired in the wet soil, he took refuge in the city. Here he was enclosed, but with difficulty escaped away to Kâshghar, leaping his horse off the wall (?). Then the allied Toongânees and Koochârees, having received a reinforcement of 40,000 men (?) under Khan Khoja, set out to take Kâshghar, but Mahammad Yakoob lay in wait for them in the jungle near Kizil, and by a surprise defeated them. He would have improved this advantage, but dissensions broke out in his camp between the Kipchaks and the other Andijânees, and he had to retire a second time from before Yârkand.

Boozoorg Khan had now been fourteen months besieging Kâshghar fortress, and the only real

advantage obtained had been the capture of the town of Yang-Hissar by his able general Mahammad Yakoob. But the tide began to turn. Yakoob finally took the fortress of Kâshghar, as I have before described; after which he attacked and took Maralbâshee, and thus intercepted communications between the Kooché army at Yârkand and their homes. Then he again advanced against Yârkand. Nyâz Beg, the present Governor of Khoten, gave him notice of an intended night attack on him, which he was thus enabled to turn to the disadvantage of the enemy, whom he signally defeated with much slaughter. After a month's siege, the remainder of the garrison soon capitulated, and were taken to Kâshghar as prisoners. This was in the spring of 1865, and his first attack on Yârkand was in the beginning of the preceding winter. Thus Kâshghar must have been taken during that interval, say, the beginning of 1865.

Being now master of Kâshghar and Yârkand, Mahammad Yakoob grasped at the name as well as the reality of sovereignty. The nominal ruler Boozoorg Khan Khoja had given himself up to idleness and debauchery, while all these conquests were being made for him. The successes of Yakoob had made him popular with the soldiery, whom he further gained over by his generosity in distributing gifts, whenever the fortune of war put valuable spoil into his hands. Boozoorg Khan sank into a nonentity, and Mahammad Yakoob, who began sending his envoys to neighbouring nations, was saluted by the Ameer of Bokhara as "Atalik-Ghâzee" or "Tutor of the Champions," by which title he still

reigns. Some members of the Khoja family, restored after so long an exile to their former patrimony, opposed the elevation of this adventurer into their place. But Yakoob was equal to the occasion. The Khoja Wallé Khan (Schlagintweit's murderer) was seized and executed, and Boozoorg Khan consigned to an honourable captivity, from which he was allowed in 1868 to come forth, but only on condition of his making a pilgrimage to Mecca. He has now returned through Bokhâra to his old place of exile, Andijân, where he lives with less hope even than before his successful invasion, of ever sitting on the throne of his ancestors.

Others of the Khojas have been put into high office by Mahammad Yakoob, and, though they are discontented, they feel they have a master-mind to deal with, and accordingly they keep silence. The influence of this saintly family seems to be declining even among their fanatical disciples at Kâshghar. Their presence has destroyed the halo of sanctity through which they were regarded while at a distance.

Having consolidated his power during two years, the Atalik-Ghâzee turned his attention to the neighbouring principalities. Khoten was governed by the old Hajjee Habiboolla Khan, who had been put into power by his countrymen after the massacre of the Chinese. Mahammad Yakoob wrote to him, addressing him affectionately as his father, and inviting him to a conference on the frontier. Led by that fatality with which victims in the East are ever found to step into the toils where hundreds before them have been caught, the

doomed man went to the Atalik's camp. He was first sumptuously feasted, and afterwards seized and confined. His signet-ring was used to allure his chief officers and nobles to their enemies' camp. He and they were at first spared. But when their wives, who had been distributed according to Oriental custom among the captors, conspired together and murdered their new lords, the King and all the nobles of Khoten were at once massacred by way of retaliation. While the chief men had been leaving Khoten to go to the Atalik's camp, a part of his forces made a *détour*, and entered Khoten from the other side. Even then a stout resistance was made, and 3000 men are said to have been killed. Eventually, however, both the town and province fell into the hands of Mahammad Yakoob. He had gone to Gooma, the frontier town, at the beginning of Ramazân (the month of fasting), and he returned to Yârkand at the end of the same month, master of a fresh province. This took place in January, 1867.

After this he turned his arms eastward. As he had done unto Khoten, so he did unto Aksoo, Kooché, Pâee, and the other cities and states of Altishahr. He defeated the Toongânees who were the masters of those towns since the expulsion of the Chinese.

On this expedition the King lost a young son called Khooda Kool Bégee who had been instrumental in the capture of Kooché. He led a body of troops entrusted to his charge round by a mountain path, so avoiding a narrow pass (the usual route) between the mountains and the river, where

the enemy were holding his father at bay. This diversion gained the day, but Khooda Kool Bégee fell ill and died.

Mahammad Yakoob was preparing to continue his conquests further, over the Calmuck and Toongânee States eastward (and especially against Ala Khoja, chief of Ila, and Daood Khan, chief of Ooroomchee), when news reached him that the Russians were constructing a fort on the River Nareen (the head of the Syr Dariâ) at a point only six long days' distance from Kâshghar, across the mountain range of Karantagh or Kakshâl. He therefore contented himself with the nominal submission offered by the chiefs of Karashahr, Koomul, Ooroomchee, and Ila, who brought or sent tribute in acknowledgment of his supremacy.

Then returning, he made a circle, and fell upon Oosh-Toorfân, which had hitherto escaped him. He took the place, and marched into the mountains, whence after a long *détour* he came out at Artash above Kâshghar.

In the autumn of 1868, the Atalik was visited by a Russian officer, Captain Reinthal, aide-de-camp to the Governor of Russian Toorkistân. With him or soon after him, an envoy of the Atalik, Mirza Shâdee by name, went to Russia, as far as St. Petersburg.

At the same time Mahammad Yakoob set about fortifying his frontier towards the North, closing several of the passes, and building a considerable fort in the mountains above Artash, three days' march from Kâshghar.

In the winter of the same year, during my

presence in Yârkand, an outbreak occurred in the little hill-state of Sarikol.

Babash Beg, the late chief, had died, and one of his sons succeeded him. Another son, named Alaf Shah, who claimed the rule, fled to Yârkand. He was well received by the Atalik, who sent him back as his vassal. This was in 1866. On his return to Sarikol, under a pretence of friendship he found an opportunity to kill his brother, and afterwards held the province of Sarikol under the suzerainty of the Atalik.

About this time there occurred a fight between the Shignan people on the other side of the Pamir, and the Kirghiz nomads who frequented it. The latter were worsted and driven off the Steppes. During these troubles, Alaf Shah of Sarikol threw off his allegiance to the Atalik, and refused to come in to Yârkand when summoned. The Kirghiz reported warlike preparations on the part of this little potentate. Sharp measures were adopted to bring him to reason. A force was despatched from Yarkând, and a few guns and a body of cavalry went from Kâshghar. They passed me at Yang Hissâr when I was on the way to Kâshghar. Alaf Shah fled to Badakhshan; but, after some fighting, one of his brothers and all his wives fell into the hands of the Atalik's troops. A large band of prisoners were taken down to Yârkand, but the principal people were carried to Kâshghar, where I saw some of the children.

Alaf Shah's brother was executed, but the rest were well treated. Later, in the spring of 1868, more troops were sent up, possibly on account of

some fresh rising, and the whole population of Sarikol (not a very large one) was brought down into the plains. Men who crossed the territory later, declare that now none but Kirghiz and Yârkandees are to be seen there, the latter having settled there at the invitation of the Atalik-Ghâzee. The following table will show the dates :—

Spring	1863.	Rising of Toongânees at Yârkand ; massacre of Toongânees at Kâshghar.
Autumn	1863.	Taking of Yârkand fort by Toongânees; Kirghiz take and plunder Kâshghar.
January	1864.	Siege of Kâshghar fortress begun by Andijânees.
Autumn	1864.	First expedition of Mahammad Yakoob against Yârkand.
Winter	1864–65.	Defeat of Koochâree army by Mahammad Yakoob at Kizil.
Winter	1864–65.	Capture of Kâshghar fortress by Mahammad Yakoob.
Winter	1864–65.	Capture of Maralbâshee by Mahammad Yakoob.
Spring	1865.	Capture of Yârkand by Mahammad Yakoob.
January	1867.	Capture of Khoten by Mahammad Yakoob.
Summer and Autumn	1867.	Capture of Aksoo, Kooché, Oosh-Toorfan, &c.
Autumn	1868.	Arrival of Russian envoy, and construction of Moostagh fort in pass above Artash.
January	1869.	Capture of Sarikol.

CHAPTER IV.

JOURNEY FROM KANGRA TO LADÂK.

The Valley of Kooloo — A Yârkandee Orphan taken in charge — The Bara Lâcha Pass — Change of Physical Aspect — Characteristics of a Rainless Region — Trench-like Valley of the Indus — Détour east of Ladâk in search of new Route — Extracts from Journal-Letters — Hajjis on return to Central Asia — Their view of Christians — The Plateau of Roopshoo — Chinese Aspect of People — The Pangong Lake — Dr. Cayley's explorations — Author joins him and goes to Leh — Interview with Envoy from Yârkand — Arrangement to despatch the Moonshee with the Envoy — Mr. Douglas Forsyth at Leh — Troubles of Preparation — The Argoons or Half-bloods, and their rascalities — Mr. Thorp's proposal to join the Author — Departure from Ladâk.

ON the 6th of May, 1868, I started to retrace my steps of the previous year up to Ladâk. But my progress at first was not very rapid. It was necessary to make arrangements for the transport of the goods, and this entailed going a-head of them and providing change of carriage (mules or coolies) at the end of every seven or eight days' march, to be in readiness to bring them on. Besides, our old enemy, the Bara Lâcha Pass was not open yet, so there was plenty of time for shooting, and that at the best time of the year.

I travelled up to Kooloo, a lovely valley some seven days' march from Kangra, with the English official who was put in charge of it for that year. This charming appointment generally falls to the lot of some young civilian, who is sent up to reign for six months in solitary grandeur over a district as large as a Swiss canton. On reaching the head-

quarters of this little sovereignty, almost the first person who presented himself was the native doctor (maintained there by Government), who came to report that an orphan boy, a Yârkandee, had been left on his hands by the death of the child's mother in the hospital there, a short time before. The father and mother, with two children, an elder daughter and this boy, had left Toorkistân two or three years before to go on a pilgrimage to Mecca. The fate of this party is only a sample of what is happening yearly to hundreds of ill-provisioned and unacclimatised Toorkee pilgrims who venture into India. The father and daughter had died first; the mother had reached Kooloo, on her way back to her home, only to die there, almost on its threshold. Some money had been left too, which the boy was too young to have the charge of. We sent for him, and he soon appeared, quite self-possessed and happy apparently, a rosy fat-cheeked boy, with high cheek-bones and narrow eyes, very Mongolian in type, dressed in a curious combination of the garments of Mecca, India, and Toorkistân. He wore a red skull-cap from the first place, a white cotton frock of the second, finished off by a stout pair of Yârkandee riding-boots reaching to the knee. I asked him whether he would start off with me for his home, and he at once said "Yes." All was soon arranged with my friend, the Assistant-Commissioner of Kooloo, who, as representative of Government, stood *in loco parentis* to this orphan. I cannot claim any great amount of merit for thus taking charge of the boy. Doubtless I preserved his property from the plunder to which it would have been exposed

on the way up; but I confess the thought that had chief possession of my mind was, how much this would help my plans. Even with barbarians, it could not but be a good introduction for a stranger, to bring back an orphan of their race, found abandoned in a distant land. They could scarcely cut one's throat arriving in their country on such an errand! So Rozee was made over to the charge of my Moonshee, with orders to feed him well, and to keep him out of mischief as much as was consistent with his nature.

We did not cross the Bara Lâcha Pass till the 2nd of July, the interval having been occupied by the arrangements for bringing on my caravan, and by shooting in the mountains while waiting for the opening of the pass.

The Bara Lâcha is the boundary between two separate regions distinguished by their physical characters. That which we have already passed through may be called the true Himâlayan region. Here the gigantic ranges are covered with perpetual snow, furrowed by glaciers, and they rise from amidst dense forests which clothe their flanks up to a certain elevation. They are separated by deep gorges, whose sides are precipices, and through which large rivers flow. In fact, the scenery is Alpine. Once across the Bara Lâcha Pass, however (or any other pass on the same range), you enter a region where all gorges or valleys appear to have been filled up by an encroaching sea of gravel, which has risen to within a few hundred feet of the summits of the ranges. The space between the mountains no longer plunges down

into a seemingly bottomless ravine, whose sides narrow down till they barely leave room for the stream. Instead of that it is occupied by a broad high-level plain, out of which the summit ranges merely rise like undulations. We notice the prevalence of the *horizontal*, after the *vertical* lines to which the Himâlaya has accustomed us. It is like leaving a *Gothic cathedral*, and approaching the *Parthenon*. At the same time, a kind of drought seems to have fallen over the face of the country. There are no vast fields of snow to supply streams of water, and no frequent showers to maintain verdure. Such must be the aspect of a landscape in the moon.

It seems as if we had here a rough block, from which Nature intended hereafter to carve out the usual features of a mountain country by some change of climate, which should bring snow ice and water to sweep out the masses of earth or gravel by which the mountain ranges are now glued together. The almost entire absence of rainfall suggests a speculation as to whether its presence might not (after Geologic ages) bring the country into resemblance to its neighbour region, where copious rain and deep-cut ravines exist together.

Henceforward, however, we must bear in mind that we are in the barren or Tibetan region, where green spots are about as rare as islands in the ocean, and universal gravel is the rule.

But there is one deep broad trench, which divides this region into two, lengthwise, that is (roughly) from south-east to north-west. This is the valley of the Upper Indus or Ladâk, as I mentioned when

speaking of my previous visit there. This trench, however, does not descend below 10,000 or 11,000 feet of elevation.

Before proceeding to Leh, the capital of this district, and the place where I had stayed so long the previous year, I determined to make a *détour* to the eastward of Ladâk, skirting the borders of Chinese Tibet, in order to find some short cut which should avoid the town by crossing the Indus higher up its course, and strike into a new route which was supposed to lead more directly into Toorkistân. Of this new route I shall have much more to say by-and-by The following extracts from letters written at the time will form the best description of this portion of the journey.

The first is dated "*Camp Rookshin, July 9th*, 1868." This was the point at which I diverged from the main route to Ladâk in order to make the *détour* mentioned above.

"Having arrived at a kind of oasis of travel, viz. a temporary camp of Tartars, the first inhabited spot after nine days' desert, before I plunge again into the wilderness, I write you a report of my progress. I am now preparing to send off my Mussulman agent to Yârkand to try and arrange for my own visit there. We are travelling with a lot of hajjees (pilgrims) returning from Mecca to their home in Central Asia. It is interesting to see their ceremonious prayers, which as hajjees they are particular to observe. Five times a day they wash head, face, and arms; and then you hear sonorous cries of 'La Illahi ill' Allah, Mahammad ar' Rasool Ulla-a-a-ah!' (very much prolonged). At a given signal a whole

row of them prostrate themselves with forehead to the ground; then rising on to their knees, they sit back with their hands folded, praying in silence. All together they stroke their beards, and, following their prayer-leader, turn their heads simultaneously first right and then left, addressing an invisible angel at each shoulder.

"I think I told you of my small *protégé*, an orphan boy whose parents died on their return from Mecca. I am taking him back as far as I can towards Yârkand. He is very sharp, and, in broken Hindoostanee, tells us about his country. He declares he will send me down a lot of gold as a present from his home at Khoten, where there are mines of it. Sitting over the camp-fire the other night, my shepherd-boy, who has struck up a friendship with him, asked whether he would take him back to Yârkand with him. 'No,' said Rozee, 'you are a Hindoo, and they would kill first you, and then me for associating with a "kafir" (heathen)!'

"I have had many talks with the Mussulmans about religion and the Korân. Christians (or as they call them, 'Nasâree,' '*Nazarenes!*') are looked upon as little inferior to Mussulmans, being 'men of the Book' to whom the scriptures of Moses, David, and Jesus have been sent; and whose special prophet is only next to Mahammad in rank. Hindoos, and other idolaters, they look upon very differently. There is a large assembly of Tartars round my tent from their neighbouring encampment of low black tents, dirty and smoky, and I can hardly write; so will say good-bye."

Letter dated "Camp Siool, July 12th, 1868."

"This is the first village I have seen for twelve days, and even this contains only one house. So I am rather out of the world, as you may imagine, and feel myself fast growing a Tartar. For the last ten days I have been on the high plateau of Roopshoo, averaging 15,000 feet above the sea, exclusive of the peaks which rise to 18,000 and 20,000. I have now begun to descend from this high plateau by the gorge of a feeder of the Upper Indus running eastward, and am encamped at an elevation of only about 14,000 feet, which seems quite reasonable. The round barren hills on each side, which resemble nothing so much as a gigantic gravel-pit, unless it be a series of cinder-heaps, have not a blade of verdure on them. They are scored near the village with diverging marks like the scratchings of a comb. These are the tracks of the sheep, who travel far and wide to pick up their subsistence in occasional hollows where a few widely divided blades of grass push through the sandy grit. An ancient *moraine*, some 100 feet high, appears to close the valley below, and at one time must have really done so, damming up the stream into a little lake, as is evident by remains of stratified clay 40 feet high which have been left in places plastered against the sides of the valley when a general *débâcle* swept away the bed of the lake, and made room for the present village. This is the history of many of the Tibetan valleys. A cave in one of these fragments of stratified cliff has been built up in front by a whitewashed wall, and forms the only habitation here. This is the

usual style of Tibetan 'gompa,' or monastery, and sometimes of the villagers' houses, as in the present case. Near this is a long row of 'chortens,' monuments that look like a lot of pepper-castors whitewashed and set in a line, while one or two bigger ones attain to the dignity of a reversed tea-pot.

"We are here only a couple of marches from the Chinese borders, and the people are very Chinese-looking, with mandarin caps and pig-tails. One of my *yak*-drivers (all our things are carried on *yaks*, a kind of long-haired cattle) reminds me exactly of the pictures of Chang, the Chinese giant lately exhibited in England. They are a grinning, good-natured set of beings. The names too are very Chinese. Our next pass is the 'Chang-la,' leading to the 'Pangong' Lake, and to the 'Chang-chenmo' Valley. There is hardly any snow even on the highest mountains around, for five outer ranges here intercept every particle of moisture almost which could fall in the shape of snow. So that here at 15,000 feet they have no more snow in winter than on the Kangra range at 5000 feet. But the dry cold and the bitter wind are in the inverse proportion.

"I hope you will take an interest in my attempt to get to Yârkand. The attraction consists in the fact that this region (known indifferently as Chinese Tartary or Eastern Toorkistân) is almost utterly unknown to Europe. It has just thrown off the yoke of China, and started in life afresh as a Mussulman kingdom. It is divided from Bokhâra or Western Toorkistân (which is the part of Central Asia explored by Vámbéry, and others) by the Pamir

mountains and steppes (called the 'Bâm-i-doonya,' or 'Upper Floor of the World'), the former being a range running from north to south, and resembling in most respects, as far as one can learn, this very country of Tibet. Most of the rivers on either side of the Pamir range are absorbed by the cultivation of Western and Eastern Toorkistân respectively, leaving deserts beyond. The latter must be a magnificent country. Even an official report of the Russians says that their recent acquisitions must be valued, not by the limited market of 7,000,000 of people in Western Toorkistân, but by the market of Eastern Toorkistân and Western China of 35,000,000, to which they have thus obtained indirect access. In fact, Yârkand is a kind of Eldorado hitherto closed to Europeans. Schlagintweit went there during a rebellion, and was murdered. . . . Now that the exclusive Chinese are expelled, I believe that intercourse is possible, and would be welcomed. The envoy from Yârkand to Cashmeer told me so last winter, and others confirm the impression. Anyhow, I mean to try whether the obstacle lies with the Yârkandees. I am sending presents and a letter to Yakoob Beg, the king of that country, asking his permission to come. I believe the thing has only to be tried to succeed. Hundreds of Yârkandees come to India every year. Why should this not be reciprocated?"

"*July 20th, Camp Pangong Lake.*—Your letter being still with me (for want of opportunities of sending it off), I must tell you of my further progress. Imagine yourself on the Lake of Geneva

going from Lausanne to Vevay, with a view of a high snowy range beyond the head of the lake added to its present features. So you will partly realise our view *ahead* during to-day's march. Imagine yourself on board a Lucerne steamer just turning into the Bay of Uri, and you will have our view eastward or to our *right*. But that view eastward is into China, for the Pangong Lake comes down from the north-west, and opposite our camp of last night turns off eastward, where it continues many days' march into the Chinese dominions. It is altogether about eighty miles long, but only four or five miles wide. The colour of its water, the shape of its mountains, the climate (at this moment), everything almost, reminds me of the Lake of Geneva. But there is one great exception to be made: there is not one blade of green! For the distant mountain view this does not make much difference. The purples and blues remain the same. But, for the nearer view the alteration is most striking. Instead of the green vineyards and trees of Lausanne and Vevay you have a great sloping plain of gravelly white sand, with less grass than on a well-trodden gravel walk. This slopes down on the left from a little snowy range (little only because it rises from such a prodigious altitude) whose glaciers come down to within a few hundred feet of this plain. Some of them are bright and sugary like the Glacier des Bossons (a rare sight in the Himâlaya). One of them runs down between its dark *moraine* sides, like an old gentleman's white shirt-frill. Three times to-day we have seen grass, and our camp is actually at a village, where a glacier stream is made with

great trouble to fertilise a few acres of ground. The lake being brackish, although beautifully clear and deep blue, does not produce any grass on its banks.

"Four or five days ago we crossed the Upper Indus (north-eastward). With great difficulty, I saved all my things from a wetting; for the men were up to their necks in water crossing, and the current strong. I lashed my loads on the top of two parallel tent-poles, which four men carried on their shoulders; four other men assisted these at each crossing, and so in the course of four or five hours we managed the job. I had to wade and swim across, sending my clothes on the top of the loads. The stream was only fifty yards across, rather a contrast with the same river as it passes through the Punjab and Sindè, where during the floods it is ten miles wide! Have you noticed what a curious course it has? It rises in the mysterious and sacred Lake of Mansorâwar, near the source of the great Brahmapootra. It runs north-west for many hundred miles before its course becomes known. It continues in the same direction through Ladâk and Baltistân, after which it again enters a mysterious and unexplored country, where it entirely changes its direction, emerging at Attock with a south-westerly course through the Punjab and Sinde. It is very curious knowing little bits of a river, while the rest is altogether unknown.

"*July* 30*th*.—The day before yesterday I joined Dr. Cayley (the British Resident at Ladâk). He has been exploring towards Yârkand by the proposed new route. He got as far as the Karakash River.

We are returning together to Ladâk, where I have to go to start off my emissary to Yârkand."

Letter dated "Leh, August 6th, 1868."

"Yesterday I had the delight of receiving a large batch of letters. You have no idea of the pleasure of getting a post in, and finding a lot of home-letters in it, to carry one into a different scene, and blot out for the moment pig-tails and Tartars, turbans and Mussulmans.

"I seem to have made a stride in advance towards my object. About ten days ago I joined Dr. Cayley on his return from an exploration of the high desert plateau between this and Toorkistân. I came back with him to Leh, where I have had several interviews with the Yârkand envoy who is on his return from Cashmeer. I mentioned that I intended to go as far as the Karakash River, where Dr. Cayley had just been. He said, 'If you come as far as that, you must come on to Yârkand; for how could I report to my King that I had left an Englishman so near his country?' I said that I heard a great report of the justice and greatness of his King, so that I was devoured by a desire to go and witness his virtues for myself, and that I should be very happy to join him (the envoy) in his journey if he were willing. He said, 'Certainly he would take me.' Afterwards, I had another private talk with him. I said that perhaps my best plan would be to ask permission of his King first, and, for that purpose, to send my agent with him. He replied, 'Khoob ast' ('It is good'); and promised that an answer should reach me at Leh in forty days. After giving

him and his suite some tea to drink, I again said, 'Then I will consider it settled that my servant goes with you, if that be your pleasure.' He turned round, and clapped my man on the back in a hearty way, saying, 'Of course, it is my pleasure—he is my brother.' Since then he has desired my man, Diwân Bakhsh, to be in readiness to accompany him; so I trust that is settled. I intend to send with him some presents for the King and other chiefs there, in order to procure permission for myself to follow. The envoy, I hear, has just sent off a letter to his master, saying that an Englishman (myself) whom he had met at Lahore when he went down to visit the Lord-Sahib (the Governor of the Punjab) had now come to Ladâk, and had asked to be allowed to go with him to Yârkand; but that he had refused permission until his Highness's pleasure was known! Rather a perversion of facts, for it was I that suggested my waiting for the King's permission! But they have a fearful dread of taking on themselves any responsibility.

"I am preparing some presents for the envoy (Mahammad Nazzar is his name)—some English cloth, &c., and a Cashmeer 'choga,' or robe of red shawl-stuff with embroidery, &c."

Letter dated "Ladâk, August 30th, 1868."

"Here I am still at Leh, although several steps have been gained since I wrote to you. Mr. Forsyth has arrived, and been received in great state—the fort firing a salute, and the Governor going out several marches to meet him. Mr. Forsyth, you know, is the originator of the present movement in

favour of intercourse with Central Asia. In his capacity of Commissioner of the Trans-Sutlej States (a little principality about the size of Wales, and containing about two millions and a half of inhabitants), he has tried to attract the Yârkand merchants by establishing an annual fair at Pâlampoor, in the Kangra Valley, where the traders from the plains of India can go up and meet those from Central Asia. His enthusiasm for the cause is unbounded; and my own was first lit at its flame, I believe. Now, however, he is trying to dissuade me from my expedition on account of its possible dangers. But men very often fear perils for others which they would not in their own case, and I believe Mr. Forsyth would be more than ready to go to Yârkand himself, did Government allow him.

"Yesterday the Yârkand envoy started on his return journey. My agent, Diwân Bakhsh, has started to-day. He will join the envoy's party this evening. He bears a letter and presents from me to the King. If things succeed, I shall have the honour of opening up Central Asia.

"My two Goorka sepoys (men on furlough from one of our native regiments, whom I had engaged for the journey) have been fraternising with an Afghan here (men of all countries meet at Leh). It appears that in the last frontier war this Afghan fought against the English at Umbeyla, while these Goorkas were engaged on our side. They have taken to one another immensely, comparing notes, and finding that they had been present on opposite sides in the very same actions. The Goorkas are jolly little fellows, as plucky as possible—regular soldiers. You will have

heard that another small war has just broken out on the Hazârah frontier. News of it reached Leh with the addition that these men's regiment had been ordered to the front. Immediately they took leave of me, and, without waiting for orders, started off at once by double marches across Cashmeer for the scene of action. They told me that their arms and accoutrements were at Kangra; but that did not matter, as plenty of men would have been knocked over by the time they should reach the regiment, and their arms would be disposable! So off they went as happy as possible in the prospect of a good row, with a chance of loot and promotion; or at any rate, what they like nearly as well, plenty of hard knocks to be given and received.

"I am learning to vaccinate, so that I may be able to introduce the practice in Yârkand. I have already been practising on the youthful population of several villages near here with Dr. Cayley."

I will not here inflict on the reader a history of the troubles I underwent in arranging for a start. Ladâk is infested with a set of ruffians called Argoons,[1] half-bred between Toorkistân fathers and Ladâk mothers. Like most half-castes, they possess all the evil qualities of both races without any of their virtues. They also in Ladâk possess a monopoly of the carrying traffic. They own a few miserable ponies, and as soon as they have made a bargain

[1] Marco Polo says (see Yule's 'Marco Polo,' i. 250, and *note* at p. 255):—"There is likewise a class of people called 'Argon' because they are produced from a mixture of two races; namely, those natives of Tenduk who are idolaters, and the Mahometans."

with a merchant for the carriage of his goods, and received a large advance, they go and buy a few more from some brother Argoon, who has just arrived with his cattle half-dead from a journey. These ghosts of horses are then fed up for a few days till their sores begin to heal, when they are started again under loads that would break down a London dray-horse in such country. This is a favourable specimen of an Argoon's conduct. You are happy if he does not insist on getting the whole money in advance, and then get himself taken up by some convenient creditor, who will only let him go on receipt of a further sum of good money which you have to throw after the bad. With me the case was even worse. For, in addition to their natural cupidity, there was the fear of being punished for introducing a possibly unwelcome visitor into Yârkand. Having a home, and a wife or two at each end of their journey—both at Yârkand and at Leh—they are equally in dread of the rulers of both places. The very thought of the vexation I endured with these men makes my flesh creep even now. How impossible it began to seem at last that I should ever start: as the men who had good horses, after making me accept exorbitant terms of their own asking, finally started away without a word of explanation with some other employer, leaving me *planté*; while those who had skeletons of horses, or no horses at all, were profuse in their promises to come, but, by tissues of the most involved falsehoods, avoided producing their entire team at one time, the only real proof I could have of its existence. How I envied the Yârkand merchants

travelling with their own horses, strong and fit for work! How I tried to buy some for myself, but left off when the first one died under the hands of an Argoon who was officiously giving him some medicine!

All these troubles I will leave to the imagination, merely saying that I did not start till the 20th of September from Ladâk, being compelled to trust the greater part of the goods to the tender mercies of an Argoon named "Momin" (=the faithful one), who promised to start after me in eight or ten days when his horses should be ready. The native Governor of Ladâk promised to give the man guides to take him by the new route which I was going to try. The Governor also gave me an order on several villages near the Pangong Lake for ponies, which according to the custom of the country the villagers are bound to hire out to travellers at fixed rates. This determination I had come to when I found I could not get enough horses from the Argoons to carry both the goods and also my own camp and baggage. I thought I could shift for myself, and secure ponies from the villagers better than the servant in charge of the goods could do.

Just before starting, a companion offered himself for the journey. Mr. Thorp, who had formerly been in the 98th Regiment, and had recently been travelling about in Tibet, hearing that I was starting for Yârkand, volunteered to go with me. For the moment I accepted the offer, but afterwards, on consulting with friends who had the best means of judging, I was advised that it would be over rash to take a companion. I had spoken to the envoy

only about myself; I had written to the King only in my own name; and now, if a second Englishman were to appear with me on the frontier, the suspicion of these Asiatics would be deeply aroused. Mr. Thorp, with great good-nature, gave in to these reasons, and consented to abandon his intention of accompanying me—preferring to do that rather than risk the failure of my expedition.

I may here mention incidentally that on my return to India I was much shocked to hear that Mr. Thorp had suddenly died of heart-complaint during my absence.

At this time I also heard a report that another Englishman, of the name of Hayward, was on his way up with the intention of attempting to reach Yârkand. I wrote him a letter on the chance of its catching him in Cashmeer, urging the same reasons against his coming which had already prevailed with Mr. Thorp.

Finally, on the 20th of September, I said good-bye to Dr. Cayley, and started from Ladâk.

CHAPTER V.

JOURNEY FROM LADÂK TO THE KÂRAKASH RIVER.

Doorgoo — Price of Shawl-wool — Tanksé — Difficulties about Ponies — Hire of Yaks — Enter the Chang-chenmo Plains — Wild Yak shooting — *Ovis Ammon* — Message from Mr. Hayward proposing a Junction — Reports of Country to the Eastward — Meeting with Hayward; his Plans — Objections to a Junction; Separation of the two Travellers — Singular Posture recommended for Sleeping in the Cold — Plain of Lingzee-Thang — The "Lavender-Plant," and its scanty Fuel — The *Guddee* Servants (from Kangra) — Lyre-horned Antelope — Lak-zung — Wild Yak shot — The Cook breaks down — Tibetan diet — Ice-lake — The Kuen-lun in sight — The Kârâkash River — March down its banks — Warm Springs — Jade-quarries — *Kyangs*, or Wild Asses.

Extracts from Diary :—

"*September* 23*rd*.—Crossed the 'Chang-la,' a very easy pass out of the Indus Valley. For a mile or so from the summit the descent is stony, all the rest is good road, and easy gradient. After descending a series of terraces, like gigantic steps, the road takes along the side of a ravine (where there are old gold-washings). This ravine sinks more rapidly than the road, which at last turns off across a flat little plain, from which it drops down upon the village of Doorgoo. This flat is a triangle of lake-deposit left between two converging streams, and there are similar flat terraces opposite, showing that the Doorgoo River must have been dammed up at one time to form a lake.

"I asked my new Tibetan servant and guide, Tashee, what was the price of 'pashm,' or shawl-wool (which is produced in these regions). He said it had got cheap of late. I asked why? Because the mer-

chants had left off buying. I asked why they had left off? He answered: 'Because the "pashm" had got dearer!' In other words: pashm is cheap because it is dear. *Q. E. D.*

"*September 24th, Doorgoo to Tanksé.* Went over to Tanksé to breakfast. Presented my order for ponies to the head-man. The head-man was very civil, but slow. He is a Panjâbee Hindoo employed by the Maharaja of Cashmeer to collect the taxes from the native Tibetans. I made all the remaining preparations for the journey here. Bought flour, parched barley, &c., for the men, and barley for the horses; two months' provisions; also a small flock of sheep. The afternoon was spent in trying to get ponies. The head-man is civil, but useless. All the lame and seedy ponies of the country are brought to choose from. I rejected all but four, and sent off for more to neighbouring villages. Awful obstructions (passive). I left them with a threat that I would get up in the morning with a stick in my hand!

"*September 25th.*—Eight or ten more ponies were brought in the morning, all of them very small and young. I at last agreed to take twelve altogether for the nine loads. Started finally about 1 P.M. Overtook the cavalcade, and found the ponies lying down at every step, being too weak and small even for the present diminished loads. They are hardly bigger than rats. Obliged to stop at Mooglib for the night; only seven miles! This is a promising start for Central Asia.

"*September 26th.*—Took on five 'yaks' in addition to ten ponies; reached Chagra, near the head of the Pangong Lake, and found the head-man awaiting me

at the Tartar encampment there with more ponies, all small. The son of the Tibetan head-man (or 'Goba') had just arrived from the Karakash River, where he had been with the party of Mahammad Nazzar, the Yârkand envoy. He reports two horses dead of those belonging to Jooma, the Argoon who had gone with my man Diwân Bakhsh. Jooma's brother-in-law had also died on the road.

"I agreed to stop here to-morrow and next day, to complete arrangements which they ought to have completed three days ago.

"A message reached me from my Moonshee, Diwân Bakhsh, that I ought to be at Shahidoolla (on the Yârkand frontier) in a month from the date of speaking. Ten days gone, leaving twenty. Doubtful!

"*September 27th, Sunday.*—Halted. Wrote letters, and had the horses shod. Astonished the natives by showing them Rarey's method of casting a horse. I also placed a seal on the forelocks of all the ponies I had chosen, to prevent their being exchanged for worse animals, as seemed very likely. The grain and flour were also sealed up in sacks; and arrangements were made for serving out on each successive Sunday the provision for the ensuing week. The sacks were afterwards to be carefully re-sealed with my own signet-ring. This was necessary in order to prevent pilfering and waste, which might prove fatal in such a desert as we were entering upon."

I interrupt my diary to explain that I had here got into the direct route again, from India to Toorkistân. This is the place where I had met Dr. Cayley on his return from exploring the new route

onwards, while I had traversed that part of it which goes direct to British India without passing through Ladâk. My journey hence to Ladâk, and back again, had been a mere surplusage caused by the necessity of making the arrangements detailed above. So from this point we resume the new direct route from India to Yârkand, which it is hoped will come into use more and more, to the exclusion of the old and more difficult route through Ladâk, and over the Karakoram Pass, which merchants had hitherto been compelled to use by the Cashmeer officials.

Leaving Chagra, the last Tibetan encampment, on the 29th September, we crossed the high but very gradual and easy pass of Masimik on the 30th, and entered Chang-chenmo.[1] This district consists of open downs and plains at an elevation of about 14,000 or 15,000 feet. The small stream which drains it runs eventually westward into the great Shayok River, which is one of the sources of the Indus. At the head of the Shayok River, and separated from us by enormous mountains, is the Karakoram Pass (the old route into Yârkand). From the Karakoram Pass the Shayok runs nearly directly south towards Ladâk, but, meeting a great range of mountains (one of the sides of the Ladâk Valley), turns off abruptly westward, and runs for a dozen marches parallel to the Indus, and only separated from it by this great range, which it finally bursts through, joining the main Indus in Baltistân.

Having thus traced down the Chang-chenmo River into the Shayok, and the Shayok into the Indus, we

[1] Chang-chenmo means "Great-Northern (River)."

will resume our march, which takes us up the Chang-chenmo instead of down it. In this valley I stayed till the 16th of October; waiting for the faithless Argoon with my remaining things from Ladâk, and also giving time to my Moonshee, Diwân Bakhsh, to accomplish his negotiations at Yârkand. I employed my time in shooting wild yak (a magnificent sort of wild cattle, twice the size of the tame ones used in Tibet), and also in exploring the heads of the various valleys to discover the easiest way northward.

The character of the Chang-chenmo Valley is a wide smooth shingly bed, amidst which the stream meanders from side to side. It is bordered by small cliffs of clay or conglomerate, sometimes several of them in tiers one above the other, divided by wide terraces, especially at the embouchures of side streams. Above these terraces rise the barren mountain sides. The soil is absolutely bare.

"*October 9th, Chang-chenmo.*—Returning down a valley, saw some objects in the distance. Made them out to be *Oves Ammon*, six fine males with enormous horns, coming towards us along the south-west hill-side. Hid under a bank, and watched them into a side ravine, but did not see them come out. After a long watch, stalked the ravine. Looking round, to my horror, I saw a man standing in full view against the white snow in the middle of the main valley! Stalked on, but found the six *Oves Ammon* in full retreat. Went down to the man in a horrible temper. Found he was a messenger who had brought a note from Mr. Hayward, who wants to go to Yârkand. Proposes to meet me if I will wait for him. The man

says the snow is now a yard deep on the Masimik Pass. (The ink is hard frozen in my pen every minute as I write this, and a water-wagtail has hopped in between me and the fire to warm itself! I am sitting not a yard from the fire in front of my tent.)

"I examined the messenger about his own country, which lies twenty marches eastward from Roodok (a small town near the Pangong Lake). We conversed through two interpreters, as his dialect was so different. He says his tribe's winter quarters are in valleys sloping eastward. To the north of these they yearly cross the snow-passes into a country sloping down to the north-east, whose streams get lost in sand. (Perhaps the same system as the rivers of Eastern Toorkistân.) These summer quarters are thirty days from their winter ones. To the east of his country lie the gold mines (down holes in the earth with galleries, &c.), where a sheep-load of rice sells for eight tolas of gold (?)—equal to over 12*l.* sterling! Beyond are robber tribes endued with charms from the Grand Lama of Lhassa which make them invincible. Ten or twelve families of these robbers, driven away by their former comrades, are now established in Roodok (near the Pangong Lake). The Roodok authorities are bribed by them. He describes a shrine two days' march this side of the Mansorâwar Lake (one of the sources of the Indus). On the top of a pass there is a peak of which the lower half is precipitous rock, and the upper half ice. Pilgrims go round this worshipping; and take a day and a half in the circuit. Here is a fine specimen of camp-fire gossip!

"*October* 13*th*.—A letter from Hayward met me on the road, saying he was sent by the Geographical Society and must continue his journey, but did not wish to compromise me.

"*October* 14*th*.—Rode over to Hayward's camp. We dined together, and talked over plans. He said the Geographical Society had commissioned him to explore the route through Chitrâl (far away to the West on the borders of Kâbul), and to try and reach the Pamir Steppes. The frontier war which has just broken out led him to try the more easterly route through Ladâk, hoping to get permission at Yârkand to visit the Pamir Steppes. He proposed going in the character of an Afghan, having brought a complete Afghan dress, and having discarded most of the marks of European nationality, such as tents, &c. After some consultation, and seeing that I was going in the character of an Englishman, he determined to do so also. Indeed, it would require a most perfect acquaintance both with the Afghan language (Pooshtoo) and also with the Mahammadan religious ceremonial (an acquaintance only to be obtained by years of expatriation), to pass muster as an Afghan in a bigoted Mussulman country which swarms with Afghan merchants and soldiers.

"The question then remained whether we should go together or not. On consideration it seemed better that I should appear on the frontier first and alone, in accordance with the announcement which I had sent on before. For if, after asking permission for one Englishman to enter, two were suddenly to appear together, suspicions would be aroused, and they would probably turn both of us back. It

was determined, therefore, that I should go on before, trusting to the effect of my presents and letter for admission, while Hayward should follow shortly after in the hope that they would not turn him back after admitting me. If I saw an opportunity, I was to do what I could to obtain admission for him. This seemed the best solution of the difficulty caused by the unfortunate coincidence of our two attempts.

"Meanwhile, Hayward determined to explore the head of the Chang-chenmo Valley for a possibly better route in that direction.

"*October* 16*th*.—Hayward started on his way up the valley, and I on mine up the Hot-Spring Ravine. Some miles up came to an ascent of a terrace cliff some thirty feet high from the bed of the stream. Poor Schlagintweit, on his way to Yârkand in 1857, had built up a kind of sloping path-way, very steep. Great difficulties in getting the ponies up. They repeatedly tumbled back.

"In crossing the stream (which we did many times), a pony fell through the coat of ice which bordered the stream on both sides. Great difficulty in getting him out.

"*October* 17*th*.—Some time after sunrise, as we were packing up tents, &c., to start, we suddenly heard a noise like thunder coming down the stream. Found that the water was rising and bursting through the thick coat of ice that had bound it in the night. The stream was coming down full of fragments of ice, which it threw up high and dry on either side as it receded gradually into its proper channel. We had seen these heaps of ice six or seven feet high

which lined both banks, but had not known the cause.

"Followed the tracks of the Yârkand envoy and his party. Towards the end of the day met the men and ponies he had hired, returning from escorting him. They gave me a letter in Hindostanee from my Moonshee *without date*, saying he would send some one to meet me at Shahidoolla in a month's time *from date*. I asked these men about a halting-place for the night. They said there was plenty of fuel and grass higher up. I rode on alone to pick out a place, but found that, as usual with the Tibetans, they had told a lie. I rode back, and was in time to stop my caravan at the highest place where there was grass, some miles below where I had met my informants; rather an important matter, as the cattle could get no more grass for several days after this!

"*October* 18*th*.—Followed marks of the envoy's party up a side stream from the north. Shingly bed of dry stream, gradually steeper and steeper, till we stood on the ridge. The depression of the 'col' is very slight indeed. View to south of glacier-mountains extensive but stormy. To north, very flat, downy country, nearly the level of our pass. One or two large patches of snow, our elevation being about 19,000 feet. Tashee and I walked on to keep ourselves warm, but, halting at sunset, had to sit and freeze for several hours before the things came up. The best way of keeping warm on such an occasion is to squat down, kneeling against a bank, resting your head on the bank, and nearly between your knees. Then tuck your overcoat in all round you, over head and all; and if you are lucky,

and there is not too much wind, you will make a little atmosphere of your own inside the covering which will be snug in comparison with the outside air. Your feet suffer chiefly, but you learn to tie yourself into a kind of knot, bringing as many surfaces of your body together as possible. I have passed whole nights in this kneeling position and slept well; whereas I should not have got a wink had I been stretched at full length with such a scanty covering as a great coat. At last the camp arrived. We had brought a little fuel with us, and melted some ice for water. No grass at all for the cattle.

"*October 19th.*—Breakfasted as usual while camp was breaking up. Travelled through the high downs till we reached a little plain, bounded on the further side by a sandy ridge. Crossed this plain northwards. My Mussulman table-servant, Kabeer, was here quite done up with the rarity of the air at this great elevation, so I gave him my pony to ride. Ascended the sandy slope at the end (almost 100 feet high), and then saw another immense plain at our feet, about 400 feet lower than our own level. This has been christened by the Tibetans who have crossed it, 'Lingzee-tang.' To the east and west of it snowy mountains loomed in the distance, peering up over the edge of the plain like ships at sea that are hull-down. In front of us to the north, it was bounded far away by a long sandy ridge with the tops of smaller hills showing over it. Descending into this plain, we encamped about five miles out on it, under the lee of a small clayey rise. The soil is all clay, covered with flinty stones and rough agates. Not a vestige of grass; but a little fuel in the shape

of the *lavender-plant*, as it may be called. This consists of a little bunch of shoots, three or four inches high, looking like lavender. These little bunches are scattered about seven or eight yards apart or more. They have a woody root, much more substantial than might be imagined from their insignificant appearance above ground; and these roots are a perfect god-send to the traveller. His men go out with little picks and dig them up, but it takes several hours, even where they are most plentiful, before a man can collect enough to light a fire with. The shoots are sometimes eaten by famishing horses, and to a certain extent stay their hunger where there is no grass, as here. So late in the season there was no water anywhere on this plain, but we found a few patches of snow, and melted enough to cook with and drink. There was not, however, fuel enough to melt any for the horses to drink, and they had for many days to content themselves with munching snow to allay their thirst.

"*October 20th, Lingzee-tang.*—A lovely morning to cross the plain. Marched straight for the opening between two hills which I called the 'dome' and the 'chorten' (a common Tibetan monument), from their shapes. Kabeer, as yesterday, was constantly lagging behind and lying down. I stopped the caravan for him, and made him keep up. He said, as an excuse, that neither his father nor his grandfather had been in such a country. There was really no reason to lag, within a mile of the start, as the walking was good and there was no cold to speak of. Of course the great elevation has

its effect. But my Guddee servants (the Guddees are a hardy and primitive race of hill men, living on the Kangra Mountains, who make capital and faithful servants), were swearing at the flatness of the plain and wishing for mountains again. Lots of mirage, but no real signs of water. After several hours across the plain we came to the rising ground about 100 feet high. Another flat on the top, then a descent into the mouths or upper ends of a lot of rocky-sided valleys. Took one leading to the right of the 'dome,' and camped about a mile down it near a rock. Fearfully cold wind; almost impossible to pitch the tents; a real hurricane, blowing the concentrated essence of east winds. Managed to get something to eat and get to bed. *Third* night of no grass for the cattle. We give the ponies barley, but the yaks refuse it.

"*October* 21*st*, *Lak-zung*.—This is the name of that curious set of valleys leading down from the high plain of Lingzee-tang (which we have just crossed) into a lower one on the north. (They are both over 16,000 feet above the sea! 1000 feet higher than the summit of Mont Blanc.) Saw a male Tibetan antelope, looking quite white in the distance, with very elegant lyre-shaped horns. We went down a broad valley, across which ran a line of curious granite rocks, which ought to have been the top of a range, but by some mistake have wandered across a shingly open valley. The chief one holds an ancient eagle's nest, below which the ground is covered with the horns and bones of antelope, killed by past generations of these birds to feed their young. Saw some more antelopes up a slope, but

my fingers were frozen so stiff by the bitter wind that it was useless to go after them—I could not have pulled a trigger. This bit of country seems to have had two wills at the making of it. First comes a series of parallel ridges, with corresponding valleys running N.W. to S.E. (of which the granite rocks form one). Then a gigantic series of valleys were cut exactly at right angles to all this, leaving the eagle-nest rocks in the middle of a valley as I said, and breaking all the other ridges across. Having come down one of these valleys, we turned into one of the first series to our right, and found the yaks in the midst of lots of grass (such as it is, in Tibet) and the coldest of high winds. Camped, and presently the ponies came up also.

"*October* 22*nd*.—Halted in this place (called Lak-zung or 'Eagle's nest'), as our cattle wanted recruiting. Cold day, with bitter wind. Kabeer utterly incapable of 'making an effort.' Says he does not know what stones have fallen into his life!

"Tried to write, but the ink all froze in my pen as usual.

"I am convinced that the envoy's party and we also made a mistake in our route. We went off to the west from the hot springs, and after crossing the pass had to come back east, a day's march.[1] We should have gone straight.

"*October* 23*rd*.—Still halting in Lak-zung; a finer day, *i.e.* less wind, more sun, and thermometer nearly up to freezing-point in the tent at mid-day.

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[1] I afterwards came to the conclusion that we had both been wilfully misled by the guides.

Went out . . . . and shot another fine old wild yak. He measured ten feet from the nose to the insertion of the tail, and was five feet and a half high at the shoulder.

"*October* 24*th*.—Still halting and shooting. Day colder. Returned to camp after dark in the coldest of bitter winds. Kabeer is hopeless. He complains of no actual illness; but he cannot do anything but sit and warm his hands and groan. The other servants are indignant at him.

"*October* 25*th*.—Tashee the Tibetan promoted to be cook, *vice* Kabeer, retired into private life. Had in the ponies from pasture, and shod those that wanted it. Also dabbed melted grease into their cracked heels.

"The Tibetans (or Bôts, as they call themselves) tell me that they make preserved meat, by pounding and grinding it after drying in the sun. This is mixed with ground 'suttoo,' or parched barley, and made into thick soup. The process is possible in this dry cold country, where everything keeps so well.

"*October* 26*th*, *Lak-zung to Tarldatt*.—Started the things off, and followed myself, but did not reach camp till ten o'clock at night, being detained by a long stalk after a Tibetan antelope, which I finally killed. Great difficulty in finding the camp in the open plain into which our route now led us. Sent out men to look for Kabeer, who was missing, and reported to have lagged behind on the road. Promised a reward for finding him.

"*October* 27*th*.—Kabeer was brought in during the night, having lain down by the side of the road.

He had heard me and Tashee passing within a yard or two of him in the dark, but had not the energy to speak, fearing we might compel him to get up and come into camp! Such are the natives of India. He would doubtless have died, exposed to that bitter night, had I not sent the men out to search for him.

"There is a curious ice-lake near this camp. An irregular solid sheet of ice, two or three feet thick, rests on the surface of the ground; some warm springs melt a way through the centre. Lower down, as I heard, the continuation of this ice-sheet floats on water, which further out is free from ice, and forms a small lake.

"*October 28th.*—Crossed a small 'col,' still going northwards. Coming after the caravan, I found one of our yaks which our men had been obliged to leave. The beast was tired and ferocious. However, there is plenty of grass here for it. Beyond the 'col' a gradual descent leads down a long valley into the plain of an old lake bed, with water-marks 200 feet up the hill-sides. One or two small brackish pools half-frozen, all the rest a bed of 'phoollee,' or coarse soda. Above is a very thin cake of earth, below which the foot sinks into the finest loose powdered soda, pure white, four or five inches deep. Below this is a sheet of impure common salt, or saltpetre, which you can hear crack like thin ice under fresh snow as you walk. In many places the coat of earth is absent, and the soda is hard and irregular. It was horrible walking for five hours over it; although we saw our halting-place from the first, we never seemed to approach it. Yaks hopelessly in the rear, but fine moonlight. Cold, but not much wind

happily. Finally found a little dry ravine just big enough and deep enough to shelter our camp. Grass and ice near; pitched camp, and were thankful. Choomâroo (one of the Guddees) had his toe frost-bitten. No news of Kabeer or the yaks. But Tashee is ever to the fore and most useful.

"*October 29th.*—Halt. Kabeer arrived in the morning reporting that all the yaks had knocked up. Sent off men to help in with their loads. About the middle of the day two yaks arrived. The men report two others entirely *hors de combat*, one at the beginning of the soda-plain, the other near the salt-pool.

"*October 30th.*—The remaining men with the yaks' loads arrived this morning. We made a short march, the ponies being awfully knocked up. The north end of the soda-plain (rising a little) narrows into a valley. This valley curves off to the N.W., with a low broken granite ridge on its N.E. side. Beyond this ridge is the Karakash River (which we cannot see yet, of course), and beyond that a high steep shingly snow-topped range, a part of that which is known to European geographers as the Kuen-lun. Bitter cold wind. Camped in this valley at the last grass patches. Snow for water as usual, and a little *lavender-plant* fuel. The yaks did not come up.

"*October 31st.*—Continued N.W. along the valley which was now sloping downwards to the Karakash, leading to it by a rocky gorge some thirty or forty yards wide. Through this the soda-plain lake must at some time have disgorged itself. The Karakash was *soft-frozen*, flowing through a little round valley, enclosed to the north by a large old moraine. To

the N.E. are high snow mountains and glaciers; the course of the stream comes down very steeply from them. I fancy its source is near. Down below we espied two black animals grazing in the bed of the stream. Query, wild yaks or tame? Question answered by a man driving them into our line of march, amid cheers from all our party. They were cattle abandoned (as some of our own had been) by the envoy's party which had preceded us.

"A perfect god-send. We were now able to unload the miserable yellow pony, and lighten the loads of the chesnut and grey ponies. Meanwhile the cattle all drank eagerly, breaking the slushy ice with their feet. This was their first real drink since the 16th; they have had nothing but snow since then.

"Beyond the point we had now reached, none of my men had gone. We were thus quite ignorant where we should find grass or wood, or how long to make our marches. It often depends on the distance of the next grazing ground whether you will encamp after a certain number of hours' marching, or continue. This is especially the case with exhausted cattle, for if the next place is near, it will not hurt them to go on, but if far, you would for their sake rest contented with your progress for that day. But we now had to do without such facilities. I had to feel the way by riding on ahead of the caravan, and towards evening surveying the route before us from some high point. The Karakash here has a broad valley quite flat and half a mile wide. The dry and shingly bed of what is sometimes a stream occupies the centre, with low terraces on either side, the

barren mountains rising north and south of the valley, which itself runs westward. Anxiously I looked forward as each new vista opened out; every side-valley I examined with care. Imagine my horror, as the afternoon advanced, to find that this sterile soil did not supply even the *lavender-plant* for fuel, which had not hitherto failed us. Grass I entirely despaired of finding, and the bed of the stream was dry! The three great requisites for a traveller's camping-ground were all absent—fuel, grass, and water! Evening was beginning to close when I reached a high bed of shingle and *débris* which issued from a ravine on the north, and closed the view down the main valley. I mounted this to get a view, and at the lower end of a small plain I distinguished a dark strip of ground. Hope began to revive, but I could hardly believe that I saw bushes! However, my glass showed them distinctly, and, what was more, there was a glimmer of white ice visible amongst them. I pushed on, and after a seemingly interminable stretch of level in the valley I reached the first bushes that I had seen for a month. There was a horrible wind blowing up the valley, but I picked out a sheltered spot under a bank, collected a lot of dry branches for a fire (how often had I shivered and longed for this moment in the cold plains above!) and sat down to wait. After waiting an hour, I began to fear that the caravan might pass me in the dark, so I commenced shouting. No reply. At last my pony showed signs of hearing something on the opposite side. I rode across, and presently was answered. They had actually passed me. Now, however, it was all right. I took them

to my sheltered nook, and presently we had such a glorious blaze as gladdened our hearts. We found that the ice I had seen was on the banks of a stream of water, which came in through a narrow gorge from the left or south side of the valley, and filled the hitherto dry bed of the main valley.[1] I had thoughts of exploring up this gorge the next day, as its stream seemed more important than that which I had come down. But it was necessary for the cattle's sake to push on to some grass.

"*November* 1*st*.—The yaks being still behind with the grain, we could not give the horses a feed. Luckily we found a little grass on the banks of a warm spring to the right. I rode on to a shingle ridge, about a mile further, to espy the valley, but could see nothing better, only brushwood. So I came back, and we camped at a warm spring. The water of the stream was slightly brackish, so we made tea, &c., from melted ice again. The stream here runs free between banks of ice. It is a few inches deep, and five or six yards wide. Plenty of wood, as the same brushwood jungle extends down to here. Tried to tin the saucepans, which are getting quite dangerous, but only succeeded in burning my fingers! There is plenty of snow scattered on the northern sides of the mountains, almost down to the level of the valley.

"The yaks arrived in the afternoon. One of our new acquisitions had given in.

"Glorious change of temperature. Thermometer

[1] Mr. Hayward afterwards struck the head of this stream about eighty miles up, and followed it down to this spot. He proved it to be the real head of the Karakash River, and that it offers a better route than that which I had taken across the high plains.

up to 40° Fahrenheit at ten o'clock in the day. At day-break the temperature was 9° Fahrenheit.

"*November 2nd.*—Marched down the Karakash stream, which now flows freely between ice borders. It is fed by numerous warm springs, hence its freedom from ice. But these springs give the whole water a brackish taste. A couple of miles from last night's camp we crossed a little plain dotted over with small craters, each about four or five yards across, and two or three feet deep in the middle. The bottom of these craters is occupied by a deposit of common salt or saltpetre. The servants took a supply for common use, as their own was getting short. The valley is wide and flat, and the vista is only broken at intervals by great sloping tongues of *débris* issuing from the mouths of ravines (generally from the north side), and running nearly across the valley. More or less grass all along to-day's march, and plenty of brushwood. On the north side granite rocks now rise directly out of the valley. The granite is crumbling and disintegrated like that of Ladâk. We found and brought on two more of the abandoned yaks, but had to leave our own yellow pony. Saw herds of 'kyang' (the Tibetan wild ass). Fine snow-peaks in sight down the valley, before which brushwood and grass cease.

"*November 3rd.*—Immediately on leaving camp this morning, the white pony broke down. Tashee professed to cure him by extracting a piece of cartilage from each nostril, making a cut and then tying a hair out of his tail to the cut piece, so that the animal pulled it out himself in attempting to rise. But I did not see the operation myself. They put

his load on to two men and came along. At a corner on the south side there is a piece of path with a bit of wall built up to support it, and yesterday we passed a group of stone huts: all signs that this road was once in use.[1]

"*November 4th.*—Men arrived late last night, and reported the white pony dead on the road. If this is true, I believe it was caused by the operation which was supposed to cure him. This morning, at day-break, the thermometer was at 1° Fahrenheit.

"Pitched camp in the evening in a fine grassy meadow which occupies the whole width of the valley for several miles down. Picked up two more abandoned yaks, which had been luxuriating in this grass.

"*November 5th.*—A succession of fine meadow plains full of salt craters, larger than the former ones (some six or seven yards across). Some were full of concentrated brine (unfrozen in most), which on evaporating will give the usual salt deposit, I suppose. In this valley, wherever there is grass, there is also a saline efflorescence on the soil. I fancy both depend on the presence of moisture, and hence occur together. While crossing a swampy frozen meadow, I flushed a solitary snipe, and also what I took for a starling. Walked through some brushwood and shot two hares (of the blue Tibetan variety, with pure white tufts of

[1] We found afterwards that this valley had formerly been frequented by the Chinese, who obtained *jade* from hence. This industry is now extinct, as the Mussulmans of Toorkistân have no taste for ornaments of this stone. A line in the Chinese 'Thousand Character Classic,' enumerating various productions, says, "Jade comes from the Kuen-lun Mountains" (which are those in question). I am indebted to Mr. Aston, of the India Museum, for this quotation.

tails). Whilst pitching camp, found the place occupied by a herd of nearly 100 'kyangs' (or wild asses), which stayed within 200 yards of us watching our proceedings till dark.

"Down the valley some snowy mountains are visible. On this side of them there is an opening in the northern range. According to Johnson's map, this opening ought to be the course of the Karakash turning towards Toorkistân.

"Picked up two more yaks, making nine altogether.

"*November 6th.*—Great part of to-day's march has been barren, but our camp is near a lot of grass; not a few blades scattered here and there, as in Tibet, but real grass covering the ground, so that you could cut a turf out of it. Near this camp are some 'jade' quarries, now abandoned. The workings were a little way up the hill-side, whence numerous rough fragments have rolled down."

CHAPTER VI.

DETENTION AT SHAHIDOOLA.

Letter from Fort of Shahidoolla Khoja — Toorks; their Dress and Manners — The name *Tybet* used by them — Recapitulation of Journey down the Kara-kash — First sight of a Kirghiz *Yourt* — Its Inhabitants — Arrival of Toork soldiers — Traveller sends by them a Letter to the King (Atalik-Ghâzee) — Arrival at Shahidoolla, and detention there for orders — Arrival of a Mihmânder on the part of Kâshghar Government — Difficulties caused by Hayward's approach — Continued Detention — Arrival of a messenger from the Moonshee — Traveller assumes the Moghul (or Toork) Dress — Hayward's arrival at Shahidoolla — Correspondence with him — End of the Detention.

Extracts from Letter begun on the 10th November, 1868, and continued from day to day:

"Shahidoolla, Khoja,
"*November* 10*th*, 1868.

"I hope soon to have an opportunity of sending back letters by the Ladâkees, whose cattle have brought my camp thus far. So I begin writing, that I may not be hurried at the last moment. I hope my letter will not miscarry by the way, as Dr. Cayley will have left Ladâk by this time, and I must trust to the tender mercies of the Cashmeeree governor of that place, who promised to forward all my letters.

"I am now writing in my tent, which is pitched on the flat roof of a little fort on the Karakash River. It consists of a lot of little rooms, surrounding a courtyard, into which they open. A little parapet of sun-dried bricks (with loopholes for muskets) runs round the outer edge of this flat roof,

while at the corners little round towers, also loop-holed, command the four sides. This primitive fort stands in the centre of a little shingly plain. The Karakash, a small trout-stream, runs past a few hundred yards off, fringed with low bushes, while all around rise the barren rocky mountains. Inside is a more cheerful scene. A group of Moghul[1] soldiers are sitting round a fire at one end of the courtyard, which is not above fifteen yards long. Their long matchlock guns hang from the wall behind them, twelve in number; three or four high-peaked saddles are ranged above them. The dress of the Moghuls consists of a long robe fastened round the waist, with very wide trowsers below. The officers' robes are made of a stuff half silk, half cotton, with large patterns in very bright colours. Some of the men wear dull red Yârkandee cloth, some of them English printed calico, and some white felt; there is no uniformity. Some tuck the long robe into the wide trowsers, some wear a second robe, open in front and loose at the waist, over all. The chiefs have on their heads a conical cap, with a turban tied round it. The men mostly have lambskin caps. One of the two officers is now fitting a fresh match into his gun; the rest are looking on, or cooking their food in one of the rooms. Meanwhile they talk a language harsh and guttural, in which the consonants are constantly clashing. My 'Bhôts' from Ladâk sit reverentially in the distance, rubbing the skins of the sheep we have killed by the way. The Moghuls treat them kindly, but as if they were animals of some sort,

[1] Moghul is the name given in India to natives of Central Asia. I learnt afterwards to call them, as they called themselves, "Toork."

monkeys for instance. They call them *Tibetee*, a name which I have hitherto heard used only by the Europeans. My Indian servants keep out of the way; they don't know what to make of our hosts, and are more than half afraid of them. As for me, they and I are the greatest of friends. In a short time, I shall be going down to entertain the officers at my four o'clock tea. We sit over my fire, and drink an endless succession of cups of tea together, eating my biscuits, and trying to converse. Now, as three days ago my knowledge of Toorkee was confined to the word 'yok,' *no*, which I had picked up in Atkinson's book, and as they know no Persian, and, of course, no Hindostanee, we have to make up by smiles and signs for our lack of common words. The rifles, the watch, the compass, the revolver, are, unfortunately, exhausted subjects now, so we come to actual conversation. I have picked up a lot of Toorkee (there is no master of languages like the absence of interpreters), and we talk about peace and war, geography and history; what could the most skilful linguists do more? I will tell you presently what news I have gathered from them. At first their great delight was to get me to fire my breech-loader. They used to put a mark about thirty paces off, and were greatly astonished at my always hitting it. They are just like public schoolboys, of boisterous spirits, but perfectly well bred. They will clap me on the back, and call me a good fellow when I send for more sugar for their tea; but when I pass their fire, they will all rise and bow with their hand on their heart; this is their mode of salaming. The man who clapped me on the back surprised me the

next minute by stroking his beard with both hands, and exclaiming, 'Ameen, Allaho-Akber' (Amen, God is great). All the assembly chimed in with Allaho-Akber, solemnly stroking their beards. This was 'grace after meat.'

"As day dawns, I hear one of them intoning the 'Arise and pray, arise and pray, prayer is better than sleep.' Yesterday two of the soldiers had their hands tied in front of them, their clothes were stripped from their shoulders, and they were ferociously lashed by one of the officers with his whip, till they were covered with blood. My servants, who saw this, asked the reason; they were told it was because the men did not get up early to say their prayers. The same evening one of these two men was singing Toorkee songs, to which accompaniment two others were dancing before the fire. I joined the party, and was fed with Yârkand walnuts by one of the officers. The two dancers wound in and out, keeping time with a beat of the feet and a *chassé*, and slowly waving their arms. When tired, they bowed to the assembly and sat down.

"Meanwhile, you don't know whether I have been taken prisoner in a foray by Yakoob Beg's soldiers, or how I came to find myself shut up in a fort with a dozen of them; so I must begin again from where I left off.

"After a wearisome march of six days, altogether, down the same valley, without any incidents worth notice, on the morning of the sixth day, shortly after leaving our camp (which was in a fine meadow of really luxuriant grass, produced by the numerous arms into which the stream branched), we came upon a spot

where a large flock of sheep had evidently been penned. This sign of the former presence of men put us all on the *qui vive*, as we were utterly ignorant what reception we might meet with should we come across any of the wandering tribes of shepherds that frequent these mountains. All we knew was that certain nomads, calling themselves Kirghiz, had formerly rendered the more westerly road to Yârkand unsafe by their depredations (the name of Kirghiz Jungle is still retained by the spot which they haunted), and that tribes of the same name occasionally brought their sheep up the valley of the Karakash. However, the sheepfold was of last year, and did not denote any recent visit. But later in the day, as I rode on before the caravan, the fresh print of a man's foot struck my eye. It was on a soft piece of earth, after which the path was hard and stony. I was thus unable at once to verify my impression, and thought I must have been deceived. A little further on, however, the footmark was again visible by the side of a horse's track. I could not help laughing as I thought of Robinson Crusoe and *his* footprint. Mine, however, was not such a portentous sign, although it was sufficient to inspire caution; for there was every possibility that, if the Kirghiz were in force, they might attempt to loot us, and on none of my servants could I depend in a scrimmage, even to load for me; at the least, our journey might be interrupted. Therefore, when we came to the end of the open plain in which we were travelling, and the valley narrowed at a projecting point, I halted the caravan, and went on myself on foot to spy. Scrambling over the hill, I soon came to a ridge

which commanded a view down the valley. Carefully, as when stalking game, I raised my head, and a minute's inspection through my glass showed me a grassy plain, sprinkled with bushes, and in the middle a Kirghiz 'yourt.' There was no mistaking it after reading Atkinson's books. A circular structure, with a low dome-shaped roof, covered with a dirty-white material, evidently felt. Around it were tethered four or five horses and yaks, while the glass showed a man in a long tunic and high boots, busied in attendance on the cattle. From the centre of the roof a light cloud of smoke was escaping. I can't describe to you my sensations at beholding this novel scene. I felt that I had now indeed begun my travels. Now, at length, my dreams of Toorks and Kirghiz were realised, and I was coming into contact with tribes and nations hitherto entirely cut off from intercourse with Europeans. I drew carefully back and rejoined my caravan. After a short consultation, we determined to go and encamp alongside of the yourt; as we must pass the Kirghiz, and our halting short of them, though so near, would be ascribed to fear if they discovered our camp. Loading all the rifles, four in number, we set out again. I was amused to see my Hindostanee table-servant Kabeer, who had hitherto caused endless trouble by lagging behind, now, with scared face, keep himself close to my horse's tail, as I rode on in advance of the caravan. The Kirghiz was so busy at his occupation that he did not see me till I was within twenty yards of his yourt. At the sound of my voice, he turned round, and, apparently without astonishment, came forward smilingly to meet me. A second man now came out of the yourt.

We could only at first say 'salâm,' and smile at one another; but he told me that he was a Kirghiz, and we thought we understood from him that there were some soldiers of the King waiting for me at Shahidoolla. This would account for his non-surprise at what must have been our strange appearance to him. Both the Kirghiz were quite young fellows, apparently brothers, with fine rosy complexions, about as dark as a bronzed Englishman. A woman presently appeared, but kept in the background. She was rather pretty, and wore a strip of white cotton-cloth wound round her head quite evenly to a considerable thickness, like a roll of wide tape. A long streamer of the same cloth, ornamented with a coloured pattern, hung down her back. Her dress was a long tunic, girt round the waist like the men's, and reaching nearly to the ankles, which displayed a pair of high red leather boots. The men's tunics or robes were shorter, and their head-dress a fur cap with ear-lappets.

"Here I encamped; the Kirghiz good-humouredly assisting in the erection of the tent, lighting a fire for me, &c. Presently arrived a large flock of sheep, with another Kirghiz, in a long sheep and ibex skin robe. My Guddee servants, themselves shepherds by birth, estimated the flock at over a thousand. The sheep resemble those of parts of Afghanistan, having large flat tails. When the lambs had been brought out, and given to their mothers, the three Kirghiz retired into the yourt. Thence they emerged again, and came up to me bringing a present of a sheep and a huge skinful of butter. These were most thankfully accepted, and the sheep immediately

killed; the butter was excellent. I gave them, in return, some English powder, with a looking-glass for the young lady, at which they were delighted.

"The next morning, very early, I sent off two of my Ladâk men down the valley to Shahidoolla, which the Kirghiz said was near. Shahidoolla is the place where I had appointed that a messenger should meet me with a letter from Diwân Bakhsh (the Mussulman whom I had sent on before me to ask permission of the King for me to enter his country). There is no village; it is merely a camping-ground on the regular old route between Ladâk and Yârkand, and the first place where I should strike that route. Four years ago, while the troubles were still going on in Toorkistân, the Maharaja of Cashmeer sent a few soldiers and workmen across the Karakoram range (his real boundary), and built a small fort at Shahidoolla. This fort his troops occupied during two summers; but last year, when matters became settled, and the whole country united under the King of Yârkand, these troops were withdrawn. In reality the Maharaja has no more right to Shahidoolla than I have. He has never had any rights on a river which flows northward through Toorkistân, nor over the pastures of the Kirghiz, who pay taxes to Yârkand. It is the more astonishing that our most recent maps have given effect to his now abandoned claim, and have included within his frontier a tract where he does not possess a square yard of ground, and whose only inhabitants are the subjects of another State.

"However, leaving such matters, I will continue my story. While I was at breakfast, arrived two

Moghul soldiers from Shahidoolla. We could not converse, but I looked at their guns, and gave them some tea; after this they departed. In the afternoon, three other Moghul horsemen arrived, dressed in finer clothes, consisting of long robes of bright colours, one above the other, wide trowsers, and turbans tied over pointed silk caps. I made them sit down, and gave them tea (an unfailing part of the ceremony). The Kirghiz (with whom our acquaintance was but a few hours older) acted as interpreters, by signs and by means of a few words of Toorkee which I had picked up from them. They made me exhibit all my curiosities, the breech-loading rifles, the revolver, the spy-glass, the watch, &c. &c. When these prodigies had been duly wondered at, they explained to me that one of the three was going to ride off immediately to Yârkand to announce my arrival to the King, and that I must give him a token of some kind, or a letter. I accordingly wrote a short note to his majesty in *English* (distrusting my Persian writing), and, having put it in a pink envelope, sealed with my ring (bearing my full name in Persian characters), delivered it to the messenger. Immediately all three mounted, and started off at a gallop, bearing my best wishes for their speedy journey.

"This was Sunday, the 8th November. Next day I halted again, to allow the yaks to catch us up. These animals, carrying our supply of flour, &c., were, as usual, a day or two behindhand, and the week's allowance of food was now due to the whole party. In the afternoon, the yaks having arrived, the flour was distributed; and on Tuesday morning we

marched down to Shahídoolla. Here we were received by two of our friends of Sunday, who were in command of a detachment of about a dozen soldiers. We were most civilly treated, the best rooms in the fort given up to us (you must remember the fort much resembles an English pig-stye, and not picture to yourself apartments of Oriental luxury). I was told that they had been stationed here by the King nearly a month ago to await my arrival, with orders to treat me as an honoured guest, and see that I wanted for nothing. Before proceeding further, however, I must await the orders of the King in answer to the news of my actual arrival. The messenger, they said, would reach Yârkand on relays of horses in three days, and return in the same time, so that I should be detained about a week. I resigned myself to this fate, and during the next day or two tried to improve the occasion by learning a lot of Toorkee words. It was really rather amusing to work out the meaning of words, and build quite a vocabulary out of a most slender beginning. Men and officers all joined in explaining their meaning, and guessing at mine; they showed considerable cleverness in this, and I progressed rapidly.

"By Thursday, however, I begun to get very tired of my detention, and proposed a wild-yak hunt. I understood that these animals were to be found within a day's march of Shahidoolla. Allowing a day for hunting, we should be back just in time for the return of the messenger. Next morning the two officers and three or four men and I started to ride up one of the side valleys. We ate our mid-day meal together (consisting of Yârkandee biscuits), and were

so fortunate as to espy a herd of sixteen wild cattle shortly after noon. Leaving our horses at the proposed camping-ground, we started to stalk our game. But a horseman was seen galloping towards us; the glass showed that he was a Moghul, and as he approached, he shouted to us to come back. When he reached us, he announced that some great man from Yârkand had arrived to fetch me, that he had turned back the cattle carrying my tent, &c., and we must return at once. Delighted at the news, I mounted, and away we galloped down the valley, reaching Shahidoolla in less than half the time we had taken coming. At the gate a soldier in fine clothes was mounting guard (a thing they had not done before, nor, in fact, did they do it afterwards). When I entered the courtyard, a dignified Moghul, in a long silken robe, and wearing a silver-mounted sabre, was sitting in solitary grandeur on a carpet before the fire. He did not rise at my approach, but motioned to me to sit down by his side. This I did, and tried to address him in Persian. He shook his head, and after this seemed to pay no further attention to me, talking loudly with the others, who were now allowed to sit down on the other side of the fire. I was rather nettled at this treatment, and presently got up and walked to the other end of the courtyard, where I had another fire lit. As I rose, the great man got up, and made signs to me that he was going to say his prayers (by putting his hands behind his ears, which is a gesture frequently repeated during their devotions). Sure enough, he said them three times within the next hour. I suppose during the journey he had been unable to perform his full number daily.

"My first friends saw that I was displeased, and, after a whispered consultation, one of them came and sat down by my fire to explain matters. This officer, he said, was a very great man, who always sat before the King. He had been sent to meet us in the capacity of Mihmandâr (or welcomer of guests), to show me honour, and supply all my wants. Presently we discovered that an old man who had come with the Mihmandâr from Sanjoo (a frontier town), had some knowledge of Tibetan. Conversation immediately became easy, for I had with me a Tibetan interpreter named Tashee, a most useful fellow. The great man sent to say that he wished to pay me a visit in private, if I would spread a carpet in my room. The carpet was accordingly spread and a candle lit, and in came the Mihmandâr. At this visit, and at a still more formal one which he paid me the next morning after breakfast, he loaded me with civilities of an Eastern sort, presenting me with about a dozen trays of fruits of different kinds (pomegranates, dried raisins, 'Pistachio' nuts, &c.), together with a loaf of Russian sugar, while a couple of sheep, after much pushing and shoving, were made to show their faces at the door. Many complimentary speeches followed in the name of his King. I was to have no trouble or care; whatever I wished for, I had only to mention; he would procure anything I desired. All his men and horses were at my disposal. I replied that my chief feeling was gratitude at the condescension of the King in sending such a very great man to meet me; and my chief care was at the inconvenience which he was suffering in coming to such a desolate spot. Com-

pliments, I believe, can never be too fulsome for Orientals; they require them strong and highly flavoured. Then followed a series of questions as to my profession, whether I was a soldier or a merchant, the number of horseloads of goods that were following me, when they would arrive, how many loads I had with me, what they could consist of, as they were not merchandise, &c. &c. Every now and then the series of questions was broken to assure me that, in any case, I need be under no apprehensions, for the King's orders were to welcome me, whoever I might be. I thought to myself, you must be very guileless yourselves to imagine that I could be caught in such a trap. If I were assuming a false character, it is not likely that such assurances, coupled with such anxious questioning, would induce me to reveal myself without disguise. As, however, I had nothing to conceal, my only fear was lest my servants, with Indian abhorrence of truth, should tell unnecessary lies in my absence; for I felt sure they would be carefully cross-examined. When, therefore, the great man had taken his leave (this time he politely motioned to me not to rise from my seat), I called them all together, and pointed out to them that we were all in the same boat, to sink or to swim, and that our success and safety depended greatly on our present conduct. I therefore cautioned them against talking more than they could help about our own affairs; but what they did say must be the exact truth. Thus only could we be sure of all telling the same story when separately questioned, and of not being caught giving different versions. Of my Guddees I have not much fear, but the others are by birth and

education liars. When doubtful of the intentions of a questioner, or afraid of vague ill-consequences, they naturally seek for safety in untruth, as a wild beast does in darkness. It is a simple and artless precaution, singularly inappropriate in our present circumstances. The Moghuls are devoured with suspicion. The unheard-of event of an Englishman arriving on their borders seems to have put them out of all their calculations. Not a day passes but one or more horsemen arrive and depart with orders or messages. Never has this road been so much trodden, never has Shahidoolla witnessed such animation.

"And this reminds me of my chief source of anxiety, the incubus that constantly weighs upon me. If their suspicions and fears are thus excited by the arrival of *one* Englishman who had announced his visit and explained his intentions long before, what will they not imagine when he is suddenly joined by a fellow-countryman without ostensible object, though really bent upon surveying their country? Yet this I am daily expecting.

"I have been very much delayed on the road by the badness of my cattle, and I am now being detained day after day at Shahidoolla. Hayward must have been delayed also, or he would have arrived before this. His sudden appearance would have the worst effect on the minds of the Moghuls, and I should come in for my share of extra suspicion as having arranged the meeting. As one of my Guddees says, their first thought will be, 'How many more Feringhees (Franks) are concealed in these valleys?' The simultaneous approach of two Englishmen to Yârkand (never before visited by an Eng-

lishman) will at once be magnified into the advance of the pioneers of an invading force.

"Revolving this in my mind, and taking counsel with my Guddee servants, I came to the conclusion that the Moghuls should be told that another Englishman was near. Thus they would not be able to reproach me with practising concealment; for they would certainly find out from his interpreter that we had met before. I therefore called in Tashee, explained the matter to him, and told him to find an opportunity during conversation with the old man of Sanjoo of mentioning that we had met an Englishman shooting wild yak at a distance of twenty days back from Shahidoolla. This did not please my interpreter at all; he could not persuade himself that the safest way out of a difficulty could be to tell the truth. My authority, if not my arguments, prevailed however, and he was soon reconciled to his task by the congenial labour of contriving a good opening for his tale. I let him do this as he liked, and he succeeded admirably. Talking of shooting, and enumerating the game I had shot, he said that Englishmen were mad after sport; that one of them had come ever so many days beyond Ladâk to shoot. As I expected, they jumped at the news. Tashee was asked whether the Sahib was coming any further, but professed utter ignorance as to his intentions.

"The subject was not referred to by the Mihmandâr when I paid him a visit in the afternoon; but two horsemen were sent off to bring news of the Englishman, if he were to be found, and to hurry on my caravan, should they meet with it. I think they are rather anxious to test my veracity in the matter

of that caravan, though they profess to be only anxious lest their King should blame them for not bringing the whole of my property with me.

"I have succeeded in breaking the ice of my Mihmandâr's haughtiness. We were sitting on the roof, surveying the mountains through my glass (the old man of Sanjoo asked me gravely whether it would show him his two sons, who are probably some ten days' march distant, on their return from Ladâk). I unscrewed one of the lenses, and as there was a bright sun, I quickly set fire to a piece of tinder. This was quite a prodigy. Amid many ejaculations of 'Tobah! tobah!' (Repentance! repentance!) the Mihmandâr was taught to do the same himself. Immediately he loudly shouted for the whole garrison to come and see; they crowded up the ladder. His next attempt was, unfortunately, a failure; but he soon succeeded in burning a big hole in his robe. This was charming. I was immediately challenged to a shooting match. We fired a lot of shots at a mark 200 yards off, which I and my Guddee servants alone succeeded in hitting. He fired several rounds from my rifle; his own matchlock twice refused to go off until he had removed it from his shoulder.

"This morning he has amused himself cutting the mustachios of half the men in the place with my scissors. All orthodox Mussulmans only let the moustache grow at the two corners of the mouth, removing the hair between; they also shave the whole head. My Hindostanee servant, who has most heretically allowed his hair to grow long, as all Indian Mussulmans do, had his upper lip trimmed by the Mihmandâr himself who then sent him out with

a sepoy, to remove his too luxuriant locks. I found him sitting with a rueful face under the wall of the fort, while a Moghul standing over him triumphantly wielded the shears. Great was the laughter and applause, in which I cordially joined, for the neatness of my servant's appearance was decidedly improved.

"My Kirghiz friend arrived at the fort this morning, riding on a yak. I got him to shoe my pony; to do this, we had to throw him down, in which operation the Mihmandâr zealously assisted. They all seem to be perfectly at home in everything that concerns horses.

"The time passes and no answer comes from Yârkand. To-day, Monday 16th, the messenger has been gone just eight days; I think we may safely expect him to-morrow.

"*Tuesday, November 17th.*—I was right in my prediction yesterday; but, alas! the return messenger has not brought the order I expected. He arrived this afternoon, with two companions. I continued quietly reading, without showing impatience, until a long confabulation with the Mihmandâr was over. Then two of them came up on to the roof, and in the second, I with some difficulty recognised a servant of my own, one of the caravan men who had taken my first batch of things on to Yârkand, with my Moonshee, Diwân Bakhsh. He was dressed out in several fine robes, the gift of the King. As he can speak Hindostanee, the conversation proceeded flowingly. I learnt that Abd-oor-Rahmân (the returned messenger) had gone to Yârkand, whence my letter had been forwarded by post to the King, who is on his frontier in the mountains four marches beyond

Kâshghar. The messenger had not waited for the reply, but had come back bringing large supplies of all kinds, which were a day in the rear: fifteen maunds of flour, fifteen maunds of barley, &c. &c. (a maund is 32 lbs.) The answer of the King would be forwarded by a messenger travelling day and night, as soon as it reached Yârkand, and we might expect it to-morrow or the next day. More Russian sugar, and two gaudy silk robes were put before me, which I afterwards found were sent by my Moonshee for me to distribute as presents. With these were two letters, one of four large pages of foolscap from the Moonshee, and a short note from the envoy, Mahammad Nazzar. As they were written in confused Persian character, as well as in the Persian language, I was unable to read them; but was consoled for this by hearing that they had been shown to the Governor of Yârkand before being despatched, and thus were not likely to contain any important information. I had previously agreed with Diwân Bakhsh that he should write very distinctly, separating his words, which Orientals always run into one another. Yet here are four huge foolscap pages of scrawl, unbroken by a single space—very unlike his two former short notes received *en route*, which resembled the letters which one would write for a child to read, in English, and which accordingly I read at once with ease. However, my mind is easy, for our private signal of danger is not there. This was to have been denoted by one of the corners of the letter being cut off.

"My man Jooma tells me that he and the Moonshee's whole party were strictly confined to the house,

although treated with the greatest consideration, and given an allowance of a sheep and four rupees a day, besides other food in abundance, and a fresh dress every day to Diwân Bakhsh! He has not yet been able to present my letter and presents to the King, who is absent. Shortly after their arrival, a hajjee (pilgrim) came in from Ladâk. He reported fifty Englishmen *en route* for Yârkand! Great suspicion was excited, and my Moonshee was accused of concealing the truth. But when Abd-oor-Rahmân arrived, he entirely corroborated their statement of there being only one 'Sahib,' with four or five servants. Jooma was present when the Governor of Yârkand sent on my letter to the King, with a report of his own, giving the same account. He also overheard a conversation on the same occasion, in which all present agreed that I should never be turned back without seeing the King, but that I should probably be detained some time first. From his account, they are afraid of anything happening to me, as befell poor Schlagintweit, but whether from external or from internal commotions, I cannot make out. *Internally* everything is perfectly quiet; and twelve days' march in the rear of the King's army, one would fancy that no *external* danger could come near me which would not cause my individual existence to be lost sight of in the peril of the kingdom. Excuses for hesitation, probably, although not given by the Moghuls themselves to me. It is intolerable being kept at Shahidoolla; for a month or two, my man suggests.

"Resolved: If orders to proceed do not arrive within the space of time mentioned (two days), I

will try to send off Abd-oor-Rahmân again to Yârkand, with an intimation to the governor that I have something of importance to communicate to the King, and should wish for a speedy interview. I may, perhaps, be able to write to Diwân Bakhsh to tell him to say the same. I think what I shall say to his majesty will bear me out in the statement, could I only get speech of him.

"*Wednesday, November 18th.*—This afternoon a caravan of some thirty horses arrived from Ladâk. The chief merchant came into the fort, and was regaled with tea, &c., by my Mihmandâr. After a while, I went down and told Jooma to ask him about my caravan. I found that the merchant had already been telling the Mihmandâr that my caravan had started twenty days before he had, and asking whether it had not yet passed. He also says that Hayward has returned through Ladâk, and that the Argoon interpreter who was with him is now on his way up to Yârkand, with the two sons of the Sanjoo old man. I heard him say this with great satisfaction, for the Moghuls were now convinced by independent evidence that I had been telling the truth, both about my caravan of goods and about the *one* Englishman.

"I forgot to say that in the morning I followed my Moonshee's suggestion, in making presents to the chief men with me. But I did not like to give the robes which he had sent, as they were themselves gifts from the King. So I presented the Mihmandâr and Abd-oor-Rahmân with a handsome turban each. Afterwards I remembered the older officer who had been here from the first, and had been very friendly,

To him I accordingly gave a long piece of fine muslin with gold border, enough for two big turbans.

"Towards evening the Mihmandâr came and sat down by my fire. After other conversation, I introduced the subject of my business with the King, for, on reflection, it struck me that, if I waited till orders came for me to stay at Shahidoolla before I announced this, it would be thought that my object was thereby to escape from detention on the frontier. As soon as the Mihmandâr understood what I said, he at once promised to send off a man in the morning, who should go direct to the King with the news. I trust that I have been wise in taking this step.

"I had further conversations with Jooma. To-day, at his suggestion, I have assumed the full Moghul dress—high black riding-boots, an inner tunic of cotton-silk (given me by the Afghan tea-merchants at Ladâk), a long scarf round the waist; over this I wear a light brown cloth robe, open and loose, while one of the red Cashmeer shawls comes in splendidly for a turban. I flatter myself that I look like a dignified Toork; my appearance produces an evident effect on the Mihmandâr; he is several pegs humbler in manner to-day.

"Jooma says the King is in the habit of going about quite alone, *à la* Haroon-ar-Rasheed. He has several times been taken up as a vagabond by his own police. On these occasions, he tries the probity of his capturer, by offering a bribe for release. Those who accept the bribe are seized and brought before him next morning, when the least punishment they suffer is a severe scourging. On the contrary,

those who have resisted the temptation are honoured and promoted. This reminds me of the account of King Amasis, in Herodotus, who, being raised to the throne of Egypt after being a thief and a vagabond in his youth, bestowed high honour and rich gifts on those oracles who had discovered him in his thieveries (it appears that they were the chief detectives under the Egyptian *régime*), while he neglected as worthless the shrines of those gods who had not found him out. You must know that Rawlinson's 'Herodotus' forms part of my very limited travelling library. It is a book that can be read over and over again, with its various essays and appendices, besides which the work of the earliest traveller whose recorded *impressions de voyage* have come down to us is peculiarly appropriate to my present wanderings.

"*Thursday, November* 19*th*.—The plot thickens. This morning early, Tashee came in and reported that news had arrived of my caravan, which would be here to-morrow. I was greatly rejoiced at the succession of good news. But five minutes afterwards I learned that, instead of my caravan, it was Hayward, whose approach had been announced. Further inquiries brought out the information that he had declared himself to be engaged in my service.

"This is unfortunate!

"The Mihmandâr began to send off a messenger to recall the officer whom he had despatched according to his promise of yesterday. But Jooma declared that he would be responsible in person for the fact that I had nothing to do with the other Englishman, beyond meeting him on a shooting excursion.

Such a guarantee appears to carry conviction with it in a land where a man imperils his own head by it. So the officer was allowed to continue his route in ignorance of the second Sahib's approach. It appears that my guard (as I must now call them) are very sick of Shahidoolla, and are as anxious as I am that no complications may prevent our speedy journeying towards Yârkand. My Mihmandâr came up to my tent on the roof and sat down by me. I began sounding him about Hayward, and told him the exact and whole truth, which I had not yet had an opportunity of doing. He said he hoped I should not be angry with him for being obliged to keep the other Englishman separate from me; that he was preparing a room in the ruined fort (about 600 yards off) for him; and that this would be safest both for us and for him, the Mihmandâr. I acquiesced, as, indeed, I fancy I had no choice. Abd-oor-Rahmân was sent off to cross-examine his servants; if they only tell the truth, we are all right, comparatively speaking; but, in a land of lies, there is no dependence on this. Talking of lies, the hajjee who announced that fifty Englishmen were coming is, I hear, in confinement; and the merchant who yesterday told us that Hayward had gone back will be seized on his arrival. It will go hard with these two in Yârkand.

"The sepoys who had met Hayward report that my caravan and servants were nine days in front of him. The only conclusion is that they must have mistaken their way, and gone to Khoten by Johnson's route. One of my Bôts and a Kirghiz were despatched on horseback to find their tracks. They

were furnished with as much flour as we had left, and promised a reward if they brought news of the caravan's safety.

"Jooma thinks it necessary to keep rather aloof from me, lest the Moghuls should think that he takes his cue from me. I agree with him, and hope he will prove faithful. I think he will, as his own neck is concerned, and his fortunes are pretty well bound up with mine. Carrying out the same policy of isolation, I refused to see a Kangra Valley trader, whose caravan was passing by, and who rode up to pay his salâm to me. My Guddees and I agreed that it was lucky he was not on his way back to India, or he would certainly report that he had left us imprisoned in a lonely castle in the mountains, under such strict guard that he was not allowed to see me even! I saw him from the roof, but he did not recognise me in my Moghul dress.

"Later in the day, the eight horseloads of provisions from Yârkand arrived for us, with fifteen sheep. The two sons of the old man of Sanjoo arrived also from Ladâk, but they did not venture to pay me a visit, although they contrived to smuggle a packet into Jooma's hand for me. It contained two old 'Mails' (of the middle of August), and a kind note from Cayley, dated November 2nd. He tantalises me by saying that he has sent a large packet of letters by my caravan. Two Guddee traders arrived in the same company, but my two servants did not venture to go and speak to them.

"The Mihmandâr seems to get more friendly and more humble. He comes and sits down near me at odd times and talks, or rather he is talked to. He

professes himself anxious to obey my wishes in everything. I fancy he is rather in a fright himself, which has extinguished his assumed haughtiness.

"*Friday*, 20*th*.—The Mihmandâr made over to my servants flour, sheep, and other provisions. I kept carefully inside my tent while the Mihmandâr dressed himself out in his silk robe, silver-mounted sword, and matchlock, and went off in state to visit Hayward, who had just arrived at the old fort. He had previously asked my permission to take Jooma as interpreter, Hayward's Argoon having disappeared. Just before he started, he came to me in a great state of mind and evident fear, saying the Sahib insisted on coming to see me. I said, "Take Jooma, and go quickly, and explain matters to him." He seemed to approve of my advice, and to take it as a command. He was some time absent, but on his return told me that he had with great difficulty persuaded the Sahib to stay away, threatening that we should march away if he came to the fort. He repeated several times that I was not to think any more of the matter, that I was all right, and that everything would be arranged. Jooma tells me that Hayward began by telling them that he was my partner; and when asked what his business was, said he was a trader, that part of our goods had gone on and part were behind. As Jooma was the interpreter, he intercepted all this and cautioned Hayward against taking this line, which he accordingly dropped.

"The ubiquitous Abd-oor-Rahmân was afterwards sent off to Yârkand with the latest report. In it, the Mihmandâr said that I had before told them that I had met a Sahib who wanted to accompany me, but

that I had refused to allow this without the King's orders; that this Sahib had, however, followed me, and had now reached Shahidoolla. Jooma reports that this is what was written. He was present at the time. It is the best case that could be made, thanks to my once haughty Mihmandâr; but I trust that our marching orders may arrive long before even this reaches the King. There is no lack of danger to me, even then, for I shall be entirely in their power.

"In the evening, I wrote Hayward a letter explaining everything, and urging him to give up his intention. I very much doubt his being allowed in any case to proceed, as he has come in no recognised capacity. Jooma is to give him my letter secretly.

"*Saturday, November* 21*st.*—Good news to-day. The officer sent off on Thursday morning has returned, bringing a letter from the King, which he met at the foot of the Sanjoo Pass. It directs my Mihmandâr to pay me every attention as he values his head, until the arrival of the Governor of Yârkand's brother, who is coming to escort me into Toorkistân. Our delight is unbounded at the prospect of getting away from here. All the horses were brought up and shod, and four were sent to the Kirghiz camp to bring provisions for the great man and his party. Late in the afternoon, the Mihmandâr and Jooma went over to see Hayward. On their return, the greater part of my guard left the fort and established themselves near his tent. I do not know what this means, as I cannot get hold of Jooma, who is also over there.

"An answer came privately from Hayward, ex-

plaining that he must at any rate *try* to get in this way. He wants very much to see me. Wrote back to advise him not to try and see me, but if there were any necessity actually, then to speak to my Mihmandâr, and say he wants to give me a message for the King.

"*Sunday, November 22nd.*—Before my letter reached Hayward, he did what I recommended in it, not having received my further caution not to do so unless absolutely necessary. The Mihmandâr came to me in the morning, and said, 'The other Sahib wants to speak to you; what are your orders?' I answered that there was no advantage in our meeting, and that I had rather not; what was his advice? He replied, 'I am here to obey your orders, not to hamper you in any way.' I then said, 'But give me your advice as a friend.' He said, 'Well, then, I think you are quite right.' Finally, I said, 'Ask the Sahib what he wants to talk to me about; if it is of real importance, I will meet him for five minutes in your presence.' All this I did, so as to give Hayward a chance of taking my advice, and not insisting on seeing me; while, if he thinks it quite necessary, he can give the reason which I suggested in my letter. Then all this haggling will be put down in my favour as having no previous understanding with Hayward, while it will do him no injury, as it would be only natural that he should be anxious to send messages to the King through me. I am very suspicious that their readiness to let us meet is only a snare, to see if we really have any connection with one another or not; or in other words, to catch us out in an untruth.

"*Monday, November 23rd.*—Went out with the Mihmandâr shooting. A covey of partridges ran away before us, and I knocked over three at one shot, to the great delight and surprise of the Mihmandâr.

"*Tuesday, November 24th.*—Frightfully weary of this life. Called in the Mihmandâr, and said I could not stand it any longer, but should go off shooting, or else march down to the nearest Kirghiz encampment. He tried to pacify me, and finally agreed that, if no news of the Governor's brother arrived during the next two days, we would begin marching northwards on the third. He came back again shortly, with a peace-offering of fruit. While we were discussing it, an arrival was announced. He rushed out, and presently came back again crying, 'Moobârak! Moobârak!' 'Good news has come! You are to start to-morrow to meet the great Mihmandâr, who has brought his camp as far as the Sanjoo Pass!'[1] Immediately all was bustle and pre-

[1] The letter which Jooma brought from the Moonshee is dated 9th November (23rd Rujub). The first news of my approach had reached Yârkand two days before, and Rozee Khoja, my first Mihmandâr, was sent off at once. Jooma started on the 9th. Abd-oor-Rahmân must have crossed him in the night, but caught him up again at Sanjoo. Thus news of my approach reached Yârkand on the 7th (by a one-eared hajjee, who reported fifty Feringhees). If it was not a mere foundationless report, they must have had spies out as far as the head of the Karakash, or further; for I myself did not reach the Kirghiz camp till the 7th, the very day that news of me reached Yârkand.

I afterwards ascertained the following facts. When the first hint of my intention of coming reached Yârkand, a party of soldiers was sent to Shahidoolla to stop me. When I got nearer, Rozee Khoja, aforesaid, was sent for the same purpose, although he amused me with promises of being allowed to proceed. Thirdly, Jooma was sent with a lot of provisions and the Moonshee's letter (in which, as it appeared afterwards, I was told to go back to Ladâk). Jooma was to conduct me back, and the provisions were sent, lest I should make the want of them an excuse for not returning. It

paration. All the servants are as pleased as myself, at leaving this dull spot, and starting again for the goal of our journey.

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was hoped that I should be tired of waiting, and go back of my own accord. Hence Jooma's hints that I might perhaps be kept at Shahidoolla for two or three months.

Lastly, when my Moonshee had produced my letter and presents, the Yoozbashee was sent to meet me; but he delayed so long that it was evident they would have been very glad had I taken their first hint and gone back.

From this I conclude that, had an Englishman presented himself on their border without explanation and without previous arrangement, he would have been simply turned back; as, in fact, I was at the first.

CHAPTER VII.

SHAHIDOOLLA TO YARKAND.

March down the Karakash, and turn off by the Sanjoo Pass — The comforts of a Kirghiz Tent — Horseflesh — Distant view of the Plains of Toorkistan — Meeting with the Yoozbashee — Toork mode of sitting — The *Dastár-khan* (Table-cloth) or offering of Food — Visit to the Yoozbashee — Traces of Scythian Costume — Partridge Hunting, and other Toork Diversions — A Toorkistânee House — Letter etiquettes — The Beg of Sanjoo — Toork Saddles — Guddee Merchants.

"*Yarkand, December 9th.*—Congratulate me on being able to date a letter to you from Yârkand, where we arrived yesterday in perfect safety. You who know how I had longed for that moment can realise the satisfaction with which I passed through the gate of the city, the first Englishman that has ever succeeded in doing so. The manner of my reception made it all the more gratifying; for I did not enter in disguise or on sufferance, but at the invitation of the ruler, and escorted by two Chiefs of rank, and a train of fifty horsemen.

"However, I must begin again from Shahidoolla Khoja, and relate all the particulars of my most interesting journey.

"On Wednesday, the 25th November, we made a long march down the Karakash, a barren valley as above Shahidoolla, but narrower and with more rocky sides. We saw the entrance of two valleys leading to passes over into Toorkistân, the second being that of Kiliân, which is the summer route of the merchants. At the mouth of this side valley was a

ruined fort, perched on an isolated rock rising out of the valley. Round it were traces of old cultivation. I learned that a robber Chief named Ali Nazzar had some forty years ago established himself here. He kept his wife with a few attendants in a hut built against the rock some distance away up a valley, and guarded by a ferocious mastiff of the Tartar breed. The Chinese emissaries from Yârkand managed to poison this mastiff, and then seized Ali Nazzar when he was alone and unprotected with his wife. He was thus got rid of, when all attempts to take his fort had failed. Its ruins are still called 'Koorgân-Ali-Nazzar,' or 'the Fort of Ali Nazzar.'

"A third valley or rather gorge, in the north side was, late in the afternoon, pointed out to me as leading to the Sanjoo Pass. On reaching it, we immediately discovered a group of Kirghiz 'akooees,' or felt tents, snugly pitched in a sheltered nook. In the main valley a few hundred yards lower down, were several fields of stubble, the barley having lately been reaped. This was a charming sight to eyes accustomed to deserts for so long a time. I was led into one of the 'akooees,' and seated in front of the central fire. Presently, two Kirghiz women came in and began preparing tea for us, which I and my Mihmandâr drank out of wooden bowls, adding some Yârkandee biscuits out of his saddle-bags. Meanwhile a larger 'akooee' was being prepared for me, into which I was ushered. Now, for the first time, I had leisure to examine the structure of these singular tents. You remember those toys made by a kind of trelliswork, which lengthen when open and shorten up when shut. A line of these (with

meshes nearly a foot wide) are half-opened, and set up on edge in a circle. They compose the side walls of the tent, some four feet high. To the upper edge of these, and at intervals of a foot, a set of curved rods are tied. These have a bend some two feet from the lower end, so that they all converge inward, towards the centre, forming the skeleton of a low dome. But they do not meet, for their inner ends are fixed into holes in a large hoop (some three feet across), thus leaving a large opening in the middle of the roof. The hoop is supported by these rods at a height of ten or twelve feet from the ground. A lot of large sheets of felt, cut so as to fit over the different parts of the framework, and sewn round the edges with cord, are tightly stretched over the whole, and fastened with ropes, leaving only the opening in the middle of the roof for the smoke to escape. The framework of a door is placed in an opening of the side-walls, and a felt curtain hangs before it. You cannot conceive a more comfortable dwelling. The satisfaction of seeing the smoke go straight up and away, is inexpressible, after the horrors of a fire in front of one's tent, which, pitch it how you will, is always full of smoke. The Kirghiz have all the comforts of a house in these moveable dwellings. The furniture forms a yak-load, while the 'akooee' itself is carried by two more. Felt carpeting covers the ground, while around are piled bedding for the inmates, wooden vessels of all sorts, large copper caldrons, sacks of flour, saddles, and saddle-cloths. From the framework hang large bags of embroidered leather, in which are placed the smaller household goods, also matchlocks and swords. At

night, when the fire goes out, a sheet of felt is drawn over the opening in the roof, and the snugness is inconceivable; while nothing could exceed its cleanliness and neatness.[1]

"Such was the dwelling in which I was now established. Under a cloth I discovered several joints of meat, with a look of strange flesh about them. On inquiry, I found they were *horseflesh*, thus giving me, at my first approach, a sample of the habits of the country. Seated on the felt carpet, I enjoyed a comfortable dinner, and went to bed, for the first time, in a Kirghiz 'akooee.'

"The next morning, our road lay up a narrow winding gorge, northwards, with tremendous vertical cliffs on either hand. Dead horses were passed at every few hundred yards, marking the difficulties of the route. We took up our abode in a kind of cave, so as to save the delay of striking the tents in the morning. On the following day, we started for the pass into Toorkistân. The gorge gradually became steeper and steeper, and dead horses more frequent. The stream was hard frozen into a torrent of white ice. The distant mountains began to show behind us, peeping over the shoulders of the nearer ones. Finally, our gorge vanished, and we were scrambling up the open shingly side of the mountain, towards the ridge. Up to this point I had ridden, out of deference to the feelings of my Mihmandâr, who was himself mounted on a yak. But here I could stand

[1] Marco Polo (Yule's 'Marco Polo,' i. 220) says, "The Tartars' huts or tents are formed of rods covered with felt, and, being exactly round and nicely put together, they can gather them into one bundle and make them up as packages, which they carry along with them in their migrations."

it no longer, and dismounted to walk. As I feared, my Mihmandâr, after vainly trying to persuade me to mount his yak, himself got off and attempted walking. A hundred yards were enough for him, and, then, when I pressed him to ride, he was glad enough to do so. Politeness yielded to fatigue. Before long, I and my two Guddee servants were far in advance of the rest of the party, although walking slowly. In the morning, my Ladâk interpreter, Tashee, had warned the other servants that they would never get to the top of the pass, and that they would now see what mountains were like. Like all ignorant races, the Tibetans seem to think that in no other country is the equal to be found to their own. But it was amusing to think of their instructing a couple of born mountaineers as to the nature of passes! The end was that Tashee was soon left labouring up the ascent, while we three arrived at the top of my *eleventh* pass since leaving India. The pass is very little lower than the rest of the narrow ridge which tops the range. The first sight, on cresting the 'col,' was a chaos of lower mountains, while far away to the north the eye at last rested on what it sought, a level horizon indistinctly bounding what looked like a distant sea. This was the plain of Eastern Toorkistân, and that blue haze concealed cities and provinces, which, first of all my countrymen, I was about to visit. A step further showed a steep descent down a snow-slope, into a large basin surrounded by glaciers on three sides. This basin was occupied by undulating downs, covered with grass (a most welcome sight), and occupied by herds of yaks.

"We here rested, lit a fire, and boiled water to ascertain the height of the pass. A lot of yaks were crossing the ridge under the charge of several Kirghiz, who had been sent for to help my luggage across. We waited three-quarters of an hour, but as the Mihmandâr did not appear, I began to descend. The path was a zigzag, through the snow, which had been trodden into most slippery ice. My pony, having arrived, was taken down by two men, one of whom supported him by the tail, while the other led him. More than one horse had recently lost his footing here, and rolled down the slope, and we saw the crows having a feast off the carcases on the snow at the bottom. After a few hundred feet, the snow ceased, but the descent continued steep for a couple of miles of zigzags. Then we were landed on the uppermost grassy downs, where presently we found a party of Moghuls waiting to welcome me. Each of them came forward and took my hand between both of his, with which he afterwards slowly stroked his beard. They assisted me to dismount, and conducted me to where several sheets of felt were spread on the ground. While tea was being made, they advanced in procession; the first man spread a cloth on the ground before me, and each of the others deposited his tray of fruit on it. Our eyes were gladdened by the sight of rosy apples and pears, besides other fruit which we had seen before. Our hosts then informed us that they were the servants of the Yoozbashee[1] (the Vizier's brother), sent to welcome me at the foot of the pass, and that their master's camp was in

[1] Derived from "yooz" = *a hundred*, and "bashee" = *an officer* (Toorkee), and therefore meaning a "centurion."

the valley not far down, to which they were instructed to bring us on at once. At this stage of the proceedings, the Mihmandâr arrived from the pass; two sepoys were sent off on yaks to announce our approach, and I had my breakfast, rather a late one. Soon after, we also started, escorted by the 'Akskal,'[1] or elder of the Kirghiz. A pretty rapid descent through the grassy downs brought us into the head of a gorge, down which we continued our route. It was getting late, and there was no sign of the Yoozbashee's camp; so, as our things were far behind, a halt was called. We lit a fire, and waited for two or three hours before the tents arrived and were put up. The gorge was barren and sandy, with a small ice-bound stream fringed with bushes.

"On Saturday the 28th, after breakfasting, we continued our march, fording the stream several times. All the servants were provided with horses or yaks to ride, and when we passed several of my Ladâkees on foot, my Mihmandâr made some of the Kirghiz followers dismount and give their yaks to my men. About five miles after starting, as we mounted the steep bank of the stream which we had just crossed, a group of horsemen met us on the top. The foremost advanced, and took my hand in both of his, holding it while he asked me several questions in a cordial tone of voice, which I needed no interpreter to tell me were inquiries after my welfare. He then turned his horse, and motioning politely to me to ride by his side, we continued our journey. One of his followers started off at a wild gallop in front

[1] Derived from "ak" = *white*, and "akal" = *a beard* (Toorkee).

of us, discharging his matchlock, and afterwards whirling it round his head with a loud whoop. This I found was a salute intended to do me honour.

"I had now leisure to examine the appearance of the Yoozbashee. He was a young man of apparently little more than thirty years, with a bright intelligent face and energetic manners. His head-dress was a green turban. A sober-coloured outer robe covered the richer clothes beneath, and was fastened round the waist by two separate blue belts ornamented with numerous silver clasps and bars. To these belts were attached a silver-hilted sabre much curved, and a series of nondescript articles, including pouches of embroidered leather, a priming-flask of peculiar shape, &c. The ends of a pair of very wide trowsers of soft yellow leather covered with embroidery were just visible below his robe, and his feet were enclosed in boots, or rather high moccasins, of the same, with a row of silver nail-heads round the soles. He rode a small but handsome grey with an almost Arab look about the head but a heavier neck, and his seat on horseback was perfection.

"We rode about a mile, and then reached a little flat covered with small trees. Here was an encampment of Kirghiz, together with the followers of the Yoozbashee and their horses. I was taken into a Kirghiz akooee that had been prepared for me, and led to the place of honour, viz. a carpet spread over the sheets of felt directly opposite the door; this carpet I was left to occupy alone in my glory, while the Yoozbashee seated himself on the side carpet to my right, with my former Mihmandâr below him; two of his principal attendants were seated near the

door, outside which the remainder armed with matchlocks were drawn up as a guard of honour. Now I must explain to you the Toorkish manner of sitting on state occasions; it is a mode of torture unknown to Western nations. Natives of India, as a rule, squat down with their feet still on the ground, and their knees just below their chins. Others cross their legs in front of them, and sit like a tailor. But in Toorkistân the ceremonious manner is to kneel down with your robes well tucked in, and then sit back on to your heels. When your toes are by these means nearly dislocated, you have the option of turning them inwards, and sitting on the inside flat of the feet. By this means the dislocation is transferred from your toes to your ankles and knees. The sword is a further source of difficulty. If, when first kneeling down, you forget to keep the point in front of you, so as to lay it across your knees, you can never bring it round afterwards, and it remains fixed behind you hitching up the left side of your belt in the most uncomfortable manner, and forming a stumbling-block to all the attendants who bring tea, &c. I must tell you that swords are here worn in a frog, like a French policeman's, and not loosely attached by straps, like those of English officers. After thus seating yourself, you spread out both arms, and then bring your hands to your face, solemnly stroking your beard (if you have one), and saying, 'Allaho-akber'—'God is great.'

"Thus seated, a conversation was carried on through Jooma as interpreter. The Yoozbashee asked whether I had suffered any discomfort by the way, and apologised for my detention at Shahidoolla, saying it was

caused by the arrival of the other Englishman regarding whom they were obliged to get the King's orders. He asked me who he was, and what he wanted. In reply I repeated the old story of our meeting while on a shooting excursion, of his desiring to accompany me to Yârkand, and of my refusal without the King's orders. The Yoozbashee then took his leave, after giving me a short note from his Majesty, giving me a military salute which I fancy they must have taken from the Russians, as it is in continental style. Immediately afterwards the procession appeared headed by my former Mihmandâr, whom I now learned to call the Panjâbashee (which is his real title, meaning 'captain of fifty'). They laid before me a cloth, and covered it with trays of fruit of all sorts, eggs, sugar, bread, &c. This I found was a regular institution; it is called a 'dastar-khân,' and during the remainder of my journey the ceremony took place every morning and evening on the part of the Yoozbashee; beside which, dastar-khâns were presented by other officials. I generally ate one or two of the fruit, and offered some to the person who was in charge; for the giver did not himself accompany it as a rule, but sent his highest subordinate. Presently a sheep was brought to the door, and a cold fowl on a dish. From that day to this a fresh sheep has appeared daily at my door, and though all my servants are feasted on mutton, and I constantly give away whole sheep, yet my flock keeps on increasing.

"Up to this time my Ladâkee yak-drivers had been brought along with us. Their yaks and ponies had been left beyond the pass, and they had themselves petitioned to be discharged there. I was ready to

do so, but the Panjâbashee had considered it necessary to bring them with us, nominally in order that they might not be dismissed without presents, but in reality I imagine it was feared they might carry away letters from me. Heaven knows I had but little news to give! No reports had I to make of the nakedness of the land. No expeditionary force was waiting at Ladâk for my instructions as to the route. But the ignorance of this people, accustomed to the isolation of centuries, conjures up dangers out of the least scrap of Feringhee writing.

"Arrived at the Yoozbashee's camp, the Ladâkees made another desperate effort to obtain release. They importuned with such success that at last it was decided they might go. In all this I took care not to mix myself up, for had I shown the least anxiety to procure their discharge, an ulterior object would have been at once imagined. However, the Panjâbashee was sent to tell me that the Ladâkees were to be sent back. They were to be given yaks to ride as far as Karakash, with provisions of every kind sufficient for their return journey. This was of course intended as a compliment to me, for the Ladâkees themselves confessed that, had they been alone they would only have received kicks and cuffs instead of presents, as reprobate heathens.

"Later in the afternoon I paid a visit of ceremony to the Yoozbashee in his own akooee, attended by my two Guddee servants (arrayed in the gorgeous cotton silk khilats sent by the Moonshee from Yârkand), and preceded by the Panjâbashee. I went to his door. He put me on the carpet of honour, and ordered in a dastar-khân and tea. He

had now taken off his outer robe, and was dressed in a Yârkand silk 'khilat,' loose and shining; beneath it a 'kamsole,' or inner robe of English printed muslin fastened by a scarf round the waist. On his head, instead of a turban, was a tall cap of dark green velvet turned up with a fur lining. I am always looking out for something Scythian in Toorkistân; for it is pretty well agreed, I believe, that the Asiatic Scythians at any rate were the progenitors of the modern Tartars, under which very vague title the Toorkees are certainly included. Sir H. Rawlinson indeed thinks that the ancient Sakae or 'Amyrgian Scythians' of Herodotus inhabited Yârkand and Kâshghar. Now their characteristic dress was a tall pointed cap and trowsers. Here I saw them before me on the first Toork of rank that I had met! The head-dress is probably peculiar to Central Asia. Opposite the Yoozbashee were seated his moollah or scribe, who knows one or two words of Persian, and reads and writes all letters for his master. Also the 'Alam' of Sanjoo, who is the chief minister of religion, and as such wears a peculiar round cap with fur border, over which is neatly tied a large white turban of peculiar shape. The Yoozbashee assured me of his King's good will towards me, and that the purpose of his mission was to see that I received every attention and honour by the way. When I left the tent a silk robe was put over my shoulders, the Yoozbashee begging me to excuse the poverty of the gift on account of our being out in the jungle, and saying that he ought to have presented me with a horse and trappings, &c. I replied that the pleasure of meeting him was quite sufficient without any

presents, and then I was shown to my tent by the Panjâbashee.

"Shortly afterwards he returned my visit; on which occasion (managed for the purpose) I presented him with a yellow silk Cashmeer turban, which was tied on his head in place of the Scythian cap. Then he rose, and performed the usual 'Allaho-akber' (stroking his beard), which ceremony I find comes in everywhere. If you receive a present, or enter a house, or finish a meal, it is always, 'Allâ-â-â-ho-akber.' The Moghuls pronounce the *â* very broad in this as in all other words, sounding it like our *aw*.

"Jooma having undertaken to manage that the Ladâkees should take away a letter for me without discovery, I sat up at night writing. One note I accomplished in Persian character to the Governor of Ladâk, asking him to forward the letters enclosed to Dr. Cayley. You, I hope, will receive one sent by the same opportunity, and which must now be tramping its way over the hills enclosed in the lining of a Ladâkee's cloth boots, where my budget was hidden.

"In the morning, I called them all in, and paid them off in the presence of the Panjâbashee, promising them privately an extra reward if my packet reached in safety.

"After breakfast we started on our ride down the mountain gorge, a horseman (the moollah) galloping off frantically in front of us to fire the usual running salute. Constantly fording the stream through sheets of ice, and raising clouds of dust as we rode along the barren sides, we got through two days' march. I was

disappointed in my expectation of finding the hill-sides clothed with forests or verdure as we reached a lower level. A few small deciduous trees, and a little grass on the banks of the stream, was all that broke the barrenness of the sandy valley. The mountain-sides were covered with a coat of light soil, through which the rocks cropped out. On such precipitous faces a few heavy showers of rain would have washed it all away; it would thus appear that heavy rain is unknown here, or even much snow.

"The interpreter was in constant requisition, as the Yoozbashee was very friendly and communicative. Among other questions, he asked how it was that Shaw Sahib was not *black* as he lived in Hindostan? I explained that the real home of the English was in a cold climate, and that I was now delighted at reaching a country where the people resembled my own countrymen in colour, after the dark faces of India; for he and his party had about the complexion of a well-bronzed Englishman, and were no darker than myself, in fact, at that moment. He showed me the pistol he wore in his waist, a rough old cavalry pistol of English make, evidently much prized, for which he carried a few musket-caps in a box. I then showed him my breech-loading revolver. He was wild with delight and astonishment, and insisted on firing off all six chambers, loaded with ball, into the air!

"At our night's encampment, I showed him my breech-loading rifle (Dougal). This, too, had to be fired, and he pointed out a large stone some way up a ravine opposite. His two shots went astray. Then I fired. The first missed but gave me the distance,

and with the second barrel I was lucky enough to hit. He asked, 'How many yards is it?' I replied about 250; but he exclaimed, 'No, it is far nearer a thousand!' He seemed much struck with the powers of the rifle, and went away in a silent mood. In the morning before I was dressed, he was practising at the same stone with his own matchlock, but, my servants said, did not go near it.

"Toward afternoon of the second day, the valley began to widen, and the hilly sides to become lower. Numberless red-legged partridges were calling all around. I was made to load my gun, but told to come along on horseback. Instead of allowing me to walk up to the birds, no sooner was a covey seen than our whole cavalcade scattered wildly in chase. Some of the party even crossed the stream after them, yelling with excitement. I and my Guddee servants roared with laughter at seeing these people galloping after the partridges, as if they wished to put salt on their tails instead of shooting them, or letting me do so. I watched my opportunity, and, when they were out of the way, I dismounted and went after a covey which I heard in another direction. Returning with a bird I had shot, I was met by the Yoozbashee holding five live ones in his hand, and shouting for Shaw Sahib to come and look. I was astounded, but soon discovered that this apparently childish amusement of galloping after partridges was really a most effectual way of catching them. Several were afterwards caught in my sight. The birds fly from one side of the valley to the other. If put up again immediately, they soon get tired, and after two or three flights begin running on the ground.

Then the men gallop up, and strike at them with their whips. It is a most exciting amusement over rough country. I had heard of quails being caught in this way when tired by a long flight during their annual migrations, but did not imagine a partridge could be taken so.

"When the partridges ceased, my companions began skylarking among themselves, displaying the most perfect horsemanship in so doing. The two clerical gentlemen chiefly distinguished themselves, viz. Moollah Shereef, and the Alam of Sanjoo, who pulled off his outer robe for greater freedom. They caught one another round the waist, each trying to dislodge the other from his saddle, and wrestled on horseback; meanwhile their horses were leaping ditches and banks, and going headlong over the roughest ground. Finally, each remained in possession of his adversary's turban. The Yoozbashee encouraged them in all their antics, occasionally starting forward at full gallop with a shout and a laugh to the great discomposure of my Guddee servants' seats, and of my turban (which I had not yet learned to tie firmly). While amusing ourselves thus, we reached the first cultivation. The valley was no different from before, but we crossed several fields of fallow ground, and several dry irrigation channels; while on the other side of the stream there was a clump of leafless trees, and two or three mud-built houses with flat roofs. Presently a flock of sheep appeared, and then a lot of donkeys grazing. I hailed all these signs of inhabited lands with delight, to the great amusement of the Yoozbashee, who, however, seemed quite to understand what the pleasure

must be of leaving behind us the deserts where we had been so long. He called my attention to each fresh object that presented itself, saying with a smile: 'Here, Shaw Sahib, here is a tree, and there is a heap of straw earthed over to keep for the cattle; and look, there are cocks and hens, and a peasant's house!'

"The hills had by this time sunk into long low ridges a few hundred feet high, still chiefly sand slopes with a few rocks cropping out. The name of the first cultivated ground was Kéwas, but the houses were few and much scattered. In fact I could distinguish no separation of villages, although different names were given me by the way. From the first hamlet, a succession of habitations appeared; at first very far apart, and then getting more and more numerous as we proceeded. At last we halted at a little farmhouse. The Yoozbashee dismounted, and led me into a little courtyard surrounded by mud walls, and thence into a room opening into it. It was empty, the people being employed somewhere near, but we took possession. After sitting down with me, and saying 'Allaho-akber,' he hurried off with a smile and a wave of the hand, to find lodgings for himself. The other principal room of the house, on the other side, was taken for this purpose, while the remainder of our followers pitched tents outside. My cooking-fire was lit in the courtyard. I was very curious to examine the first Toorkistânee house. The walls were all of mud, a couple of feet thick. A straight thick log of poplar supported the roof of the room, passing from wall to wall, while small sticks were laid across from each

side resting on this beam in the middle. A good coating of dry mud on the top of this formed the roof, through which a small opening was left near the door to give light. After entering, a step led up to the floor of the room, which was covered with felt carpeting. There were shelves for cups and dishes all round the room, and a large wooden bedstead at one side, with a great quantity of good bedding. The fireplace projected from the wall, forming a kind of arch about four feet high; behind which the chimney went up through the wall. About a foot above the hearth were recesses on both sides to hold the cooking-pots over the fire. Several vessels for water were standing in the corner, being large double calabashes, the larger half below and the smaller above, joined by a neck round which a rope is tied. There was another similar room in the house; also several store-rooms, and a large cattle-house. Outside the courtyard was a small shed for the fowls.

"A cat appeared and made great friends with me, taking me quite under its protection, purring and sitting down by my side opposite the fire. I accepted this as a happy omen on first entering a strange land. I really felt the company of this friendly cat quite a comfort; it seemed at once to make one at home. We afterwards found that cats were a favoured race in Toorkistân, not the scared half-starved things that disappear round corners in Indian houses; but sleek, well-fed creatures which know how to purr, and scorn to steal. While I write, there are four of them lying in all positions on the rug in front of my fire!

"I ought to have said that shortly before halting we were met by a horseman in a fine new robe, who delivered a letter to the Yoozbashee. This letter, done up according to the custom of the country into a thin[1] wisp gummed together, and impressed with the seal of the sender, in black ink, was opened by the Yoozbashee. He rubbed his forehead with it, and then dismounting made a low reverence in the direction of Yârkand, as did his chief followers. This was a mark of respect to the writer, the 'Shaghâwal' (the Vizier of the kingdom), who is his brother-in-law. Remounting, he had the letter read to him by his moollah; and then, turning to me, said, through the interpreter, that the Shaghâwal had written to inquire whether the 'Mihmân' or guest (myself) was well and happy, and was supplied with all he wanted.

"I made a due response, and, while the Yoozbashee was hearing all the news from the newcomer, I learned from Jooma that he was one of those sent with letters to Yârkand from Shahidoolla (indeed, I recognised his face), and had been sent back to rejoin my party. In this manner messengers went and came daily during the remainder of my journey—on their return being always rigged out in fine new khilats. These were given to them in honour of the mission they were sent upon, viz. reporting the approach of the King's guest; and it

[1] The size of the letter-paper varies with the relative ranks of the sender and receiver. The greater their difference the smaller is the scrap which the superior writes on, and the larger that sent by the inferior. The position and shape of the seal (for there is no signature) also vary with the rank of the correspondents.

struck me as a very flattering way of showing honour. Of course the theory is that the Ruler is so pleased to hear that his guest is arriving nearer, that he rewards the bearers of the good news! On the day we reached Yârkand, as many as four of these return messengers met us one after the other, in bright-coloured robes (by which they could be distinguished a mile off from the other passers-by), and rode into the city in our train.

"To return to our nightly abode. The owner of the house, and his family, had a glorious feast, for I gave them the greater part of my dastar-khân, consisting of a dozen or more large *sheets* of bread (I measured some two feet in diameter! they are delicious, being made of Yârkand flour; as light as French rolls, though made without leaven), and of fruit of all sorts. In the morning we rode about three miles, the cultivation being continuous, and the houses more and more numerous, while the hedgerows were planted with poplars, apple and pear trees, all leafless now. We now saw, on ahead, a small body of horsemen drawn up by the side of the way, and their leader dressed in black, and sitting on a splendid black horse. The Yoozbashee told me this was the 'Beg' or Governor of Sanjoo come out to meet me, and conduct me in, and asked whether I would get off, or salute him on horseback. I said, 'I will go entirely by your advice in these matters; for you know the respective ranks of the different officers whom I shall meet, and to whom the various marks of respect are due.' He said, 'Then do as I do.' When within twenty yards, he pulled up, and dismounted, the Beg riding forward and doing the

same. They ran forward to meet one another, and embraced, each putting his chin on the other's right shoulder, and his arms round his body. Then the Beg turned to me, the Yoozbashee introducing me by name, and we clasped hands (both hands), finishing by stroking the beard, and saying 'Allaho-akber.'

"After remounting, the Yoozbashee told me that his friend the Beg had just lost a wife, which was the reason of his being all in black on a black horse. I told him this also was the colour we used in mourning. He then informed me that the Beg was his brother; but as many people since have had the same degree of kin assigned to them, while my man Jooma had in no case ever heard of any relationship, I am convinced it is a polite form showing great good will towards the person, to tell a stranger in introducing him, 'So-and-so is my brother.' It is true that Orientals generally call any near relative a brother, but on my asking the Yoozbashee what degree of kin the Beg bore to him, he laughed as if the question were misplaced, and said, 'Son of the same father and mother.' Probably I made a similar mistake to that of an Asiatic, who, seeing an Englishman sign himself the 'obedient humble servant' of another, should inquire what place he filled in his household!

"By this time we reached a fine clump of tall poplars with a little square, and a mosque (which was merely a room open at the front, where a row of wooden pillars took the place of a wall). A street opened into the little square, but consisted merely of two opposite mud walls with a door in them every

thirty yards. Entering one of these doors on the right, we passed through one clean-looking courtyard into a second; then up four or five steps across a wide verandah into a room, well carpeted, and with a bright fire. Here, after complimentary speeches and inquiries, the Beg and the Yoozbashee left me.

"The other end of the verandah was divided off from mine by matting hung up, and was occupied by my kitchen apparatus. The floor of the verandah was two or three feet above the ground, but through it a passage at the ground-level led into the interior of the house, where the women lived. Mine was the guest-room. A door led out of the courtyard into an orchard behind the house, planted with apple, pear, and walnut trees, and where a crop of Indian corn had been grown last season. Beyond were other fields and orchards divided by mud walls and hedges, with groups of houses scattered over the whole. In fact, Sanjoo is more a thickly populated *district* than a town or village. It has a central bazaar, where a market is held every Monday (the day before we arrived there was one), and here and there the houses are so numerous and close as to form short streets, but there is not a continuous town. All this I observed in a ramble which I presently took at the suggestion of my entertainers. The people here, as elsewhere in Eastern Toorkistân, seem very well-to-do. No rags or appearance of poverty anywhere. Every member of the crowd that gathered round our party as we arrived and started was dressed in several good thick robes reaching below the knee, with high leather boots, and a cap turned up all round showing

a handsome fur lining. The women did not appear much, but I saw one or two in long robes not fastened in at the waist and reaching to the ankle, boots like the men, and a similar fur cap on the top of a white handkerchief which covered the ears and back of the head and neck. I noticed that they examined *me* quite freely, looking over the tops of their gates, but the moment the Yoozbashee appeared, they immediately hid. I find that, as a rule, in this country the women go about openly unveiled, but whenever a Kâzee (a religious magistrate) is seen coming, they either run away or draw down an openwork veil over their faces. I had not wandered far before I was overtaken by the Alam of Sanjoo (the chief moollah who had been of our party before). He accompanied me, talking a few words of Persian, and, when we got opposite my lodgings again, asked me to go in. I did so, and found that he had arrived just after I went out, bringing an offering of fruit. This was presented in due form, and then I showed him my Persian grammar with the stories at the end. He began to read them, greatly delighted; enjoyed the jokes immensely, *explaining* them to me and to the bystanders in Toorkee. Then I went off to visit the Yoozbashee. He showed me his other horses which he had left at Sanjoo. Toorkee horses are taken immense care of and well groomed, but their treatment differs from ours in some particulars. The saddles are never taken off night or day, but covered over with the horseclothing, which extends to the neck and head. They are walked about for a great part of the time that they are not on the road, sometimes for four or five hours after coming in.

Even the commonest horses are tied up, and not allowed to feed indiscriminately. They get plenty of corn (barley or Indian corn), and but little grass. This makes them very fit for long journeys. The saddles are of painted and polished wood with a very high peak in front, and are well raised from the back-bone. Their trappings are very rich, with embroidered cloths and silver mountings. The Yooz-bashee said, 'You must take your choice of one out of these three horses of mine, with all his belongings.' I pretended to be shocked at the idea, and said 'No.' He laughed, and we parted. This offer he repeated once more before we reached Yârkand, but I again politely refused; and learned afterwards that I had done quite right, as it would not have been the thing for me to accept a present from any one but the Vizier or the King.

"Returning home, I received a visit from the melancholy-looking Beg of Sanjoo, who had previously sent me a dastar-khân. He had a double-barrelled pistol (over and under) of English make, which I asked to look at, and delighted him by a present of 200 caps for it.

"We found that the Guddee merchants who had passed us at Shahidoolla were delayed here for some reason. They came in to see my servants, and proved to be distant relations of theirs. Great was the mutual delight. They insisted on coming and salâming to me, though it was not thought prudent for them to do more. I was very pleased to see their old familiar dress and honest faces in this strange land. The Guddees and I always get on well together—I have lived so long among them,

and travelled so much in their country, which is not a large one, that there are very few that do not know me, at least by report. These men were near neighbours, and had often met me, though I did not recollect their faces.

Tartar Saddle.

CHAPTER VIII.

CONTINUATION OF JOURNEY TO YÂRKAND.

The Desert — Town of Kargalik — Character of the cultivated country — Irrigation, and Mills — Well-being of People — The Gallows — The *Birkoot* or Hunting Eagle — The Bactrian Camel — The *Arabah* or Toorkee Cart — Repairs of Road in honour of the Traveller — Mode of Travelling — The Yoozbashee; his cordiality, vivacity, and good manners — Conversation on Khokand &c. — Horse Hay, called *Ooghlak* — Hajjee from Bokhara — Tea-trade — Village of Bora — The Lyre-horned Antelope — Wild Camels — Evening Amusements — Honours paid to the Traveller — Quantities of Food supplied — Cross the Yârkand River — Approach to the City — The Public Scaffold — The City of Yârkand — The *Yang-Shakr*, New-Town, or Chinese Cantonment — Quarters assigned, and Welcome to Yârkand.

"IT would only tire you if I were to trace the remainder of my journey step by step, as I have done hitherto. I need only describe the general features of the country, and our manner of travelling. As for the former, on leaving the fertile valley of Sanjoo we ascended the sandy cliff to our north, several hundred feet, and then came into an immense undulating plain of sand scantily furnished with small and scraggy bushes. This plain sloped down from the foot of the mountains to our left (south), and we could see in the distance to our right that it was cut up into ravines at its descent into the level plains. For four days we rode westward along this desert, which was broken in four places at unequal distances by streams coming down from the mountains, and fertilising the land on either side of them. These fertile strips, sunk below the surface of the neighbouring desert, form oases

covered with villages and highly cultivated. Thus we always had a village to rest in at night, though our day's journey was entirely over barren sand. All this time the line of the mountains, which from Sanjoo were very conspicuous southward, diverged more and more from our route, till on the fourth day they were barely visible. On the fifth day we turned right away from them northward, passing through some broken ground where our desert sloped into the level plain. This was also bare sand, communicating, I was told, with the great 'Tâkla-Makân,' the central desert of Asia, which, under the name of Gobi, stretches eastward into China. But presently we reached fields and houses near the town of Kargalik, and from that place to Yârkand we passed through a well-cultivated country full of villages, and without a trace of sandy or waste land. At intervals, tall poles with sign-boards marked the distances along the road, the measurement being by the 'tâsh,' equalling nearly five of our miles, I reckoned. It was market-day as we passed out of Kargalik, and for three or four miles there was an unceasing stream of people, young and old, men and women, pouring in from the villages (the majority on horseback) either to buy or to sell for their weekly necessities. Some carried fowls or baskets full of eggs, some had sheep and cattle, others droves of donkeys laden with cotton or other produce of their fields for sale. I saw several handsome horses being led in to find purchasers. In fact, but for the dress of the people you might have thought it was market-day at some country town in England; the rosy-faced farmers' wives

bringing in their children for a treat, while the men were transacting all the business of the country side. The villages even, with their surrounding orchards and crowds of noisy fowls, reminded me of home, but lacked the high gables and numerous doors and windows of the English farmhouse. Instead of this, blank walls surrounding courtyards, and low buildings with no visible roof, put one in mind of a man both bald and blind. There are no hedges, but the number of trees both round the houses and along the watercourses prevent the country from having the bare appearance of some of the French provinces. Numberless little hamlets of two or three houses in a group are scattered over the whole face of it, and bear witness to the long existence of a settled government, and security to the inhabitants, so different from the Punjab, where former misrule and anarchy have accustomed the people to crowd all their houses together for safety, till a village resembles a huge ant-hill with many exits. Irrigation seems to be carried to a great extent; in fact all cultivation depends on it, as there is little rain.[1] The watercourses run in all directions, being carried over and under one another at the road, and by small aqueducts over marshes and hollows. The falls and sluices are utilised in driving stamping-mills for husking the rice, and in the manufacture of gunpowder, pounding the saltpetre, &c. These are driven by a wheel with a single

[1] In the travels of Hwui Seng, the Chinese pilgrim, A.D. 519, it is written:—"The people of this region use the water of the rivers for irrigating their fields; and when they were told that in the middle country (China) the fields were watered by the rain, they laughed and said, How could Heaven provide enough for all?'"

cog, a pair of pestles rising and falling alternately, like long slender hammers. Besides Kargalik, we passed through two other towns, one smaller and one larger than it. They are much like Indian towns, except that the streets of the bazâr are covered over for the sake of shade—a precaution not much wanted at this time of year, when all the pools and tanks are hard frozen. The great difference from the appearance of Indian towns is in the greater look of well-being in the inhabitants. Their clothes are all so good and substantial, and they are indebted to the tailor for the whole of their garments, ignoring that untidy Indian custom of throwing loose sheets over their bodies! There is an absence of the *coolie* class too, with its blank stare of utter stupidity; here every one looks respectable, brisk, and intelligent. The townspeople all gather in rows on either hand, and bow low to the King's guest with both hands crossed on their breasts. This is their mode of salutation. Women bow with their arms hanging down instead. The 'as-salâm aleikoom' is for my conductor, the Yooz-bashee, a *true believer*, who replies with a constantly repeated 'o aleikoom as-salâm.'

"At Kargalik one of the features of the place was rather startling, viz. a *gallows* standing by the side of the principal street at the entrance of the town. It was unoccupied at the time, but seemed well-worn.

"At one of these places I was shown a newly-caught black eagle of the sort called 'Birkoot,' which are trained to catch antelope and deer as falcons do birds. The unfortunate creature was hooded, and wrapped up, wings, talons and all, in a sheep-skin,

and this bundle was suspended (head downwards) from the man's saddle during the march. They consider this treatment has a tendency to tame the bird![1]

"I now saw for the first time the two-humped or Bactrian camel used as a beast of burden. We passed several strings of them. They are darker in colour, stouter in make, and are clothed with a thicker coat than the common camel of India, which has only one hump. Another mode of conveyance too betokened considerable advance in civilization; this was the 'arabah,' or cart.[2] It is a covered van or tilt-cart mounted on two very high wheels (just like English wheels with many spokes), and drawn by three horses, one in the shafts, and two leaders drawing abreast with traces. They are driven from the cart with reins and a long whip. It is altogether a far superior turn-out to the common cart of India, where two bullocks, straggling right and left at the point of a long triangular tray mounted on solid wooden *disks* for wheels, have their tails twisted by the half-naked coolie who squats between them with his knees in his face.

"I cannot say much for the road, although it would be ungrateful in me to speak ill of it, for it had been smoothed and mended expressly for me all the way,

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[1] Marco Polo (Yule's 'Marco Polo,' i. 343, and note at p. 355) says, "His majesty has eagles also which are trained to stoop at wolves, and such is their size and strength that none, however large, can escape from their talons."

[2] Marco Polo (Chap. xlvii. Bk. I., Bohn's Ed.) says, "They (the Tartars) have a superior kind of vehicle on two wheels, covered likewise with black felt, and so effectually as to protect those within it from wet, during a whole day of rain."

and the small streams and watercourses were all carefully bridged as far as there was time. This was an honour that I hardly expected. I learned afterwards that they had asked my Moonshee, Diwân Bakhsh, about the custom in India, and what was done there when any 'illustrious stranger' came. He told them the usual preparations that were made, such as mending roads, &c., and they took the hint so thoroughly as even to prepare spare beams at all the bridges in case the press of horses accompanying me should break through. I confess I was made rather uneasy by these unexpected preparations coming on the top of the other honours which they poured upon me. It struck me that my Moonshee might not have been sufficiently careful in his expressions, and that the Vizier might imagine that I came on a mission from our Government. I cross-examined Jooma on the subject, as he had full opportunity of judging from the conversation of my conductors whether they thought I had any official capacity. He assured me that this was not the case. But it was not until I heard the assertion confirmed by the Vizier's own lips at Yârkand that I could be convinced that they paid me all these attentions as a private Englishman. I was determined not to obtain, under a mistaken idea of my importance, honours which they would not otherwise have rendered me; as has been done before now by travellers in remote regions of Asia. For this reason, on my arrival I brought up the subject in conversation, and received the most complete assurance (as I hope to relate to you when I get so far) that the rulers of Toorkistân were honouring the English

nation in one of its members, and not any supposed Envoy from our Government.

"But I have not yet given you an account of the manner of our journeying, and of the treatment bestowed on me. They gave me a capital horse to ride, as they did also to all my servants. A couple of troopers were put in charge of my baggage, which followed us well. The Yoozbashee had about a dozen attendants with him; besides which two or three of his men were always on the road either to or from Yârkand carrying reports of our progress, and rejoining our party in an incredibly short time, dressed in new robes, and bringing complimentary messages from the Shaghâwal to the Mihmân (myself). What they can have found to report, I cannot imagine; but it was evident they still had great misgivings about the coming of an Englishman, though they outwardly veiled them under the show of the greatest politeness. As for the Yoozbashee, he was the most cordial and agreeable of companions. As full of fun as a schoolboy home for the holidays, he kept the whole party alive and merry. At one moment he was talking to me in a kind of *lingua franca* chiefly Toorkee with a few words of Persian, to which I responded with the languages in the inverse ratio. Our alternate mistakes were of course a great fund of amusement, in which the whole party joined. When, as sometimes happened, we managed to understand one another, he would poke me in the ribs, or pretend to pull me off the horse, laughing heartily. When I mentioned to him anything that struck his fancy, for instance any of the arts and contrivances of civilization, he would hold up his finger at me, shaking his

head with a smile, and saying, 'Ah, Shaw Sahib,' in a voice that implied, 'You "Frangs" are certainly leagued with "Shaitân."' The next minute he would begin an Andijânee song, flourishing his whip about, and suddenly bringing it down on the shoulders of some unconscious attendant. One day, sitting with me at our abode for the night, he saw my warm gloves, and put them on. A confidential servant was passing the door; he called him in, and, pretending he had something to whisper to him, brought him close up. Then he gave him five or six hearty cuffs on the face with my gloves, as gravely as possible. The man looked quite scared, and I thought he must have committed some fault, when suddenly the Yoozbashee burst out laughing, and showed him his two hands with the gloves on. The man took the joke, and, following the Scripture precept, presented his other cheek to the smiter, who immediately took advantage of the offer. Once we had stopped at a road-side mosque for the purpose of saying afternoon prayers. He and his party having finished, came running out like a lot of boys when school is over. Three women, who were coming along the road, seeing the crowd, turned aside into a field. Upon which my friend stood still, and cried, 'Khanem, khanem,' which means, 'lady.' At last they were obliged to answer, when the Yoozbashee, with the greatest mock politeness, began a long speech to them about the happiness of meeting them, his having come expressly for the purpose, and brought the Mihmân with him, and regretting he had not time for any further conversation. The women meanwhile, half-amused and half-shy at so many people,

stood with their heads turned away. My friend finished with a low and ceremonious bow, and a solemn 'As-salâm aleikoom,' and then turned to see whether I was amused at the joke, joining himself in the laughter.

"With all this, he is a perfect gentleman in manners, and I really look upon him quite as a friend, a feeling that one can never have towards a native of India. He seems a general favourite, especially with his own servants, to whom he is apparently a kind master. On one occasion he had been talking to them for a long time, when, turning round to me, he said through the interpreter, 'We have been talking about Andijân, our native land,' and then he launched forth into praises of its beauty, its fertility, and of the happy life they had formerly led there. 'At that time,' he said, 'I had not been forced to become a soldier, but lived without a care, hunting being my most serious labour. Then the Russians came, and we were all forced to take up arms in defence of our country. There is not a house in Andijân that has not lost a member in the wars with the foreigner, and hardly a man is left in any peaceable occupation, while thousands of us have come as exiles into this land.'

"I think, however, that the former history of his country has not been quite so peaceful as my friend, the Yoozbashee, chooses to represent.

"I find the name of Andijân is given in common parlance to the whole kingdom of Khokand, from the old capital of the country. They describe it as much colder than Yârkand, but abounding in fruit of all sorts. It must be a hilly country in great part, as it

comprises the upper valleys of the Syr and Nareen rivers, which rise on the northern side of the mountains that encompass Eastern Toorkistân. All the lower and plain portion of the kingdom of Khokand is now in the hands of the Russians, who hold Chemkend, Tashkend, and Khojend, formerly chief cities of the kingdom. Yakoob Beg, the present ruler of Kâshghar and Yârkand, himself a native of Khokand, is founding in Eastern Toorkistân an Andijânee kingdom. All posts of importance in the government are filled by his countrymen, who compose also the *élite* of his army. They are so near akin to the native Yârkandees and Kâshgharees that their rule does not seem to be felt as that of aliens. Their language is merely another dialect of Toorkee perfectly comprehensible in Yârkand. They seem better adapted to the business of government than the inhabitants of these provinces, who have been so long under the foreign rule of the Chinese.

"Beguiling the way with conversation on such subjects as these, while I on my side carefully instilled into the Yoozbashee's mind the distinction between England and India, which he but dimly appreciated at first, and related anecdotes bearing on our wars with the Russians and Chinese (the enemies of my hosts), and proving our friendship for the Sultan of Room (Turkey), for whom they have the greatest reverence, we got through our daily marches.

"My shot-gun was also a great source of amusement; unfortunate crows and small birds were carefully stalked and shot. Even those that flew away wounded did not escape. The whole cavalcade scattered with shouts of joy, and galloped the poor

birds down, like the partridges. On these occasions my Guddee servants, mountaineers unaccustomed to riding, generally came to grief; and then a fresh excitement was created by a chase after the loose horse. The Yoozbashee, who was better mounted than the rest, caught up the fugitive at once; but far from stopping him, started him off afresh with his whip. They are wonderfully fond of games which require skilled horsemen. At one of the villages the Yoozbashee showed me a sport which they call 'ooghlak.' The headless body of a goat is thrown on the ground, and everyone tries to pick it up without leaving the saddle. The press is tremendous, as with one foot and one hand on the saddle they stretch down the other hand to the ground. Presently one succeeds, and is off; swinging himself back into the saddle as he goes. He is chased by the rest, doubling and turning to avoid them. At last, another and another gets a hold of the goat. The first man throws his leg over the body to tighten his hold, and away they go across country till their horses diverge and all but one loose their grasp. He is again caught, but throws the goat on to his opposite side. The others wrestle with him as they gallop three or four abreast, the outermost riders almost leaving their horses as they stretch their whole bodies across their neighbours. It is beautiful to see the perfection and grace with which they ride. Their seat is looser than ours in appearance, and, for some reason that I cannot explain, reminds me of an accomplished swimmer floating without apparent effort in the water—his body bending and giving to the waves. While playing at

'ooghlak,' they seem utterly forgetful of their horses. Their hands are seldom on the reins, and banks and ditches are jumped while they are half out of the saddle grappling with one another. The game is not without danger. A man who has the goat, if hard pushed, will throw it in front of his pursuers, tripping up their horses as they gallop. A Kirghiz of our party broke his stirrup-leather as he was stretching over, and came to the ground in a heap. His head was cut open by the horse's sharp shoe as he passed over him. My friend Moollah Shereef and his fiery dun pony turned a complete summersault. The pony pitched on his head and turned over, his neck remaining doubled up under him. I thought it was broken. His master was shot several feet in front, and the whole cavalcade apparently galloped over them, not stopping their game the least. The pony and the moollah were picked up, and, having shaken themselves, the latter remounted and went at it again with fresh ardour. The Yooz-bashee's stable-boys were almost the best riders of all.

"Another day we were met by two officers sent to welcome me by the Shaghâwal. As they approached, they and their attendants were playing at ooghlak. After salutations and compliments, the goat was produced again, and now I tried my hand at the game for the first time. I managed pretty creditably, but I fancy they did not play their best against me. I kept the goat safe under my leg when once I got him, but I could not manage to pick him off the ground. English saddles are quite unadapted to such tricks; but even when I mounted

one of the Yoozbashee's spare horses (they were always led along with us in their stable clothing), with the advantage of a high saddle-peak to hold on by with the left hand, I could not reach the ground and keep my balance so as to regain my seat. Even the Toorks occasionally slip off if mounted on a tall horse. As for the rest, one has to trust a great deal to one's steed in galloping across rough ground, tugging with both hands at the goat; but the Toorkee horses seldom make a mistake.

"In the middle of this horse-play the Yoozbashee would suddenly stop, and dismount. Taking a pocket compass out, he would mark the direction of the Kibla, and presently a solemn row of true believers would be kneeling behind him, following him through the prostrations of the Mussulman prayer. There being no water at hand in the desert parts, they went through all the motions of washing in dumb show, pressing their open palm on the sand instead of filling its hollow with water each time.

"At every village we were welcomed by officers of the district to which it belonged, and conducted to rooms prepared for us, as at Sanjoo. About three miles from Kargalik, the Beg of that town met us, and, after dismounting and saluting him, I was led to a carpet spread under some trees, and seated in the place of honour, while all our attendants sat down on other carpets at a distance. Dastar-khâns were then brought, consisting of basins of soup, pilao in huge bowls, big sheets of bread, and numberless dishes of fruit. After we had all eaten in our several places, the Yoozbashee requested me to sit still while the whole party spread their outer coats

in front of me, and recited their afternoon prayers. We afterwards resumed our journey through horrible clouds of dust caused by our augmented cavalcade. By my side rode a Bokhâra hajjee, who with a companion had ridden out to meet us about half a day's march. He had travelled through India, Arabia, and even Room (Turkey). We had a long conversation in Persian, which I am beginning to understand pretty well, though this was the first opportunity I had had of putting my knowledge to a practical test. Our conversation was continued after our arrival at Kargalik. He remained with me for a couple of hours drinking tea and talking traveller's talk of many lands and many cities. Bokhâra, of course, was the chief object of his praises; he compared it to Stamboul (Constantinople), which he says it nearly equals.

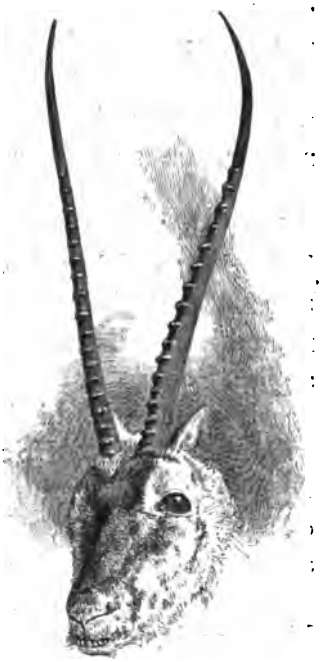
"I gathered from this man, who is a merchant, that a considerable trade could be carried on between India and Toorkistân. He says that 10,000 camel-loads of tea (or nearly five million pounds) enter Bokhâra annually, but considers this very short commons, the breach with China having closed their principal source of supply. Yârkand would take immense quantities of tea as well as of English piece-goods, and would repay us in gold, and silk, and horses, all of which abound. He has himself traded with Russia, having even visited Orenburg, which he calls Oren*buda*. The trade used to be most profitable; a merchant taking forty camel-loads would return with sixty, the sale of which would enable him to send back 100 the next year.

"At the village of Bora, I made another acquaint-

ance. I was sitting outside my room on a box seeing my guns cleaned, when a dignified personage in a green cloth robe entered the courtyard with several followers. He saluted me in Hindostanee, to which I replied, and we had a long talk. He told me, in answer to my inquiries, that he was a 'Syad' (or descendant of Mahammad), originally from Rawal Pindee in the Punjab, that he had visited Mecca, and, returning through these countries, had settled down in charge of a 'Ziârat' (or shrine of a Mussulman saint) in this neighbourhood. Then he said, 'And you, are you a Mussulman or a Hindoo?' But seeing me and my servants laugh, he added, 'No; you must be the Frang.' He had actually come to see the Englishman, but finding me seated outside in Toorkee costume, he took me for one of the Sahib's chief servants. When he found who I was, he was very friendly, seeming to look upon me almost in the light of a compatriot in a distant land. He promised to come and see me in Yârkand, where we should have more time for conversation. Seeing my servants, he asked whether they were Hindoos, and, finding that they were, he repeated the old saying, 'After all, we are all sons of Adam.' We parted great friends, and I learned that he was much reverenced as a religious character by the people. Such tolerant sentiments were all the more remarkable, coming from such a man.

"Crossing an arm of the great Takla-Makân Desert, we saw two 'keek,' a small antelope which frequents it. They have peculiar lyre-shaped horns, of which I brought home a specimen. The Yoozbashee says they go in large herds, as do also *wild camels* (?) in

the great desert eastward. This desert is connected with wonderful superstitions. They say there once dwelt a heathen nation there, to whom went Jalla-ood-deen preaching Islâm. They agreed to become Mussulmans if the saint could turn all their dwellings into gold. A few prayers, and the thing was done. But now these infidels turned round on him and said, 'Old man, we have all we want; why should we be Mussulmans?' The holy man turned away, but, as he left them, the sand rose and overwhelmed them and their possessions. Many a search has been made for these treasures, but some magic delusion always destroys those who wander in this desert. I told the Yoozbashee the story which Herodotus relates of the gold-digging ants in this very place.[1]



Head of Antelope (New Species), with Lyre-shaped horns.

"The Yoozbashee took care that my evenings should not be dull. He generally fetched me away to

[1] Marco Polo also says (see Yule's 'Marco Polo,' i. 180, and note), "It is asserted as a well-known fact that this desert is the abode of many evil spirits which amuse travellers to their destruction with most extraordinary illusions. . . . . Losing by this means the right path, and ignorant of the direction they should take to regain it, they have perished miserably of hunger." A wild camel was seen in this desert by the Envoys of Shak Rukh in 1420. See 'Cathay and the Way Thither,' p. cc.

his own rooms for *tamâsha*, as he called it, when one of his men would play on a two-stringed guitar, while others danced in Toorkee fashion. The movements are slow; they wind in and out with an alternate *chassé* of each foot, the dance, on the whole, having a soothing and somnific effect. My servants sat among the rest near the door looking on. The Yoozbashee always laughed at them for not eating things that their master did, and pressed them jokingly to drink tea and eat bread. When he learned that they were not forbidden to eat *fruit* from his hand, he loaded them with pomegranates, apples, pears, &c. Seeing one of them, Choomâroo, beating time with his hands to the music, he signed to him to dance. Up rose Choomâroo as if inspired by Bacchus, and, with all the posturing and figuring of a Guddee dance, whirled, and hopped, and sidled about the room. The Toorkees were charmed, the Yoozbashee rapturous, and, finally Choomâroo made his bow in a storm of applause. Another night, before a select circle, the Yoozbashee himself showed me an Andijânee dance. It was really a very pretty and effective movement, more like a ballet step than anything I have seen in the East. With bare feet, loose trowsers, and a red scarf in each hand, he flew round the room, changing feet at each step, and waving the scarves in front and behind alternately with each hand.

"He made me stay to supper once, and send for my own knife and fork, which he was not in a position to supply. After hands were washed by a servant pouring water over them into a basin, a long cloth was spread on the carpet, and two huge

wooden bowls heaped up with rice and meat (composing a pilao) were brought in. The Yoozbashee and I, with two or three more, fell upon one of the dishes with a 'Bismillah!' (='In the name of God'), while the servants and inferiors appropriated the other. Their method of eating requires some skill (as I found on another occasion, when my knife and fork were not at hand) to convey the rice safely to one's mouth. It is taken up on the united fingers, and when it reaches the lips, a jerk of the thumb sends it into the mouth. The meat, pulled out of the pilao, is cut up by a servant with his belt-knife, and the pieces, small enough to eat, are put before the master on one of the large round *sheets* of bread. They have tremendous appetites, though they eat very cleanly; and the rice disappeared in a wonderful manner. When all was over, the bowls and cloth were removed, the Yoozbashee looking round and saying, 'Ameen, Allaho-akber,' with the usual outspreading of the arms and final stroke of the beard, in which we all joined.

"With such a light-hearted companion and such novel scenes around me, you may imagine the journey did not seem long. If I had been an ambassador, they could not have shown me more honour, and if I had been a friend and a countryman, they could not have been kinder or more cordial. Once, after a merry evening at the Yoozbashee's, he said to me, 'Ah, Shaw Sahib, if you were only not a Frang, we would have been brothers and lived together. When you go away, you must write me lots of letters, telling me how you are, when you are in your own country.' As for the honour paid to me, I have

already told you that they had mended the roads at my approach. In India this is always a mark of respect paid to great people, the amount of pains taken varying with the grade of the approaching dignitary. For a mere Commissioner the holes are filled up and the loose planks of the bridges nailed down. When the Lieutenant-Governor is expected, the roads are smoothed and the open water-courses covered over. But for the Viceroy all traffic is stopped, the roadway is entirely turfed over, and railings put on the side of the precipice. I am speaking of the hill districts. Indeed, so well is this difference understood that, when ordering a repair of the roads, it has become common to specify whether it shall be a 'Commissioner's mending' or a 'Lord Sahib's mending.' By this standard the preparations made here for my arrival would certainly rank as a 'Lieutenant-Governor's mending' at least, for bridges were thrown over several score of water-courses, some of them ten and twelve feet wide, and a new line opened out in many places to avoid marshy ground—all this had been done within a fortnight before my arrival.

"At each town the Governor or Beg rode out with his retinue three or four miles to meet me, bringing a 'dastar-khân,' or dinner, which was prepared for the whole party (nearly twenty in number). Bowls of soup, huge platters of pilao, roast-fowls by the dozen, fruit, bread, &c., were put before us, and afterwards I was escorted into the town riding between the Beg and the Yoozbashee. The chief merchants met us outside the gates, while the people of the town were ranged in rows along the streets.

After conducting me to my lodging for the night in the Governor's house, and sitting a short time with me, the Beg would take his leave, but would come again in the morning to escort me out of the town. After parting with him at the gates, and riding a couple of hours, we always found another 'dastar-khân' awaiting us under some grove of trees, sent out by the Beg of the town we had just left. Even the heads of little unwalled towns, which we did not stop at, would bring out 'dastar-khâns,' and entreat us to honour them by at least drinking a cup of tea. I began to get quite frightened at the name of 'dastar-khân.' The quantities of superfluous food and unnecessary tea that I consumed during the journey were enormous. Besides my own usual meals and the two 'dastar-khâns' presented by the Yoozbashee (morning and evening), these other repasts appearing at odds and ends of times, regulated by the divisions of the country rather than by the state of one's appetite, were quite a serious consideration. But Toorkee hospitality, like that of the English, vents itself chiefly in eating and drinking; and I consoled myself by reflecting that I was feasting on behalf of the whole British nation, for whom these honours were intended.

"As we approached Yârkand, the honorary messengers were despatched more frequently than ever, returning in their new robes. We crossed a considerable river, which I was told is navigated by boats in the summer months when its bed is full. Now it is divided into five streams, all of them fordable. The Yoozbashee had told me that I should be met outside the city of Yârkand by some person of con-

sequence, the brother or son of the Shaghâwal, to whom it would be proper for me to present a 'jâma,' or robe. He asked me whether I was provided with such a present, and told me that I might command him for anything I required, were it 1000 tillahs (about £600). At the same time he wrote in to the Shaghâwal to hint to him that my caravan being delayed, I had not by me the proper robe to present to a man of high rank, and should therefore feel uncomfortable if one came to meet me, and that a smaller man had better be sent. Accordingly, I was met three miles from Yârkand by another Yoozbashee in gorgeous clothing, with about thirty horsemen, who were drawn up in line to receive me. We dismounted, and embraced in Eastern fashion (I had practised this on the Beg of Poskyam, and signally failed from raising the wrong arm). He astonished me by the vigorous clasp he gave me, and completely stopped my breath as I was preparing to accompany the embrace with a series of polite questions as to his health. I then presented him with a new robe (lent me by *my* Yoozbashee for the purpose), which one of my servants put over his shoulders. After this we all remounted, and continued our journey. Shortly afterwards a long low line appeared in front of us, in which I recognised the object of my long journeyings: it was the wall of Yârkand. As we approached through a perfectly flat country, one object was conspicuous, rising above the wall directly in front of us. It was a tall square scaffolding, like that of a tower that is building, with an upper and a lower platform at the top. Seeing my look of inquiry, Moollah Shereef whispered

APPROACH TO YARKAND.

FROM A SKETCH BY R. B. SHAW.

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to me in Persian that it was the execution-stage! This is the first thing a stranger sees of the city of Yârkand.

"After passing through a small bazâr outside, we entered through a gate in the mud wall, which is between twenty and thirty feet high, as well as I could judge, tapering towards the top which is ten or twelve feet wide. A short distance down the first street we passed under the stage which I had seen. It rises from the roof of a strong building, which I fancy is the Yârkandee condemned cell. Our route did not take us through the best parts of the city, but the streets we saw were full of traffic and lined with shops of all kinds. Most of the shop-keepers were women, and in several places I saw a regular cradle with a baby in it being rocked by the mother's foot. This is a decided improvement on the habit of the Simla hill-men, who hang their young children under a spout of water to put them to sleep. Presently we passed a second high wall, which I took for another town-wall, but found it was merely the boundary of one of the colleges. The streets are ten or twelve feet wide, and some of the houses have an upper story.

"After twenty minutes' ride through a labyrinth of winding streets we passed out through another gate, and crossed an empty piece of ground, some 400 yards across, which divided the old from the new city. A few tumble-down houses marked the site of a bazâr which, under the Chinese *régime*, united the two towns. The 'Yang-Shahr' (New Town),[1]

[1] There is a "Yang-Shahr" or cantonment at each of the cities of East

which we were approaching, had been built as a place of habitation and refuge by the foreign rulers of the country. Whenever any tumult or rising took place, the Chinese troops seem to have retired inside and patiently waited till matters blew over, when they would issue out and resume their former position in the country. The walls are of the same material as those of the old city, but surrounded by a deep ditch, and surmounted at intervals by curious pagoda-like buildings, relics of Chinese occupation. The gateway was in similar style; while round about it were congregated great numbers of Toorkee soldiers in red tunics and trowsers. Inside many more were lounging about in picturesque attitudes, singing and dancing with such a studied air of ease, such a careful assumption of *nonchalance*, that I immediately discovered the purpose of the assemblage. Nor did they seem sufficiently at home in their uniforms for me to believe that they were in the habit of wearing them. Two or three were practising the goose-step, and I am to this moment undecided whether they were meant to represent recruits at drill or sentries walking up and down at their post. A short way down the street we came upon an artillery barrack with a row of small guns and howitzers in front. The artillerymen were dressed

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Toorkistân. This word must not be confounded with "Yang-Hissâr," which is the name of a town, itself provided with a "Yang-Shahr."

Marco Polo says (see Yule's 'Marco Polo,' i. 300), "Whilst on the subject of the armies of the Grand Khan, it may be proper here to observe .... that it became necessary to keep armies in such of the provinces as contained large cities and an extensive population, which [*armies*] are stationed at the distance of four or five miles from those cities, and can enter them at their pleasure."

in blue, and my eye immediately rested on a group better dressed than the others, apparently officers. There was no mistaking them for anything but natives of India, possibly old mutineers.

"A few hundred yards further on the street led into an open space, beyond which was another wall and a gate. Before reaching this, we pulled up and dismounted, and I was led into a house on the left by the two Yoozbashees. Passing through three court-yards, we reached a kind of pavilion at the end of the third. The flat roof projecting in front formed a broad verandah supported on high pillars; in the middle, a recess carried back to the further wall held a kind of raised divan, matted and carpeted for visitors to sit on; on either side of the recess, doors opened into comfortable rooms, furnished with Bokhâra carpets, and with bright fires burning. The Yoozbashee informed me that this house was mine, and that, after resting a little, I should be taken to see the Shaghâwal. In a few minutes arrived a 'dastar-khân,' composed this time of lighter refreshments, creams, preserves, &c. It was ushered in by the Shaghâwal's brother, who bid me welcome to Yârkand. Finding he could talk Persian, I told him that I was highly obliged to the Shaghâwal for all the attentions which had been shown me by the way. He replied that no attention could be too great for a guest of the King.

CHAPTER IX.

RESIDENCE AT YÂRKAND.

The Shaghâwal Dâd-khwâh; his high Position — Visit to him, and good Reception — The Moonshee's account of his Mission — The Traveller's Quarters — Furniture supplied, and other Presents — Another Interview with the Shaghâwal — Murder of Schlagintweit — Report of the City by the Traveller's Servants — The Traveller kept within Doors — The Ramazân — The Shaghâwal again — Conversation about the Chinese, &c. — Mr. Hayward.

"WHEN he had retired, I was left alone for a short time, but presently *my* Yoozbashee returned and said that, if I were ready, he would conduct me to the Shaghâwal. I must tell you what I found out previously regarding the position of this high officer. He is not the mere Governor of Yârkand, as I had imagined, but is the second man in the kingdom, answering to the Grand Vizier in Turkey. During the absence of the King at Kâshghar, he occupied the palace, to which I was now led. Passing through the great gate which I had before seen, and which was full of soldiers (no sham appearance of *négligé* here), we reached a second similarly guarded portal, which gave access to the interior of the palace. One large courtyard was crossed. Its four sides were lined with officials sitting solemnly with eyes fixed on the ground, and each bearing a white wand in his hand. The silence prevailing amid such numbers of men made an impression quite in keeping with the scene, the palace of an Oriental despot. Before the door of a second courtyard, a large screen concealed

everything until we entered. Here the solitude of the inner penetralia was as effective as the silent crowd without. An usher with a white wand preceded us, and halfway up the court stopped me to point through a distant door, where he whispered to me the Shaghâwal was visible. I saluted him as required by bowing, and then was conducted up some steps to the door of the room. Here every one left me, and the usher motioned to me to enter alone. A small elderly man in sober-coloured clothes was sitting on a cushion by the fire. He rose, and hurried forward to meet me near the door, where he embraced me after the Eastern fashion, and then led me by the hand to another cushion near the fire opposite his own, all the while welcoming me most cordially and inquiring whether I had received every comfort and attention by the way. After sitting down, I rose again as I had been instructed, and uttered the Allaho-akber! with the sweep of the arms. Then sitting down again, Toorkee fashion, I received and replied to many complimentary speeches from the Shaghâwal. He expressed his pleasure at the arrival of an Englishman, saying that they know the friendship of our nation for the Sultan of Room, who was the chief of the Mussulman religion, and thus regarded us as already their friends also. But the arrival of an English Sahib, who has undertaken all the trouble and difficulty of so long a journey for the purpose of visiting his King, was a further bond of friendship. Friendship, he said, makes everything to prosper; but by enmities countries become waste. I replied, suitably I hope, saying that I trusted my visit might be the means of establishing a friendly

intercourse between the two countries, as we on our parts entertained the most amicable feelings towards the Toorks. I added that, when my Sovereign heard of the kind treatment extended to one of her subjects in Toorkistân, she would be extremely pleased. After this the Shaghâwal said he must apologise for my detention at Shahidoolla and for the incompleteness of the reception I had met with; which were owing to my not having announced my coming beforehand. I stared in astonishment at this, and said, 'Did not my servant, the Moonshee, deliver the letter and messages to the King with which he was charged?' The Shaghâwal answered, 'No.' I replied, 'Then I must have seemed to you guilty of great want of respect to the King, in not applying beforehand for his permission to come. But in truth that was the very object with which I sent my Moonshee on before me. I request that you will send for him, and ask him for the casket in which he brought my letter for the King. I much regret the apparent want of respect on my part.' He answered, 'No, no; there is no want of respect; I was only sorry that you should have been detained at Shahidoolla, and that we had not longer notice, so as to prepare for you a more honourable reception. As for the Moonshee, he is your servant, and will be called whenever you send for him.'

"During this conversation a 'dastar-khân' had been spread, and tea given to me by an attendant. After a little further talk in rather lame Persian on my part, I rose to go.

"The Shaghâwal put his hand on me to detain me, and in a few seconds an attendant brought in a

rich silk robe, which was put over my shoulders as I took my leave. The Shaghâwal also rose, and conducted me out by another door through a long room which I heard afterwards was used as a mosque for the royal household. At the further end of this he parted from me with a bow. My people here rejoined me. In solemn procession I was ushered back to my house, where all my baggage had by this time arrived. At the outer gate of the palace we met a person of some distinction on horseback. He immediately dismounted, and advanced to embrace me. The Yoozbashee muttered some words of introduction, and I threw myself into his arms with all the fervour of a long friendship. To this moment I have not the slightest idea as to who he was.

"Behind me followed a procession of the Shaghâwal's servants bearing the 'dastar-khân' which had been put before me. This appears to be the custom.

"On reaching home, I immediately sent for my Moonshee. He presently appeared, dressed in gorgeous robes, the gift of the Shaghâwal, and I told him to send for the casket with the letter at once. I had enclosed my letter to the King which he had brought in a handsome little box of the enamelled gold which is known as Goojerât work. This speedily arrived, and I put it into the hands of the Yoozbashee without opening it, requesting him to give it to the Shaghâwal. This I did that they might read the letter themselves, and see that I had spoken truth when I said I had sent beforehand to ask permission of the King to come. About an hour afterwards the Yoozbashee returned, bringing the letter and casket back with a message from the

Shaghâwal, saying that I should keep them to give to the King myself when I saw him. However, they had evidently read the letter, which was all I wanted.

"My Moonshee now related to me all the circumstances of his journey and stay at Yârkand. I was immensely vexed at his not having delivered my letter, nor apparently mentioned its purport. His explanation was such as to silence me for the time, but I still suspend my judgment regarding it. Mahammad Nazzar, the returning Envoy to whose care I had entrusted my Moonshee, had, it appears, turned out a regular scoundrel. He treated Diwân Bakhsh very badly on the journey, and after their arrival spread reports about his being a spy, while he did not even mention that I was on my way hither. Yet he had been full of promises of assistance to me before he left Ladâk, when I gave him several handsome presents to secure his good-will. My Moonshee was, however, very well treated by the Shaghâwal, who sent to meet him on the road, and caused 'dastar-khâns' and all the usual honours to be provided for him, and Mahammad Nazzar had fallen into disgrace for his conduct in this and other respects. On arriving at Yârkand, Diwân Bakhsh was confined to one house, he and his servants, although otherwise provided with all they wanted, and presented with honorary allowances every day. Seeing this, and fearing that men would be sent to turn me back on the road if he mentioned my approach, he remained silent until he calculated that I must have reached Shahidoolla. Then he announced the purpose of his visit.

"Even put in this way, I cannot consider this conduct judicious. It avoided one evil, but produced

another. The long concealment must have seemed most suspicious to them. However, an officer was immediately despatched to detain me (the same who reached me at Shahidoolla on the 13th of November), and in a day or two the Shaghâwal told my Moonshee to write to me telling me of his honourable reception, and saying that the King was most pleased to hear of my wish to visit his country, but why should I take such trouble in the winter; there was no necessity for me to come any farther. My Moonshee would be sent back with a duly qualified Envoy to our Government, and after that they should be delighted to see us at Yârkand.

"Diwân Bakhsh was further instructed to write a short paragraph in easy Hindostanee at the top of his letter, telling me to return to Ladâk at once (as if it were a private warning from himself). This he did, but, as it fortunately happened, I did not notice this line of writing, but threw the whole letter aside as beyond my powers of deciphering. Had I seen it, I should have been seriously puzzled as to my conduct. This was the letter that reached me by the hands of Jooma. Some time after my note (written from the Kirghiz encampment the first day) had arrived in Yârkand, it was sent to my Moonshee to read. Utterly regardless of truth (unless this also is a lie), and of the fact that he himself does not understand English, he said that I had therein written to the King my determination not to leave Shahidoolla until I received a reply one way or the other from himself. He also, in accordance with my orders, mentioned my request that an officer of suitable rank should be sent to meet me at the borders.

"Upon this the Yoozbashee was despatched to bring me in with all honour, but further delay was caused by the appearance of Hayward on the scene.

"Such is the Moonshee's account, but neither it nor the Shaghâwal's statement to me quite square with the facts. The soldiers had been posted at Shahidoolla nearly a month before I reached it, that is to say, about the time that Mahammad Nazzar and Diwân Bakhsh reached Yârkand, and other discrepancies occur to me. But, as the Shaghâwal said to me, the great point was to reach Yârkand in safety, and that has been accomplished, so all is well. What intrigues preceded or produced my safe arrival, I shall never know, I suppose.

"The Moonshee, moreover, told me that the very day that he reached Yârkand, a cannon was discovered buried in the ground close to the city. This was looked upon as a most favourable omen, as the arrival of an English messenger was simultaneous with that welcome addition to the defences of the country.

"I now began establishing myself in my house. The first courtyard contains stables, with room for ten or twelve horses (the mangers very high even for a large animal). Here live my pony and my flock of sheep. Opposite were two or three rooms, which were made over to a Panjâbashee (captain of fifty) and his lieutenant, who are appointed to remain in attendance on me. Here, also, all visitors are entertained while their arrival is announced to me. There is also a raised and roofed floor for receiving visitors in the summer. The next courtyard contains a chamber, which I have converted into a bathing-room

for myself, and next to it is the kitchen, with rooms for the servants and for their stock of fowls. Two slaves of the Shaghâwal's own household arrived to assist in the kitchen. At the end of the third courtyard is the kind of pavilion in which I myself live. Behind this is a small garden with a summer-house looking into it, or rather a room with an open front. Over the wall of the garden, about 200 yards from the house, the view is shut in by the battlemented wall of the Yang-Shahr, with little houses on it at intervals of sixty yards or so. A little to the left it is surmounted by a regular Chinese structure of two stories, supported on wooden pillars with the characteristic pagoda roof cocked up at the corners. My sitting-room is most comfortable, with a well carpeted floor, a spacious fire-place, just like a European one, and which I have never yet known to smoke. The walls are white, and the ceiling carefully papered. It has an opening for light, covered with the likeness of a cucumber frame (with thin paper instead of glass). There are also two windows opening down to the ground with double 'battants.' The outer ones are composed of trelliswork, covered with transparent paper; the inner ones form shutters to be closed at night. All the woodwork is painted green, and the whole house inside and out had been thoroughly refitted, whitewashed, papered, &c., for my accommodation. It had previously belonged to the former Governor of Yârkand, who has only just been released from prison. Next door is the Shaghâwal's own house (he only occupies the palace during the King's absence as his vicegerent). Everything is clean, neat, and comfortable.

"Before I sat down to dinner, arrived the Yoozbashee again, with a crowd of servants, bringing furniture. First, a table (only two feet high), painted in bright colours with patterns. Then two high straight-backed arm-chairs, of which the seats were on a level with the table! Next, two bedsteads, with large thin mattresses lined with silk. These were for sitting on in the day as well as for sleeping on. Every one of these pieces of furniture had been made expressly for me, as none of them are known in Yârkand. The Toorks always sit on carpets, and sleep on wooden shelves or on mattresses on the floor. The Shaghâwal had asked the Hindostanees in his service what were the requirements of Englishmen, and these pieces of furniture were made from their descriptions. The comparative height of the table and chairs is unfortunate, but luckily my American folding camp-chair is exactly the right height for the table. The tall chairs I reserve for occasions of ceremony, seating my visitor in one and myself in the other. When these things had been displayed, the Yoozbashee produced a skull-cap such as they all wear under their turban, a tall velvet cap turned up with fur (like his own that I described to you), an embroidered silk purse or pouch of peculiar shape to wear at the girdle, a pair of high boots, and, finally, a long robe of crimson silk thickly wadded, which he said the Shaghâwal had sent for me as the weather was getting cold. There was a considerateness in all this that made me feel quite friendly towards the old Shaghâwal for the trouble he had taken to find out the things that would be agreeable to me,

attending as much to my comfort as to the mere show of giving presents.

"The Moonshee's servant, Rahmet-Ullah, was caught prejudicing the Toorks against my Hindoo servants, telling the latter not to touch the bread which Mussulmans were to eat. I had him up, and held him by the ear (the native way of impressing a warning), while I cautioned him against such conduct. 'These people,' I said, 'are not half-Hindoos like you, to have caste distinction in eating and drinking. If you ever again put such things into their heads, I will skin you.' The man promised obedience in the most contrite manner, and this is the last I heard of such follies.

"*Yârkand, December 9th.*—The Yoozbashee looked in at breakfast time, with a man bringing a trayful of creams and preserves. I told him I wished for another interview with the Shaghâwal, in order to offer him some presents. He said he would ask him. I said I wanted a glass for my watch, and reminded him of his promise to get me one on our arrival at Yârkand. I also asked to have some merchants sent to me, of whom I might make inquiries regarding the prices of the various articles sold in the Yârkand market. He said, 'Very good,' and carried off my watch to show the Shaghâwal. Presently he came back, saying the watch man was ill, but the Shaghâwal has sent his own watch for me to wear until mine is mended. He gave it me, a Geneva watch (silver gilt), winding up without key. This is a very kind attention.

"Yesterday the Shaghâwal told my Moonshee that he was much pleased at seeing me, and hoped we

should be great friends, but it was only on condition that I should ask him for whatever I wanted during my stay.

"Two sepoys have been despatched to trace out my caravan; two more are to join them at Shahidoolla. I gave them each a turban, and promised a reward.

"*Yârkand, December* 10*th.*—The Yoozbashee came, bringing me a present of a tall fur-lined cap, of blue velvet, such as they wear, and four fine robes for the servants. I asked him when I could go and present my gifts to the Shaghâwal; he went off to ask. Presently he came back and said, 'Come along now, but your presents cannot be received till the King has seen you.' I went off to the palace, and with the aid of the Moonshee, who was allowed to be present, had a long talk with the Shaghâwal. The best part of it is fresh in my memory, and was as follows:—

"He said, 'The reason why we have not sent any "elchi"[1] to the English is that we are ashamed to meet them, on account of the murder of the Englishman (Schlagintweit) some years ago. It is true the present rulers had nothing to do with that murder, which was committed by a madman, who was then in authority; but, as he was a Toorkistânee, we feared the guilt might be imputed to the present rulers.'

"I answered that we knew the circumstances of the murder, and that the country was then under a different rule, and therefore we did not impute guilt to those who could have had no share in it. I further explained that Schlagintweit was not an Englishman, but that, nevertheless, we had been much grieved at

[1] Envoy.

hearing of his murder, because he had gone from India to the place of his death, and had thus been a guest of ours. I added that it would be considered a great favour and kindness if any articles that had belonged to him could be found and given to me for his friends.

"The Shaghâwal said, 'The time elapsed is so great that there is no chance of this, and in a matter of shame like this, we hope to have the whole matter forgotten.'

"I said, 'That is best; let us on both sides wipe away all recollections of it; we, on our side, entertaining no ill-will to you for the deeds of another; and you, on your part, meeting us without shame.'

"He laughed, and said, 'Good; the matter is wiped away from between us.'

"I said to him, 'God has so created our two countries that we seem intended for mutual friendship. He has placed between us such a mountain barrier that neither can entertain any jealousy or fear of being attacked by the other, while the wants of each country are supplied by the other, and thus the strongest incentive is offered to commerce.'

"He cordially agreed, and said that, when hearts are joined, no mountains can divide; but when hearts are not in unison, mountains arise even in the plains.

"I said, 'Although I have not been sent here by our rulers, yet their mind, and the mind of my countrymen, is known to me; and I hoped to let the King know their friendly intentions and wishes. My reception as a private Englishman will highly gratify my Sovereign, as showing the honour in which our country is held.'

"He said, 'If you had come in the name of the Lord Sahib,[1] or bringing a letter from him, any attentions we might show you would be thought to be given to him, and with some object in view. But now it is plain to all men that we bestow honour on you for your own sake, and out of pure friendship to your nation. As you are friends and allies of the Sultan-i-Room (who is the chief of our religion), we already felt great friendship for the English; and thus, when a friend came and *shook our door*, we at once said, "Come in." As for the attentions paid you, they are nothing, and we are only ashamed we could not do more for you.'

"I said that I was hoping for a speedy interview with the King, and hoped to be the means of establishing great friendship between the two countries.

"He said, 'If you want to go on quickly to Kâshghar, I will write and get the King's orders; but it is not my part as host to say to my guest, "Move on." However, if it is your own wish, it shall be done. As host, I say to you, "Stay and rest from the fatigues of your journey."'

"I said, 'I don't feel in any way tired, thanks to the comfort in which I have been brought along, and I am ready at any moment, by day or night, to start on a visit to the King. I shall feel no fatigue in anything which conduces to bring me before him.'

"He said, 'Good; I will get his orders for your journey.'

"I answered, 'I trust, when I have seen him, to have better opportunities of conversing with you,

[1] The Viceroy of India.

and presenting you with a few gifts which I have brought for you, but which I understood you cannot receive until I have met the King.'

"As before, I received a silk robe on taking my leave, and was accompanied through the next room by the Shaghâwal.

"In the evening the Yoozbashee came, while I was at dinner, bringing a conical iron bullet (which would fit a 3-pounder gun, perhaps). He said he was going off for five days to the place where this iron was got, on duty; and was come to take leave of me. He then asked for a tin of English gunpowder, which I gave him. Query, is he going to Kâshghar to the King?

"As he went out, my servant, Choomâroo, made a petition to him, saying, 'We are accustomed to the mountains, and shall get ill if we are shut up. Therefore, may we go and walk about the town?' The Yoozbashee replied, 'Who stops you? But I will ask for orders, and tell you to-morrow morning.'

"*Yârkand, Friday, December 11th.* — Moollah Shereef came to see me, and let out, in all innocence, that the Yoozbashee was gone to Kâshghar. Fresh presents from the Shaghâwal Dâd-khwâh;[1] amongst other things a pair of galoshes, lined with red baize, and marked with the stamp of the 'Russian American India-Rubber Company.'

"The servants went off to the bazâr, no man forbidding. They returned delighted; they say the

[1] The titles of Dâd-khwâh and Shaghâwal both apply to the same person, the Governor of Yârkand. The former is his present correct title; the latter was his ancient denomination as chief scribe to the Khan of Khokand; but it is still constantly applied to him with or without the addition of the other.

shops are equal to those of Umritsir (a chief city of Northern India), but are nearly all kept by women. There is a large round bazâr for rich clothes of every description; a caravansary for Hindoos. Here they found Târa Sing (the Sikh merchant, who went down from Ladâk with me last year), also their Guddee friends, and others. They are all forbidden to wear turbans, and compelled to carry black ropes round their waists, to mark them as 'infidels' in this country. My own servants, however, although Hindoos, and I myself, are allowed to wear the full and honourable insignia of a Mussulman, as if we were true believers. This, I suppose, is a great favour. Poor Târa Sing is in fear of his life through the machinations of his rivals, the Cashmeeree merchants here.

"I mounted on to the roof of my house, tired of the close courtyards, and was sitting there when Mahammad Nazzar (the Envoy just returned from Cashmeer) was announced. He is in great terror about a letter just received from some Englishman, who says he has arrived at Shahidoolla at his (Mahammad Nazzar's) invitation. He thinks it must be Hayward, and says he had been in the belief that Englishmen never told lies. I told him he might rest quite easy, that it must be some other Sahib, and not Hayward, who had never seen him.

"Mahammad Nazzar abused my Moonshee, and said he had tried to advise him (the Moonshee) during the journey for my benefit, but that he would not listen; and that I must not imagine their disagreement had arisen from any ill-feeling on his part towards me.

"To-day I sent for the Panjâbashee, who is in

attendance, and told him that I wanted to go out for a ride to-morrow, with him as a companion.

"*Yârkand, December* 12*th.*—Mahammad Nazzar came again. He said he heard I had asked to go over the fort, and that he came to warn me, as a friend, that this was not proper. I replied that I had not asked to go over the fort, but merely to go out for a ride in the country for air. He said, 'It is the custom in this country that no guest goes anywhere out of doors before seeing the King.' I thanked him for his advice, which he repeated at great length. Soon afterwards the Moonshee brought me a letter he had just received from the Shaghâwal, to the effect that he heard my servants had gone and sold some things in order to get money to defray our private expenses; that he felt quite hurt that I did not apply to him for money; and that people ill disposed to government would say that the rulers were not showing proper attention to their English guest. The Moonshee also told me that he had heard that our friend, Mahammad Nazzar, had reported to the Shaghâwal that he had yesterday found me mounted on the roof, and surveying the fort and the neighbouring zenanas with my glass.

"On consideration, I thought it prudent to send the Moonshee at once to the Shaghâwal to try and clear up these matters. So off he went, and when admitted to an audience began by explaining that the request I made yesterday through the Panjâbashee was not to see the fort, but to be allowed to ride in the country for air. To this the Shaghâwal replied, that my request had not reached him in either shape; that if I felt tired of solitude, I was to

come to see him. Regarding the sales, the Moonshee denied them, and reminded the Shaghâwal that this was his own country, and that if we had sold anything, he could easily find out the purchasers, and prove us to be liars. As for buying things, I had bought a few coarse clothes for my servants, but that, for the future, I would ask him for everything I wanted. The Shaghâwal said he had been very uneasy at the report, because, if the King heard that he was neglecting his guest, he would be in great danger. The Moonshee said, 'But how so, when here is the Sahib himself to testify before the King that you have shown him every attention?' The Shaghâwal answered, 'True enough, if time were given for witnesses to be heard. But I should probably be condemned at once, on the word of the accuser.'

"With regard to the going on to the roof, the Shaghâwal laughed, and said, 'God has created the men and women of this country in no wise different from those of Russia, or China, or Room, or India.' Finally, he said, 'Does Shaw Sahib take snuff? Give him this snuff-bottle, with my salâm.' So the Moonshee brought me a lovely little carved jade bottle, with gold and enamel mountings, formerly the property of the Chinese khan-amban, or governor-general. The face of a figure carved on it had been broken by the Mussulman owner, lest the presence of an *image* should vitiate his prayers. In the morning came a handsome chah-josh, or tea-pot, with the usual fifty tangas in strings of coppers (value about seventeen shillings), a sheep, and plentiful provisions of all sorts. These supplies, and the

money, come every morning, together with some articles of clothing, or of use, as presents from the Shaghâwal.

"*Yârkand, December 13th.*—Yesterday the Shaghâwal began to keep the feast of Ramazân, although it wanted three days to the new moon (or, rather, to the first sight of the crescent moon). Men of inferior rank are not so pious, and do not begin till to-morrow. I asked for an interview for to-morrow. He professed to be charmed, and sent to enquire of my Moonshee whether I should be offended at not receiving the usual attention of a dastar-khân, on account of the fast.

"*Yârkand, December 14th.*—According to appointment, I went to see the Shaghâwal Dâd-khwâh. His brother was sitting outside, in the verandah, just returned from Kâshghar. I recognised him, and *clasped* hands with him, and he showed me in. I had a long talk with the Dâd-khwâh, and will here note down all of it that I can remember.

"I thanked him for the jade snuff-bottle he had sent me, and said that we delighted in artistic things. He said, 'That is nothing. Between friends even slight presents are valued; but if the mind is at enmity, the greatest gifts are unavailing.'

"I told him about the tea plantations of India. He said that they had formerly been under the impression that tea could be produced nowhere but in China, but now he understood from me that this was not so.

"I replied, 'We also used to think so, but experiments were tried and proved successful; after which, planting was begun on a larger scale, sending for seed, &c., from China.'

"He said, 'The Khatai[1] are misers (dogs in the manger), and are anxious to keep out all other nations from their own advantages, and even to close their country against outsiders. They are a bad race.'

"I said, 'We also have found out that, for we have had three wars with them, chiefly caused by their faithlessness.' I then related the history of Lord Elgin's embassy and the Peiho Forts, and our subsequent taking of Pekin, and looting the Summer Palace. 'Half China,' I said, 'is now in a state of insurrection, and the rebels are ravaging the country close up to Pekin. This news has reached us by sea.'

"He said, 'True; we also have heard the same. The Toongânee king, Daood Khan, and his rival, Ala Khoja of Ila, have taken much country from them, and the internal dissensions between the Kara-Khatai and the Manjoo[2] races divide the rest. They are a miserable set, very unwarlike, so that ten men of Andijân, or ten Englishmen, could rout a thousand of them. That is why they neither conquered other countries themselves nor let any strangers into their own, for fear of invasion. They are also a most dirty set of mortals, so that it is unpleasant to come near them or their houses.'

"I said, 'Yes; they are poor hands at fighting. When first we fought with them, they used to paint their faces and make themselves hideous, wearing two swords apiece, and yelling frantically to try and frighten us, but as soon as our guns opened, they could not stand fire, but ran away.'

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[1] Chinese.

[2] Chinese factions, of which more hereafter.

"He laughed very much at my description, and said, 'Yes; talk is one thing, but action is another. You English have taken India, but if all the princes and people had joined against you, and been equal to you in respect of warlike preparations, they would have beaten you off. So with the Chinese, although they are more numerous than you, yet you beat them because you all pull together.'

"I agreed, and told the fable of the king with five sons, who, on the point of death, made them each bring a stick, and bind them with a string into a faggot, so that they could not break it, but on untying it, each stick separately was easily broken.

"He laughed very much, and agreed with the moral.

"I said, 'So it is with us English, and I hope it may be the same in Toorkistân. Your Mussulman faith is the string which binds the faggot, and I trust your present kingdom may hold together for ever. All we English were delighted at hearing of its establishment. We looked upon it in this light, that the Chinese, so often our enemies, have been removed from our borders, and a kingdom of friends established; for our friendship with the Sultan made us consider you as such from the first.'

"He replied, 'God grant that it may be as you say.'

"At the beginning of the conversation, I had spoken of the pleasure it had given me to see the fine riding of the Toorks; that the Yoozbashee had shown me their game of 'ooghlak,' and I was delighted at it, because the English also were great horsemen, and thought highly of the art.

"He said, 'That game is nothing, it is not a warlike game, and the King forbade it a year or two ago, for fear that any good soldiers should lose their lives at it. If God pleases, after the Ramazân, I will show you some fine horse-play.

"I said, 'We English also amuse ourselves on horseback, hunting, &c., and we reckon that all such sports, although not warlike themselves, yet prepare a man for war, by making him a good rider.'

"He agreed, and said, 'Yes, they are the school for war.'

"On taking leave, I begged that he would not think it necessary to give me dastar-khân when I visited him during Ramazân, as I knew it was contrary to their customs. He laughed, and said, 'It does not matter.'

"I was told afterwards that he had gone and made the tea for me with his own hands before I arrived; as he said his men did not make it well. On going, I received the usual silk robe of honour.

"Choomâroo went into the city to see his friends, the Guddee merchants. While sitting in the serai, they saw a man being dragged past to execution, screaming and crying. Târa Sing told them that this was the third that had passed that way since his arrival. Yet he does not live near the execution stage!

"The Moonshee went home at sunset to distribute food at the mosque, for the poor to 'break their fast' at nightfall. This is the custom with the bettermost classes. To-day they have all begun the fast.

"*Yârkand, Tuesday, December 15th.*—The three Kirghiz who accompanied us from Sanjoo came to see

me after breakfast. I gave them turbans (a fine one to the Akskal, or chief), and asked them questions. They say their sheep stay beyond the pass until the fresh grass springs up on this side. The pass is seldom closed, even in winter. I began asking whether they ever migrated to Sarikol, when they abruptly got up and went away. My Moonshee says he saw outside a hand, warning them away; it was the hand of the Panjâbashee. But they lost their presence of mind, and made their exit badly—

"'I see a hand thou canst not see, that beckons me away.'

"The Panjâbashee came, bringing an English letter from Hayward to the King, with a request from the Shaghâwal that I would translate it. I accordingly put it into Persian, and made the Moonshee write it out. The letter says that he has come 8000 miles 'for the purpose of trading,' and requests permission to enter Toorkistân for that purpose.

"Had a visit from Mahammad Azim, one of the 'King's messengers.' He has just returned from Kâshghar, and says he met my Yoozbashee arriving on Saturday night, as he was starting. They do not attempt to conceal that he is gone to Kâshghar, though he himself pretended some business at the iron-mines.

"My Moonshee was asked in the morning, 'Where is the other Englishman gone? he has disappeared from Shahidoolla.' He said, 'I don't know.' Afterwards, they told him that Hayward had just arrived at Bora. They do not even pretend to consistency in what they say.

"Every day, at nightfall, they beat a kind of 'tattoo' for the soldiers, with fifes and drums, and a kind of trumpet call. The cocks too in this country have the peculiarity that they crow as much by night as by day—

"'The bird of dawning singeth all night long.'

Carpenter's Measure.

CHAPTER X.

RESIDENCE AT YÂRKAND CONTINUED.

The Yoozbâshee — The Province of Sarikol — Talk with Moonshee regarding Infanticide in India — Presents to the Shaghâwal and Conversation with him — Toorkee Views of Ethnology — Old Books — Sufferers from Goître — Christmas Festivities and Presents — The Traveller gives a Dinner-party — The Mahammedan Servants held to Orthdox Conduct — Present from the Shaghâwal — Pistol accident — The Gazelle called *Saikeek* — Musicians — New Year's Day — Frozen Grapes — Cashmere Mischief-makers — Anecdote of the King — Money supplied to the Traveller — The Shaghâwal; his historical Knowledge — Arrangements for advance to Kâshghar.

"*Yârkand, December* 16*th*.—To-day I set up a thermometer, protected in the way suggested in the Geographical Society's 'Hints to Travellers.' I made a thing like a meat-safe, in the middle of which is suspended a vessel full of dry sand, into which the thermometer is plunged. The whole of this apparatus I suspended four feet from the ground, under a kind of roof or thatch, open all round to the air, and placed in the middle of my back garden, far from any possibility of reflected heat. I intend to take two observations of temperature every day in this machine, which, according to the authority quoted, gives the mean temperature very correctly.

"To-day the Moonshee's informant tells him that he was mistaken yesterday, and that the other Englishman is lost, and cannot be heard of! He is said to have gone off to look for some water. This must mean the source of the Yârkand River.

"A box of Chinese carved stones and jewellery was brought to me to look at. There were some good stones, blue, red, and green (resembling sapphires, rubies, and emeralds), but all uncut.

"Near dinner-time I heard the Yoozbashee's voice shouting for Shaw Sahib in the courtyard. I got up, and met him at the door, when he embraced me with such force as to leave no breath in me to speak. He was very cordial and friendly; he sat down, and enquired after my health.

"Then he spied out a new revolver hanging up to the wall; darted at it. Then examined my small rifle, and asked how many I had altogether. I said, 'Seven here, and one with the caravan.' He asked, 'Any news of the caravan?'

"I told him that Mahammad Nazzar had been twice to see me during his absence. He asked, 'What did he say?' I replied, 'He is greatly excited about the letter from a Sahib.'

"The Yoozbashee said, 'He is in great disgrace for not having reported your approach, and thus caused you delay. That is why he is not allowed to go and see the King.' Then off he started, waving his hand, as if to say, 'Ta, ta;' adding, 'I must be off to say my prayers with the Shaghâwal.' He first, however, sent for all my servants, to ask them how they did, and patted Sarda on the back. By-the-bye, that reminds me that Sarda was bitterly distressed one day on the march, because my interpreter, Jooma, told him he must not stay in the room when the Yoozbashee came, as the latter was too great a man for a 'kâfir' (an infidel, or Hindoo,) to go near. Sarda is quite a young fellow, who had never been

long away from his home before. His tribe, too, are very affectionate and friendly among themselves. He was quite inconsolable at what he called this unkind speech of Jooma, and sobbed away for a long time, quite cut to the heart. He said, 'The great man himself (the Yoozbashee) is never unkind to us, and I am sure he does not think our presence a contamination.' It was a long time before he recovered his equanimity.

"*Yârkand, December 17th.*—The Yoozbashee arrived early in the morning to enquire after me, and to ask about the other Frang (as he calls Hayward). He says that another messenger has just arrived from Shahidoolla, which he left five days ago. Hayward had then been gone fifteen or sixteen days, with only a little flour on a yak, and one man carrying a rifle. The soldiers went after him, and tracked him for two days in the direction of Kanjoot (the home of a robber tribe, in the mountains to the westward), and then, snow coming on, they lost his track and returned. The Yoozbashee thinks he has been taken by the Kanjootees, who are known to be out. Two loads, and his servants, are still at Shahidoolla.

"The Shaghâwal wants to find out from me what business he has come on, and why he asked for permission to enter, and then ran away without waiting for it. I said I could not tell, but that in his letter, which they had brought to me to translate, he had said he came to trade. The Yoozbashee shook his head, but answered nothing. They evidently do not believe that.

"The Yoozbashee carries a gun, in all respects like the regular Toorkee ones, save that it has a

percussion lock, very stiff. He said it was made here.

"Choomâroo arrived back from the city. It was market-day (Thursday), and he says his shoulders are bruised with the constant shoving and pushing of the crowds. He bought a packet of Russian lucifers. There is a great quantity of meat exhibited for sale: mutton, yak-beef, horse and camel flesh. A new tank and mosque have just been built by the King's orders. All the water used in the city comes from tanks, which are filled by canals cut from the river.

"The Panjâbashee, who always comes in for a talk after dinner, says that in Andijân (Khokand) the Kirghiz have the two-humped camels for the mountains, and for going north to trade with Russia, but in the plains they use the one-humped sort.

"The servants were all out after my dog, who got loose, and ran round the wall of the fortress. They say the roadway on the top is twelve feet wide. They saw some distant snowy mountains to the West.

"*Yârkand, December 18th.*—The Yoozbashee came while I was sitting in the summer-house behind the house. We had out my little Westley-Richards rifle, and fired at the gable of a Chinese pagoda on the wall at 200 yards, quite regardless of the Chinese soldiers there (they are all converted to Mussulmans). He told me I must not *buy* anything. I said that I was ashamed to ask for all the trifling things that I might want. He said, 'Whether the thing you want is worth 1000 "tillahs" or one "phool," you must make no scruple at asking for it.' I promised to do so.

"I had a long talk with Koorbân, an Argoon, who had been sold into slavery by the Kanjootees. He says the river that rises on the Karakôram goes to Sirikul (properly Sarikol). If so, Sirikul cannot be the lake visited by Wood, and situate on the other side of the Pamir range, at the source of the Oxus. No one that I have met with knows of any *Lake* of Sirikul. The name is applied to a little province situate in the corner between the Pamir and the Karakôram ranges, and inhabited by a race of Aryan descent, the sole remainder of that race to the East of the Pamir. I may add that the final element of the word is not *kül*, which means a lake (as in Issik-kül, Kara-kül, &c.), but *kol*, a hand, or a slave. I am informed that it is used in the latter sense in the word Sarikol, but could not discover the meaning of the rest of the word.

"Sarda, in the city, heard a report that the Russians are within a few marches of Kâshghar, awaiting the arrival of the 'Khatai' (the Chinese), to whom they mean to hand over the country!

"My two slaves, whom the Shaghâwal lent me, were yesterday taken away.

"The Yoozbashee brought me a fine dinner from the Shaghâwal, who said he had thought of asking me over to break the fast with him, but thought I should prefer having the dinner sent to me—several basins of meat and soup, and a dish (kept hot by a tube running up through the centre, and containing some hot charcoal, on the principle of a tea-urn). The contents of this dish were prepared by a Toongânee cook. The Shaghâwal is feasting all the soldiers of the city this evening at *breakfast*.

"Had a talk with my Moonshee, who is an Indian Mussulman, this afternoon. He says that people in Yârkand have fewer expenses than in India; there is no trouble in marrying their daughters. I mentioned the Indian custom of infanticide, and he replied, laughing, 'Yes, seven years ago I had a daughter born to me, and I gave her to a man to kill, as no females of our family had hitherto been allowed to live, because we are too poor to marry them with the only families whom we recognise as worthy of receiving a daughter of our house. But my brother, who was in the English Government employ, persuaded me, and so I let her live. Now she is betrothed to a young man of our family, who came all the way from Goojeranwalla to find a wife of his own kin, so scarce were they getting.' Choomâroo was horrified at this recital, and pathetically recalled his own feelings when his little girl died; but he had to confess that even his own tribe, the Guddees, used occasionally to kill their daughters. He said that now, under our Government, they were not only afraid to do so, but their feelings were becoming more sensitive!

"I said to the Mussulman, 'You have become regular Hindoos, refusing to marry out of your own caste. If you had not added this custom to the shareeyat (or laws) of your religion, you would not have been driven to infanticide.'

"*Yârkand, December 20th.*—This morning the Yoozbashee came to say that the Shaghâwal was ready to receive me; and whispered to Jooma, 'The gifts may be brought now.' Nothing was ready, as I had had no notice. However I got together in a

great hurry a rifle, revolver, pink silk turban, some cloth, and 120 lbs. of tea, and off we went to the palace. In presenting my gifts to the Shaghâwal, I said I hoped he would accept them, though they were not such as I should have wished to give him, had my kâfila arrived. He seemed very pleased, and said that I should not have given them, but that, as I had done so, he accepted them with great pleasure.

"He then said he had written to the King to announce my desire to go to him, and that he expected the answer in a day or two, when I should go to Kâshghar and tell the King all I wished to say.

"I said, 'I know the feelings and wishes of our nation with regard to you, although I am a merchant, and not sent by the Lord Sahib, who could not send an Envoy until one should come from you.'

"He answered, 'We have not sent one because we were ashamed of the murder of Schlagintweit; but the Lord Sahib was not ashamed of anything; why did he not send an Envoy first?'

"I laughed, and said, 'Well, now that I have explained matters, I hope there will be a constant interchange of Envoys, and of all good offices between us and you.'

"He replied, 'As for seeing the King, I trust the orders will come in a few days. Formerly, the King used to transact all business at Yârkand; but now that he has transferred his seat of government to Kâshghar, I believe he will send for me to be there with him also. I have detained Shaw Sahib at Yârkand, that I might make his acquaintance and friendship;

for if he had gone on directly to Kâshghar, he would have forgotten me quickly.'

"I answered, 'There is no fear of that, after your kindness to me; and I am delighted to hear of your coming to Kâshghar, as I shall have a friend there to assist me by his advice.'

"He said, 'I fear my going will be rather delayed, whereas yours will probably be in a few days. But I have many brothers at Kâshghar, before the King.'

"He then said that his friendship for me was great, and that he had treated my Moonshee with distinction, for my sake.

"I interrupted the latter, who was translating, and said to the Shaghâwal myself, in Persian, 'I have heard so from him.'

"The Shaghâwal smiled at my dispensing with the interpreter, so I took the opportunity of saying:—

"'I am quite ashamed of not being able to talk with the people of this country in their own tongue. You would be showing me great favour if you would give me a moollah to teach me Toorkee.'

"He laughed, and said, 'Why shouldn't you teach me Hindostanee?'

"I answered, 'I have already learned several languages, and I ought to complete my knowledge by learning Toorkee, which will be useful, not only here, but in Room, where they talk the same language. Have you any traditions of brotherhood with them?'

"He said, 'Yes; they came originally from Toorkistân — from Khakan (?). They talk the same language that we do, and they also are sons of Yapit. We divide mankind into three parts: those who

live above, such as the English, the Roomees, &c.; those who live in the middle, as the Heratees, Khorassanees, the Arabs, &c.; and those who live at the extremity, viz. the Habshees, &c., who are black. The former are children of Yapit, the second of Sem, and the third of Hâm.'

"I asked, 'Whom are the Khatais (Chinese) sons of?'

"He said, 'They are children of Sem; they live in the middle countries.'

"I was greatly delighted at his introducing the subject, and said, 'We English take the greatest interest in matters of this kind; we also have the same division, derived from the sons of Noah. We also reckon the Arabs to be Semites, and the Abyssinians to be Hamites, we ourselves being descendants of Japheth; but I now learn from you, for the first time, the descent of the Toorkees, who, you tell me, are Japhetites.[1] We go deep into enquiries of this sort, and great honour is bestowed in England on those learned men who are successful in their investigations.'

"He said, 'Very right, for learning of this sort is very good for men; and wherever there are many doctors (hakeems), there researches are much carried on, as in England.'

"I said, 'You must have old books, treating of

[1] It is curious to find them calling Japheth their father and ours. Their religious feelings would lead them to claim descent from Shem, the ancestor of their Prophet. Can this be one of the few original traditions cropping up through their Mahammedanism, a relic of the pre-Islam time? It is more probable that the very names of the sons of Noah came to them with their religion.

these matters, and also of later times, regarding the conquests of Chenghiz Khan, Timour, &c.?'

"'Yes,' he replied, 'we have books on these subjects. There are, probably, some in Yârkand.'

"I said, 'I should be infinitely obliged to you if you would introduce me to some man of learning, who could tell me about all these matters. For it would be trespassing too much on your time to ask you all I want to know.

"He answered, 'I will certainly try and do so, although there are no men of great learning in Yârkand.'

"I said, 'I used formerly to study such matters, and still retain the greatest interest in them.'

"We parted, with a promise, on his part, to do as I wished.

"In the afternoon I received messages through my Moonshee and servants from Mahammad Bakhsh, a chief Cashmeeree merchant, and from Târa Sing of Amritsir. They are profuse in offers of assistance, but afraid to come and see me.

"*Yârkand, December* 21*st*.—This morning many sufferers from *goître*,[1] several of them women, came for medicine. I applied iodine, with which remedy I have cured many scores of cases in the outer Himâlaya.

"The Yoozbashee brought me a 'camsole' (or tight robe) of silk and cotton mixed. I gave him my little rifle, but he was afraid to take it away with

[1] Marco Polo (Yule's 'Marco Polo,' i. 173), says (speaking of Yârkand), "The people . . . . are in general afflicted with swellings in the legs and *tumours in the throat*, occasioned by the quality of the water they drink."

him, lest it should be said that he had asked for it. So I sent it to him by Jooma in the evening.

"My Moonshee supped this evening at the palace, the Shaghâwal's son (Mahammad Ali Jân) putting him in the place of honour above himself.

"*Yârkand, December 22nd.*—The Yoozbashee came in the afternoon, and said that Hayward was found. They say that in a few days more he would have come to grief, as he was without tent or means of returning, having killed a yak, his only baggage animal, for food, and been living solely on its flesh broiled at the fire.

"*Yârkand, December 23rd.*—I had allowed my servants to buy a joint of beef for me for Christmas Day; so to-day comes a long and ceremonious message from the Shaghâwal, to the effect that I must ask him for all I want, and get nothing from the city; that he has heard that my festival is approaching, and will supply everything. (Nothing under a whole ox would have come had I asked for beef!)

"In the evening I explained our Christmas family gatherings to the Panjâbashee and Khojend-lik, who said that the Ramazân 'Eed' is kept in a similar way in Andijân.

"They ignore the name of Moghul.

"The Yoozbashee is to-day giving a feed to the poor.

"*Yârkand, December 25th.*—To-day the Shaghâwal sent me, in honour of the day, a tremendous 'dustar khân,' and two silk robes and a cap. The things were brought in by twelve men under charge of the Yoozbashee, who entreated me to tell him

what was required to keep Christmas properly, according to English custom. I gave him and the Panjâbashee presents, and exchanged presents with all my servants. The Moonshee brought me twenty different kinds of bread made in Yârkand.

"In the evening I sent my Moonshee to the Shaghâwal with presents from me in honour of Christmas Day—a gold pencil-case for himself, and a gold-enamelled revolver for the King. The Shaghâwal received him very well, appeared much pleased, and sent me back a ring set with a fine stone (garnet, I think) as a keepsake. An old Indian artilleryman, one of our mutineers, came to pay his respects. He had served us in the Afghan war and the two Seikh wars, and had many medals. He appeared very angry with the Envoy Mahammad Nazzar, who had brought him to Yârkand.

"About two hundred cavalry were sent off on some expedition this evening: the Shaghâwal, when they came to take leave, distributed some fifty horse-loads of coppers among them. Rumours are flying about of an advance of the Russians towards Kâshghar, and of something in the way of an invading force (Pathans suggested) having crossed the Sarikol Mountains. Jooma, in a fright, wishes to make preparations to bolt, saying that we had better risk the dangers of the passes in winter than stay here in time of war.

"*Yârkand, December 27th.*—I am told this morning that the cavalry sent yesterday went to look after a party of 150 armed men (whether Kanjootees or who is unknown), who had appeared at Sarikol, on the Yârkand side of the passes. Hayward has

arrived, and gone to see the Shaghâwal. Jooma, who was sent for as interpreter, was horrified to see Hayward sit down with his legs stretched out towards the Shaghâwal, in defiance of all Oriental etiquette!

"*Yârkand, December 28th.*—Yesterday I sent a letter in which I requested to be allowed to make a shooting excursion, or at least to go out every day for exercise. The only thing I have got in the way of a reply, is a message from the Shaghâwal to the Moonshee, to the effect that he was having a fur coat made for me, as in a few days I should be travelling to Kâshghar, and asking whether it should be made single or double-breasted!

"My Moonshee is evidently anxious for evidence in his favour in case of his having to return to India without me. He has been pressing me to-day to sign a certificate of good service which he had written out. I wrote underneath in Hindostani, 'When I am out of the wood, I will begin to sing.'

"I hear that the invaders have bolted from Sarikol, which place is seven days' march from here.

"*Tuesday, December 29th.*—I sit down to tell you of my dinner-party. My friends have just left me to go and say their prayers, although it is still early, and the evening drum has only just sounded. During the holy month of Ramazân, the ceremony of breaking the fast each evening after sunset is made an occasion for feasting your friends or sending them dinners to their houses. I asked my Yoozbashee to *breakfast* for this evening, and three or four others. They arrived about five o'clock, shortly after the sun had set. My Moonshee was there to help do the honours. But

before breaking the fast, it is necessary to go through a form of prayers. Accordingly a large sheet was spread on the carpets (my table had been taken out of the room), and the Yoozbashee began the call to prayers, motioning to my Moonshee to take the front place as 'Imâm,' or leader of the devotions. This is a piece of politeness, implying the superiority of the person so put forward. The others, standing behind, take their time from him. Diwân Bakhsh accordingly faced towards the Kiblah, and went through the usual Mussulman prayers. At intervals the leader utters aloud the word *Allah*, at which all prostrate themselves with their foreheads to the ground. Sometimes he repeats some verses of the Koran in a low voice, but the greater part of the time there is silence, each man saying his prayers within himself, kneeling down and rising up again according to the motions of the leader. Meanwhile, I was sitting in my chair by the fire, and each guest as he finished his prayers came and sat down by me. When all were ready, some white table-cloths were spread on the ground in front of us, and I left my chair and seated myself, Toorkee fashion, near the fire. Next to me sat the Yoozbashee, then my Moonshee, Diwân Bakhsh, then my former Mihmandâr of Shahidoolla, who has just arrived here with Hayward. Then four more Panjâbashees, who attend on me, so forming two sides of a square. Before anything else, the fast was ceremoniously broken by eating a piece of bread dipped in salt. I gave them a kind of mixed dinner; mainly English dishes, but lots of their own to fall back upon in case of necessity. I luckily had a few tins of English soup left, after which came pigeon-pie,

roast-fowls, legs of mutton, &c., and then apple-tart with cream, and plum-pudding. But they evidently relished most a huge pilao of rice, boiled mutton, and sliced carrots, which seems to be their usual dinner. Finally, a dessert of grapes, melons, apples, pears, pomegranates, &c. At this the Yoozbashee exclaimed to the servants, 'Halloh, you should have brought this in first!' I could not get him to use a knife and fork, but he consented to take a spoon for the apple-tart. We finished up with tea and coffee. The latter they did not know, and would not drink.

"After this, the table-cloths being removed, a metal basin and jug were taken round for the guests to wash their hands. A servant pours the water over their fingers. Then the Yoozbashee asked for permission to go, saying that it was time for evening prayers, which are very long in Ramazân. So ended my dinner-party, the only one I am likely to have this Christmas.

"Earlier in the day, the Yoozbashee came with a hot dinner for me from the Dâd-khwâh, and sat with me for some time. He introduced the subject of guns, and then said that the Dâd-khwâh was so much obliged for the pistol I had sent him. He was unworthy of it, &c. I stared, but said nothing at the time. He went on to say, 'You must teach me all about guns, and the way of using them properly. So many days I have been with you, you have taught me nothing yet.' I said, 'How should I teach you? I am a merchant, while you are a soldier.' He laughed and said, 'Oh, we know all about that. You know more about weapons and matters of war than any of us, who are soldiers.' I answered, 'Yes, I

know about guns for purposes of sport, as I am fond of shooting, but I know nothing of military matters.' Presently there was a pause in the conversation, and I found an opportunity of saying, 'I sent a gold-enamelled pistol to the Dâd-khwâh for a Christmas present to the King. Has it been sent to Kâshghar?' He said, 'I know nothing about it; I have not heard of it.'

"Shortly after he was gone, my Moonshee was called out of the room to speak to him. The Yooz-bashee had gone to the palace and come back again. He said, 'The Dâd-khwâh did not understand that that pistol was for the King, and has taken it to himself. Now, if you were to tell him that it is not meant for him, he will be displeased. Better manage so that the matter shall rest in silence.' So the Moonshee came and told me this. After some consultation, we came to the conclusion that the real facts must be these:—The Dâd-khwâh had sent off word to the King regarding the pistol, and the answer must have just arrived. If the King had accepted the pistol, he must have sent me back a present in return. But, for some reason, they do not think it proper for this to be done until I have seen the King. Hence this subterfuge. For it is not conceivable that the story is true. The Moonshee declares he said three times to the Dâd-khwâh that the pistol was to be sent to the King at Kâshghar, and that the gold pencil-case was my present to himself (the Dâd-khwâh). Moreover, the unnatural introduction of the subject this morning by the Yoozbashee (who is a very unskilful liar) was an evident *plant*. Any message of thanks or admiration for the pistol would have been given me

the next day, whereas four days have elapsed—viz. just time for an answer from Kâshghar. Lastly, in a country so full of spies, it would be impossible to keep the secret of the Dâd-khwâh having retained a present intended for his master, and he would not be likely to incur the danger of the discovery for an advantage so trivial. Therefore, the whole thing is done by orders of the King: which was to be proved.

"All this was nothing to me, however, excepting that the pistol was a very handsome one, which I had thought the King would be pleased with. But he is sure to get it in the end; so I sent back word to the Yoozbashee that the mistake did not matter, for I considered everything given to the King's servants as given to himself. If they are sharp, they will see from this answer that I see through their plot, and know that the Dâd-khwâh is not really retaining anything from the King.

"*Wednesday*, *December* 30*th*.—This morning my Moonshee came and told me a long story of which I had heard something overnight. Some days ago he had found out that a Yârkandee, who looks after his horse, had sold in the city some of the corn which forms part of the daily supplies allowed both to him and to me. As it might be imagined that he was making a profit by selling the King's bounty, he was justly very angry with the man, and also with his own Indian servant for not looking after these matters sharper. He took the latter by the beard and gave him several slaps on the face. Yesterday the man went in a fit of anger and shaved off his beard which had been pulled, to the great horror of

all orthodox Mussulmans, who consider the cutting the beard to be the mark of a heathen. The Toork officials told him that, if it were not for Shaw Sahib, they would have cut his head off at once without waiting for orders either from the King or the Shaghâwal Dâd-khwâh!

"The Moonshee and I consulted as to the course to be taken to show *our* orthodoxy, and, finally, by my orders he turned the man out of his house, with a hint that he would be forgiven if he came and begged my pardon in a few days. You will laugh at my undertaking to be a champion of Mussulman orthodoxy. But you must remember that in such a bigoted country the least laxity in these matters throws discredit on all of us. It is necessary that my Mussulman servants should be doubly strict, to make up for the heterodoxy of their master. Half my success hitherto has been due to my Moonshee, whom they all consider as a model Mussulman. Had I brought only Hindoos to my service, I should not have received half the attention.

"All my servants know this. It is very amusing to see the Ladâk interpreter, Tashee, keeping his Mussulman fellow-servant up to the mark, for the credit of our party. The latter, whose name is Kabeer, got ill in the cold of the journey. So I put Tashee over him to help him, with orders to stir him up and make him do the necessary work. Now he has long since recovered all his powers, except his wits, which seem still to be hard frozen. Tashee is a little bustling man, never so pleased as when he can be doing another man's work in addition to his own. He was invaluable on the journey, always laughing and sing-

ing, and lending a hand everywhere when the others were helpless with the cold. Now that we have reached Yârkand, he acts as Kabeer's mentor. At the proper times he hurries him away to prayers, scolds him for not knowing the direction of Mecca, superintends him lest he should kill the sheep or fowls with their heads the wrong way, in fact, acts as religious guide, though he is himself all the time a Booddhist. It is impossible to prevent laughing when he comes up to me vociferously, and makes a serious complaint that Kabeer won't say his prayers, or has smoked a hookah during fast time; the latter, meanwhile, standing sheepishly in the background with his hands folded in front of him, like a child that has been caught stealing jam.

"Tashee has been a great fund of amusement all the journey. His constant blunders, his surprise at English habits (which gives the other servants a ground of superiority over him), his simplicity in some things and shrewdness in others, his good humour and his wonderful lingo, a mixture of Hindostanee and Ladâkee, have caused us merriment where there was little else to produce it. The Yoozbashee has nicknamed him 'Shaitân,' or 'the devil.'

"Talking of the Yoozbashee, he brought me to-day a present from the Shaghâwal of a handsome robe of thick Chinese silk, bordered all round with sable, and lined with lynx skins, which have beautifully soft and long hair. It is a most comfortable garment, reaching to the ankles, and as he put it on me, he wished I might be 'moobârak,' or 'fortunate,' in it. Later in the afternoon, he brought me the much-debated revolver from the Shaghâwal, ready-loaded,

and desired me to see if it was all right, and fire it off. We went out, and as I fired at a mark, two chambers exploded at once, some of the powder, &c. being blown back in my face. It then flashed across my mind that the last time this pistol had been fired (two or three years ago, before it was enamelled and gilt) the same thing had happened, with the addition that the loading-rod had at the same time been blown away, passing close to the head of a man who was standing by. All this I had forgotten. I tried the other chambers, fully expecting an accident, but unwilling to refuse. But they went off all right. It looks as if there were some flaw in the metal, by which the fire is communicated from one of the chambers to its neighbour. But the Yoozbashee said he would bring the pistol to-morrow for me to show him how it was to be cleaned, so I hope to examine it thoroughly.

"*Thursday, December* 31*st*.—While I was at breakfast, he came with the pistol, and I had it cleaned and examined it well. There is no flaw whatever, which relieves my anxiety. I showed him the proper charge of powder, &c., and loaded all the chambers in his presence.

"About mid-day he came again, ushering in a band of musicians. He said the Shaghâwal Dâd-khwâh had sent them to play to me, and had appointed them to remain always in attendance, so that at whatever time I should call for them by night or by day, they should be ready to play. They performed several times sitting outside in the courtyard, after which I let them go, telling them to come and break their fast here and play again in the evening.

"At sunset, my friend the Yoozbashee appeared

again followed by three or four men carrying a hot dinner for me from the Shaghâwal, and behind them the body of a gazelle of the kind called 'saikeek.' This my Argoon, Jooma, had seen outside in the street being carried past my outer door; he immediately said to the Panjâbashee who is in attendance: 'I want that for the Sahib.' It appeared that the gazelle was being brought in as a present to the Shaghâwal; but the Panjâbashee went off at once, and said it was wanted for me, and accordingly it was brought. I was delighted to get it, for I am anxious to collect as many specimens of animals as possible from this region, which is almost entirely new ground to naturalists. The horns are unlike those of the Indian gazelle, being less slender and more curved inwards at the tip. I have given orders to preserve the head to-morrow with arsenical soap, and to have the skin tanned with the hair on.

"My dinner was different from any that had been sent before. First came an immense vessel full of *Irish stew*, most savoury and good. The principal vegetable it contained was a large kind of 'gram,' like yellow peas. The other dish was a huge sweet omelette, with syrup for sauce. Both were enough to feed twenty men. Afterwards came a smaller bowl of whipped cream and eggs.

"No sooner had I finished dinner than in came the band. The chief musician had a kind of harpsichord [a dulcimer (?)], like a miniature piano without any keys, played with a pointed instrument in the right hand, while the left hand follows its motions, stopping the vibration of the wires. Next to him sat a man with a long-necked guitar, called a 'citar,' played with

a bow like a violoncello. It has nine strings, but only one is played upon, the rest being depressed below its level, and helping to swell the tone of the instrument. The third musician blew upon a sort of slender fife, while the other three had tambourines, and also accompanied the music with their voices. It struck me that their playing was much superior to that of India and even of Cashmeer. There was a precision about it, an exactitude of time and tune, which showed great proficiency. You will say I am no good judge in matters of music, and I confess that my opinion regarding a new opera would not be very valuable. But I think even I may be able to judge of Oriental music.

"There was one extraordinary creature, the first singer. He had thick red moustaches hanging down from the corners of his mouth, and shaggy eyebrows with colourless eyes. His jaw was shaped much like that of the 'Wild Boar of the Ardennes,' whom Sir Walter Scott describes in 'Quentin Durward.' Altogether he bore a most grotesquely ferocious aspect, and sang with hideous contortions of the face. He is just the kind of ogre that one might dream of in a nightmare. His next-door neighbour, the second singer, was a signal contrast—fat, jolly, peaceable-looking, and might stand for one of the sleek citizens of Liege whom Quentin Durward delivered from the Wild Boar's power. The requirements of the music were evidently too much for this personage. His fat cheeks shook with the exertion of beating the tambourine and singing up to time. The contrast between these two afforded amusement to all of us; for I had a select party assembled to hear the music.

"Presently Choomâroo was called to come and dance. He advanced and performed the Guddee dance (which must be seen to be understood). As usual, the Toorks were delighted; it is so much more animated than their style of dancing. Other dancers then came forward, and when that was over, my Panjâbashee and another sang an Andijânee 'ghazal,' or love-song. Finally, our party broke up, much pleased with their musical evening.

"It was, however, still early, and after one of my men had taken back the band, and delivered it over to the Shaghâwal's officers, it was sent, I hear, to play before another guest. This was the son of the Beg of Sanjoo, who, you remember, was in mourning for the death of his wife. They are connections of the Shaghâwal, and this Beg had now, according to the etiquette on the occasion, sent his son with presents to his distinguished relative to celebrate the conclusion of the first period of mourning, after which the mourners shave their heads. The Shaghâwal has given him many gifts in return, and sent the band to serenade him.

"I am now writing this while waiting for the entrance of the New Year, 1869. I hope the next New Year's Eve may see me safely back in England, enjoying a good English *coal* fire, and relating to you my experiences of Toorkistân, while we sit up to welcome the year 1870.

"*Friday, January 1st*, 1869.—A Happy New Year to you, although I can only wish it to you on paper. The weather here is beautifully bright and clear, although quite cold enough to suit one's ideas of the season. To-day, the mean temperature of the air has

been 15° Fahrenheit. Water freezes the moment it touches the ground, and all articles of food become as hard as stone. It is a curious illustration of the climate of Toorkistân that grapes grown in the villages round Yârkand now daily appear on my table *hard frozen*. Yesterday I had some dipped into hot water to thaw, but as they lay on my table near a bright fire, they froze together into a mass, owing to the wetness of their outside. Cold pie has to be re-baked before it can be cut. Yet, with all this, I have not yet for one moment felt even chilly, such is the dryness and stillness of the air, and the warmth of the long Toorkee robes, or 'jâmas,' which I now wear. Besides, we have been acclimatised by the intense cold experienced on our journey, when wine froze into blocks, bursting the bottles, so that I had to break off pieces of claret to put into my glass, and the men used to go off to fetch *water* with a *hatchet* and a *rope*. There it was the fierce wind which chilled one's bones. By contrast, the present still cold is like paradise. You know the feeling during an east wind, after facing its fury for some time, of turning a corner suddenly out of its reach. Such is the effect of Toorkistân on us. All the east winds that ever blew in England are balmy breezes compared with the wind of Lingzee-tung.

"The Yoozbashee paid me a visit this afternoon. He began with the usual string of questions from the Dâd-khwâh. 'Is Shaw Sahib happy? is he pleased? does he want anything? does his time pass agreeably?' &c. &c. Then he said, 'As you will be going to Kâshghar directly, the Dâd-khwâh has sent me to ask if you want anything in the way of presents for the

King, as your own caravan has not arrived. You may command us up to any amount.' I answered that I took this offer as a mark of great friendship on the part of the Shaghâwal, but thought it would be best to give the King only such things as were really my own, and the produce of my country.' The Yoozbashee again urged me to take some things, as I should require presents not only for the King, but also for several chiefs and men of rank who would be sent to meet me on the road. To this I said, 'As my caravan has not arrived which contained fitting presents for such occasions, and as the Dâd-khwâh would be offended if I were to send and buy fresh ones in the city, I will accept them from you with many thanks. As for the King, I will put before him all that I have brought, and will beg his forgiveness for the inadequacy of the gift.' All this speechifying had to be done through two interpreters to-day, my Moonshee translating between Persian and Hindostanee, and my second attendant interpreting from Persian to Toorkee, and *vice versâ*. While these two were repeating our long speeches to one another, the Yoozbashee and I held a kind of secondary conversation in a low voice about guns, thermometers, &c., in our *lingua franca*, greatly scandalising our respective attendants by such an undignified proceeding. The Yoozbashee is amusingly free and easy. He saw me smiling at his long set phrases of Oriental politeness and his solemn manner, and burst out laughing himself, shaking his finger at me and crying, 'Now, Shaw Sahib, don't make me laugh.'

"I can't help noticing his ways; they are so dif-

ferent from the artificial manners and unsympathetic demeanour of the natives of India. If he would not tell lies, he would be worthy of being an Englishman.

"I forgot to tell you that the other day, when he dined with me, he was in great doubt about what to eat. Some of those wretched Cashmeerees and Indians in the King's service here had been setting the Toorks against me, telling them that we eat nothing but pig's flesh, and that no Mussulman could eat with us. So the Yoozbashee told my other guests to keep their eyes on my Moonshee, and not to touch anything that he did not partake of. All this I only learned afterwards, as did the Moonshee. When he found it out, he explained to them that this was all an invention; that, although some low Englishmen occasionally eat pork (!), he had never known me do so, and certainly I had none with me now, and, if I had, was not likely to put it before Mussulman guests. So they are happy.

"To-day I heard an anecdote of the King, which shows the energetic nature of the man, and his disregard of the Oriental notions of dignity. The messenger who took the first news of my Moonshee's approach found him on the Artash Pass, beyond Kâshghar, personally superintending the erection of a fort to defend the road. He was covered with dust, and had just had his leg hurt by the fall of a stone. The messenger could not discover which was the King, but the latter perceived him, and called to him to bring his despatches, which he read and answered on the spot.

"An Oriental King who looks after details in this

manner is a rarity, and deserves success. I am sure my Moonshee would now consider it beneath his dignity to do as much!

"*Sunday, January 3rd.*—This morning before I had breakfasted, the Yoozbashee arrived with a large packet of silks and brocades for me to give as presents to the King, &c., according to an arrangement which we came to yesterday. Nominally, these things are merely lent to me, and are to be replaced by my own things when they arrive. After showing me all the stuffs, he gave me the welcome news that I was to start for Kâshghar to-morrow. All this he communicated through my two attendants who talk Persian. After this, sending them both out of the room, he produced from the breast of his robe a packet containing eleven lumps of stamped silver (called 'kooroos'), one full-sized one, and ten small ones equal in value to another kooroos. The whole is worth about 35*l.* He whispered to me to put them away out of sight, and that the Dâd-khwâh had sent them to me thinking I might be in want of ready money for use. Having said this, he ran away with his usual imitation of an English military salute, which I have taught him. I am evidently intended to suppose that this is a private act of friendliness on the part of the Dâd-khwâh. It is very thoughtful on their part, as I certainly was in want of ready money. They will not allow me to have recourse to my only source of supply, viz. the sale of the goods which I had brought for that purpose. I should have seriously felt the inconvenience had it not been that they supply me with every sort of food in quantities sufficient to feed a troop of cavalry, so that all the

dervishes of Yârkand, in their tall caps, make my gate a daily place of call, and the families, friends, and horses of my attendant officers are entirely maintained by me. Besides this, I daily receive about seventeen shillings in small change (50 'tanga'). I don't think I have yet told you that the chief money of Toorkistân consists of small copper coins, with a square hole in the middle. Of these, twenty-five go to one tanga (= fourpence about), and they are run on to strings, containing 20 tangas' worth on each string. These strings are the common currency, from which smaller sums are detached at will.[1] I receive two strings and a half every day, or 50 tangas.

"Well, to return; I sent my Moonshee to run after the Yoozbashee, and tell him that I wanted to pay a visit of farewell to the Shaghâwal. He shortly came to fetch me, and I had a very friendly leave-taking with the Shaghâwal.

"After excusing myself from his accusation of not having been to see him lately; in order to test his knowledge, I asked him about Chenghiz Khan. Was he an Oosbeg, or who?

"In reply, he told me that Chenghiz Khan was a *Mâghool*, who came originally from the country of the Mâghools, near Karakôram (in Mongolia); that they were ignorant barbarians, but conquered first Khoten, and then the rest of Toorkistân. The *Mâghools* were brothers of the *Tartars*, who dwelt

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[1] The other coins are gold "tillahs," stamped in Khokand, worth from 32 to 35 tangas each, and a large silver ingot called a "yamboo," or a "koors." The value varies; now worth about 1100 tangas. It is shaped like a boat or a shoe, and has a Chinese stamp impressed upon it. The "tangas" are also of Chinese coinage.

near them originally, but who made settlements in Toorkistân at the time of Chenghiz Khan's conquests. The modern Oosbegs are Tartars; but the people of Eastern Toorkistân, when asked whether they are Mâghools or Tartars, reply, 'Who are the Mâghools, and who are the Tartars?'

"I asked what race Baber belonged to, who founded the so-called Moghul Empire in India, coming from Andijân.

"He replied he was a Mâghool. This was the kingly race in Toorkistân, although Baber's family were not rightful sovereigns (Shaiban being so by right). But the mass of the people of Andijân were Tartars.

"I asked by whom the country had been inhabited before the influx of the Tartars.

"He said by the Tajiks, and kindred races.

"Shortly after, I took leave.

"Returning home, I set the servants to work packing. In the afternoon I received a third visit from the Yoozbashee, who brought me a present of a cotton-silk 'kamsole,' a tight-fitting, padded robe, which is worn under the outer khilat, like an English clergyman's cassock under the open gown; at the same time a hot dinner *à la* Toonganee, of six basins, and a hot charcoal dish.

"Finally, in the evening he came a fourth time, with ten khilats for me to give away on the road to various officials and big men. When he went, I sent with him my Moonshee to return the Dâd-khwâh his watch which he had lent me, as I was now leaving Yârkand. My Moonshee went, and after compliments, opened the subject, but was immediately silenced by

the Dâd-khwâh, who said, 'If you even let me see the watch again, I shall be angry. Nothing can come back to me which has once gone. If Shaw Sahib does not think it worth his own acceptance, he can give it away, but I can never see it again.' So my Moonshee brought it back. After this I felt myself bound to give it to him, and he was delighted. I bargained with him, however, that he was to let me wear it till I reached Kâshghar, so as to show that I valued the gift of the Dâd-khwâh.

"You may imagine my delight at being at last on the point of starting for Kâshghar and the presence of the King. My expedition would be quite incomplete without this, and their repeated excuses and delays had made me half afraid that they did not intend me to go there. I hear they are playing the same game with Hayward; whether there will be the same conclusion in his case, I cannot say.

Powder Horn.

CHAPTER XI.

YÂRKAND TO KÂSHGHAR.

Defences of the Yârkand Yang-shahr — Book of the History of Timoor — Branch of Yârkand River — Sand-hill Tract—The Pamir Mountains — The Kizil-Tâgh — Royal Rest-house — The Shaghâwal's Reputation for Learning — Toorkee Women — Traditions of Chenghiz — Talk about India — Village of Kizil — Iron-furnaces — Farm-house Arrangements — Mode of Smelting Iron — Sand-hills again — Rich cultivation — City of Yang-Hissâr — Murder of Schlagintweit — Explanations about English Rulers in India — Cross River Koosoon — Riding Extraordin ry — The Mahrambashee.

"*Monday, January 4th.*—My marching has begun again, and I am delighted to be once more in motion. Early this morning they brought me a handsome grey horse from the Dâd-khwâh's own stables, for me to ride on the road. My own pony had a sore back, which he got since my arrival at Yârkand by the slaves riding him bare-backed to the water. The Yoozbashee very kindly offered to take charge of him, and have him attended to at his own house till my return. My Moonshee rides the pony which I gave him. All the servants were also provided with horses, and the baggage followed on others. Altogether, my party takes twenty-seven horses, besides those of the Yoozbashee and his attendants. The first start is always troublesome, and we did not get off till nearly twelve. The Yoozbashee then went to take the last orders of the Dâd-khwâh, promising to overtake me, but Mahammad Isâk Jân (the brother of the Dâd-khwâh) escorted me out of the

town. At the gate he parted from me with many prayers for a favourable interview with the King, and a safe return, to which I replied, 'Inshalla' ('If it please God').

"We rode along part of one side of the new city, and the whole of another side. I thus had an opportunity of inspecting the defences. From the road there slopes up a small glacis to the brink of the ditch, which is about twenty feet deep, and of equal width, revêted on both sides with sun-dried bricks. The escarpe or inner side rises into a battlemented earthen wall, which is hidden from an advancing enemy by the glacis, leaving only the machicoulis along the top visible, from which musketry fire might be directed on to the slope of the glacis. Inside this wall is another ditch, from which rises the main wall of the town. Counting from the crest of the glacis, the main wall is about thirty or thirty-five feet high, and the same in thickness at that level. At intervals of about sixty yards, there are square projections to afford a flanking fire, while at the corner there is a regular bastion, surmounted by a fort two or three stories high. Near the gate the wall is immensely strengthened, being (at a guess) fifty feet thick there. An outwork protects the gate, being connected with the wall which divides the two ditches. Through this a second gate (not opposite the inner one) leads out into the space between the two cities. Pagoda-like buildings rise at intervals above the wall, especially over the gateways.[1]

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[1] Marco Polo (Yule's 'Marco Polo,' i. 331-2), speaking of Khanbolig, says, "The new city is enclosed with walls of earth which at the base

"We continued our march westwards (the small mosques constantly met with along the road form most convenient indicators of the direction, pointing out as they do the Kiblah of the Mussulmans, which in Toorkistân they make inappreciably South of West; they use a small compass for this purpose with an arm pointing west, and called 'Kiblah-namâh'). Some three miles out we halted for the Yoozbashee, and then proceeded with him through a thickly peopled country (more populous than the fertile districts of the Punjab, as my Moonshee agrees).

"The Dâd-khwâh gave the Yoozbashee a book for me, which he handed to me when he overtook us. To my delight it was a history of Ameer Timoor (Tamerlane). He promises me also that of Chenghiz Khan. These writings, obtained from the descendants of the invaders, will probably prove most interesting.

"Just before the Yoozbashee overtook us, we crossed a stream, about fifteen yards wide, by a bridge. I learnt that this river separates above Yârkand from the bigger river which comes down past Sarikul. Thus Yârkand is enclosed between the two branches; but they do not re-unite, as this stream is lost in the sand of the Takla-Makân in the neighbourhood of Aksoo.

"However, about six miles from Yârkand, we suddenly entered upon a tract consisting of sand-hills covered with coarse grass. This tract we crossed

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are about ten paces thick, but gradually diminish to the top, where the thickness is not more than three paces. . . . The wall of the city has twelve gates, and over each gate and compartment of the wall there is a handsome building."

transversely for eight miles, but its width straight across must be much less. It bears the appearance of having been brought down by some large flood of water, and so heaped upon the fertile plains. In the middle we crossed a wide depression, extending as far as we could see right and left, and filled with marshes and pools of water, with a small rivulet connecting them. This may have been the latest channel of the torrent which brought down the sand; as we often see, when a stream of water has been poured on to light soil of any kind, it carries a quantity down with it, heaping it up in front of itself and at its sides, leaving, when it dries, a raised ridge with a depressed channel down the centre.

"Emerging from this raised sandy country, we came out upon a plain sloping upwards to the foot of a range of mountains, which were now visible (about twelve miles distant, they say, to the West), apparently running North and South. As I write down this distance, I am forcibly struck by the contrast between the climate of this country and of India. For it is twelve miles from Kangra to the range of the outer Himâlaya, and at Kangra they seem to overhang the town. Every gorge and every rock could be counted, one would think, so distinctly are the forms visible. But here, at a distance of twelve miles, the Pamir Mountains appear to be a distant range, of which the outline only is distinguishable.[1]

"The sloping plain at their foot is dotted with villages, more sparsely, however, than the country

[1] On my return, I found that the real crest of the range is very much farther back than twelve miles.

round Yârkand. What secrets are hid among those mountains, which so few European eyes have ever looked upon! At this point they seem scarcely to deserve their appellation of 'Bâm-i-doonya,' or 'Upper Floor of the World.' A lower range is chiefly visible, a long, almost level line, while the giants of the range rise behind it, forming in appearance a higher and more distant chain. The Yoozbashee pointed to the mountains due West, and said, 'Beyond these lies Badakhshân; again, a little more to the right, Bokhâra; still farther, where the range disappears in the distance, is the road to my own country, Andijân; while to the North, where no mountains are visible from here, is Russia (Siberia).' I learnt from him that the King's dominions extend far up the valleys of this chain to the confines of Badakhshân; they are full of nomad inhabitants, and contain many villages. The only name which he could give me for the range was that of 'Kizil-tâgh'—'Red Mountain,' evidently a mere local appellation. Orientals, as has often been remarked, are bad at generalisation. They will have a name for every part, but none for the whole.

"Turning N.N.W., after a halt for prayers, we rode about four miles further through fields, and then were met by the Beg of Kokh-robât, who, after dismounting and taking my hand, escorted us into the large village of that name. It contains two serais, the larger of which was full of two-humped camels and bales of merchandise. In the courtyards of the houses I here observed, for the first time, open carts used in fieldwork by the country people. I forgot to mention that we had met several 'arabahs' on the road with three or four horses a piece (never

more than one wheeler, all the rest harnessed abreast as leaders, and driven with reins from the cart). Passing through the bazâr, at a distance of a few hundred yards farther we entered a large square surrounded by high battlemented walls newly built; thence into a second large court containing a garden, and having a range of buildings at one side. I was shown into a large room with carpets and a fire. My Moonshee and the servants were equally well lodged. The Yoozbashee told me that this was a kind of royal rest-house, built by the present King for his own private use on his journeys. There are similar ones all the way to Kâshghar. They are called 'oorda.'[1] Snow is lying in all sheltered spots, two or three inches deep, while the sloping plain and the mountains beyond are thinly covered with it. The cold is intense; the bitter wind made my Moonshee quite ill, while even the Yoozbashee complained that his feet had no feeling left. Thanks to the Dâd-khwâh's fur-robe, I did not feel the least chilled.

"After dinner the Yoozbashee arrived with a friend, whom he introduced to me as a relation of the Dâd-khwâh, now employed on some special service. Finding he could talk Persian, I began a conversation. He first asked what my country was. I replied, 'Inglistân.' Mistaking me, he repeated—'Hindostân.' But the Yoozbashee interposed, and explained, I fancy, the difference. My Moonshee now came in, and the conversation became more

[1] "Oorda" or "Court" is, I believe, the origin of the word "Horde" applied to Tartar tribes, such as "Golden Horde," &c.

animated, as my own Persian is but limited. After other subjects, we came upon that of climate. I told them that my Moonshee suffered much from the cold, as he was a native of a hot country, 'Hindostân,' while my home was cold like Toorkistân. Hereupon he enquired about England, having evidently no knowledge of it. He asked whether the English were 'Frang'? Now, as 'Frang,' or 'Feringee,' is a term in bad odour in the East, and as it was originally derived at the time of the Crusades, I believe, from the name 'Frank,' I always refuse to accept the appellation, and say that the 'Frangs' are a great nation, whose country, Frangistân, is near ours. On this occasion, I told my questioner that 'Inglistân,' 'Frangistân,' 'Room,' and 'Russ,' were four of the great countries of the West, all separate. He smiled as I pronounced the last name, and said, 'The Sahib speaks very correctly; he calls it *Rooss*, and not *Oroos*, as we commonly do, by mistake.' I said, 'Yes, I have noticed that here it is pronounced so. In the same way the uneducated in India call us *Angrez*, instead of English, which is our real name.' I take every opportunity of giving them a correct idea of who we are (all they know is that there is a Frang empire in Hindostân, but whether of natives or of foreigners, they have not a notion, always excepting the King and the Dâd-khwâh). I always try to make them pronounce our name rightly, as it will probably take root with them in the form which they first get hold of now. After further talk, my guest rising to go, I had a robe brought to put on his shoulders, as I owe every attention to the Dâd-khwâh and his relations. Then a long struggle of

words ensued between him and my Moonshee; he declaring that it was his duty to have brought me presents instead of receiving them; and the Moonshee replying that, as he had come to visit me out of friendship, he could not be so unfriendly as to refuse my gift. The Yoozbashee looked on laughing, and I remained sitting. At last, I said to the Yoozbashee, 'Speak to him,' upon which a conversation in Toorkee ensued, the result of which was that the robe was taken. He had been afraid of the consequences should his acceptance come to the ears of the Dâd-khwâh or of the King. Power is as yet so insecure that the rulers are avaricious of any favours that may be going begging.

"Our conversation during the day fell upon the subject of the Dâd-khwâh. He has the reputation of being immensely learned; my own acquaintance with him has shown me that he takes an interest in subjects which are utterly ignored by the majority of his countrymen. It appears that he was formerly Mirza-bashee, or chief secretary, to the Khan of Khokand. His fame has been great ever since the day when he wrote such a letter in his master's name to the Ameer of Bokhâra that none of the moollahs in that country could understand it! This seems to be considered the acme of learning in Central Asia; the fulness of light ends in darkness! When first my Moonshee reached Yârkand, the Dâd-khwâh tested him in the same manner, though, I presume, with less severity, and put men to watch whether he read his letters with ease. The Moonshee declares he did, and that he paid the Dâd-khwâh back in the same coin, using the most highflown expressions, inter-

larding his Persian with Arabic. But I should like to hear the Dâd-khwâh's account! However, I fully believe that my Moonshee's learning is far above that of the average of Toorkee moollahs.

"*Tuesday, January 5th, Kizil.*—To-day our course lay north-west, through a stony desert at the foot of the mountains. During part of the way we had a jungle of low scrub on our right, which is said to reach all the way to Aksoo, and to be full of wild beasts, tigers, &c. About halfway we stopped at a solitary 'serai,' with a mosque and two wells (nearly 100 feet deep). This had all been built by the present King, who seems to be doing a great deal for the good of the country. Several arabahs had stopped here to feed the horses, and the women were peeping out at the stranger and his party. They belonged to the better classes, and were extremely fair-complexioned, but with black hair. They reminded me of Rubens's women in shape, so different from the dark, almond-eyed beauties of India. Opposite this place the outer and nearer range of hills on our left began to trend away westward, while the higher chain behind was invisible in the haze. However, just before reaching our destination, we saw it against the sky rising into several very high peaks. Apparently it had continued in one straight line although the lower range in front of it had receded westward.

"Before reaching our night's resting-place, we came upon a solitary ruined mosque, and a dry tank in the desert. The Yoozbashee took me off the road to see them, and told me that the mosque had been first put there by Chenghiz Khan while marching to

the conquest of Toorkistân! The tank was such as he made at all his desert halting-places. Water sufficient for his vast hordes was carried on camels, and when they encamped, a tank was dug and filled with this water for the use of the men and cattle.[1] Such is their tradition. They say also that he had a tent large enough to accommodate 10,000 men, and there he entertained hosts of guests, and had tea served to them in cups made of precious stones!

"Further on, the Yoozbashee began questioning my Moonshee about the number of great nobles in India. The latter replied that there were 108 sufficiently considerable to be allowed salutes of guns, while the number of lesser ones was uncountable. The Yoozbashee then asked about English ranks and dignities, and, turning to me, said, 'Are you a great Pasha in your own country?' I answered, 'I am a merchant, as you know.' At which he laughed, and shook his head at me; but presently said, 'Well, anyhow, you will be made a great Pasha when you return from this country.' I answered, 'Undoubtedly, when my countrymen hear of the friendship and good offices which I have been the means of evoking from your King, they will be very pleased.' Then, turning to the Moonshee, he said, 'And that Hindoo King of Cashmeer, is he dependent in any way on the English?' My Moonshee answered, 'He is one of the 108 chiefs who have salutes of guns allowed to them.' The Yooz-

[1] A tank at Kizil itself is said to have been dug by the soldiers of Hazrat Begam, a more recent chief, who each took up as much earth as he could carry on the point of an arrow. This was sufficient to make a large tank, so great were their numbers!

bashee seemed much struck at hearing this, as in Toorkistân they have a very confused idea of the relations of the Cashmeer Chief to our Government.

"While conversing thus, we came upon cultivated land, and presently entered the large village of Kizil. This word signifies 'red,' a name well deserved by the colour of the soil. My surmise that there must be iron in it was speedily verified by the sight of several furnaces for smelting the ore.

"All to-day there has been a bitter wind from the north, almost directly in our faces. The Yoozbashee asked me whether I should prefer to put up in the royal 'oorda,' where the rooms are large and cold, or in a house in the little town, which would be warmer. I chose the latter, as I would not miss the opportunity of seeing as much as I can of the people. We were received by an officer whose features at once struck me as something different from the regular Toorkee type. He had a long aquiline nose and large round eyes, while his features were finer and his face less fleshy. Hearing him outside my door talking nothing but Persian as he gave his directions for procuring all he wanted, I enquired who he was. They told me he was a Tâjik from Andijân, one of the race akin to the Persians who held the country before the Tartar invasion. I was very anxious to have a talk with him, as the first specimen of his race that I have seen, but could not get hold of him when I was at leisure. For I had to get a letter written by my Moonshee to the Dâdkhwâh in reply to a note of enquiry which he had sent after us to ask the Yoozbashee how our journey was proceeding, and threatening him with dire con-

sequences should he in any way neglect my comforts.

"This evening I heard that the stranger to whom I gave a robe last night at Kokh-robat, is a kinsman of the King who had just arrived from Kâshghar. He rode off the same night to Yârkand, and is to overtake me again to-morrow and accompany me onwards. It was fortunate that I thought of the robe. I had before been warned that all sorts of great people would come to see me in mean attire, so as to report to the King all about me. They are quite welcome to do so, although I fear I shall not always hit upon the right persons to give robes to, unless they tell me who they are.

"Boys were sliding on the frozen tank, like in England.

"*Wednesday, January 6th, village of Toblok.*—This morning the villagers asked my Moonshee why it was that I did not keep the fast. He replied to them that we obeyed a different prophet from the Mussulmans, and that he had not enjoined this fast. Starting through a large crowd of the inhabitants assembled as usual to witness our departure, we travelled still north-west through a country of mixed cultivation and waste or pasture. The Yoozbashee pointed out to me a large barrow on the right side of the road where he said were buried the Chinese dead who fell in a battle that took place here twelve years ago. The Mussulman soldiers of Wallé Khan, who were killed on the same occasion, are buried in numerous graves on the left of the road. One of our party, Sâdoo Khoja, an old soldier who was with me at Shahidoolla, had been present at the battle. Wallé

Khan was defeated, and fled to Kâshghar, where he had built a house of human skulls, as also at Yanghissâr. The armies are said to have numbered 50,000 on each side; but part of the Chinese were stationed at places nearer Yârkand, and I cannot make out the actual numbers engaged. The Chinese were all infantry, the Andijânees cavalry.

"The mountains continued parallel with our route, which ran about north-west. After riding not quite three tâsh (say fourteen miles), we halted at a village full of ironworks. I was taken to a house where the large room was given up to me, the family retiring into some inner apartments. A bustling, good-humoured farmer's wife did the honours, and was very grateful to me for interceding with the Yoozbashee, who wished to turn her whole household out of doors. A few presents of tea, meat, and bread (from my dastar-khân) were received with numerous Allaho-akbers, and a return present of a melon. Later in the day, at the time of breaking the fast, her husband advanced, bringing me a basin of hot *macaroni* soup, while she brought me a newly baked cake of bread; both very good indeed. Basins of soup were also given to my Hindoo servants, who, although unable to eat of it, at a hint from me took the basins with a bow, and, going out, handed them over to the other servants. The household arrangements are quite as good as those of an English small farmer and his family. Neat and clean earthenware dishes placed on the shelves; large, well made, and ornamented wardrobe boxes—everything comfortable and well-to-do. The entrance is through a regular farmyard, with sheds for the cattle on one side,

littered down with straw, closed stables for the horses, cocks and hens strutting about, and all the tillage implements standing up in corners. The hay and straw are stacked on the roofs, while a door leads out into a walled orchard. To make the scene more homelike, snow is lying an inch or two deep over the whole country, and the roadside pond is hard frozen, with village boys cutting out slides on it in their hob-nailed boots.

"In the afternoon, I went a little way down the lane to see an iron-smelting furnace at work. It is just like a dice-box four or five feet high, with a roof over it, leaving an exit in the middle for the smoke. Round the dice-box, under the roof, sit six boys and girls blowing skin bellows with each hand—twelve bellows in all. An opening shows the glowing mass with a stream of molten stuff slowly oozing downwards. A pit two feet deep shows the bricked-up door of the furnace, through which the metal is extracted daily. The ore is broken up by a man with a hammer, who keeps throwing it in at the chimney, while another supplies charcoal through the same opening. No third substance. Twenty 'châraks'' weight (16 lbs. each) of ore, and the same quantity of charcoal, are used in the twenty-four hours, and the produce is about *four* 'châraks' of iron. The metal is very good and fine-grained, looking almost like steel when made up into tools. In the hill-districts of India, where magnetic oxide of iron is found, the process is almost the same; but the blast is much less, only two people blowing one skin in each hand, or four bellows instead of twelve. The molten metal also is taken out hot, and ham-

mered, while here, in Toorkistân, it is allowed to cool for a whole night before the furnace is opened. The ore is a black-looking stone (got by digging from the mountains fifteen or twenty miles off), which breaks square, or with straight edges.[1] Returning from this furnace, we were amused at watching an urchin four or five years old who had brought a donkey to drink at the pond. Although his home was only twenty yards off, he would not walk; but his difficulty was in mounting the donkey. First he tried to swarm up its forelegs, but as that would not do, he took it to the wall, and then climbed triumphantly on to its back. Then seating himself almost on the tail (as one sees in England), he whipped him up into a donkey's gallop, and disappeared into a neighbouring farmyard. They begin their riding habits early in Toorkistân.

"In the afternoon, two officers of the Beg of Yanghissar were brought to me by the Yoozbashee. They began by embracing me, and said they had been sent to welcome me. Presently they returned, bringing a dastar-khân and a fine sheep, and making excuses for not offering more, as nothing could be got in this village. My poor Yoozbashee is quite powerless here, being out of the immediate government of his relative, the Dâd-khwâh. He could hardly get anything for himself even, so I sent him half a sheep, &c.—a strange turning of the tables. It appears that, besides being Vizier of the kingdom, the Dâd-khwâh has the direct administration of the province of

[1] Specimens of it are to be seen in my collection at the India Office Museum.

Yârkand. The Kâshghar province is considered more immediately under the government of the King, and the Dâd-khwâh's officers dare not assume any authority there. The Gooma district (through a corner of which we passed on our way to Yârkand) has a distinct Governor; it interposes between Sanjoo and the rest of the province of Yârkand to which Sanjoo belongs. Khoten has again another Governor. I do not yet quite understand what relation the Dâd-khwâh bears as Vizier to these other provincial Governors. In that capacity he should exercise some authority over them.

"*Thursday, January 7th, Yang-hissâr.*—This morning I went out to examine the neighbouring iron-smelting furnace which had just been opened in order to take out the pig of iron, the result of yesterday's smelting. All night the furnace had been allowed to cool, and about eight o'clock the hearth was opened, and the mass of metal still warm, was removed from the bottom. The hearth slopes towards the front, where it terminates in a narrow neck. Before being charged again, it is lined with some sort of fire-clay. The furnace itself is widest at the bottom, slightly diminishing in diameter as it ascends.

"Here again the villagers were full of curiosity regarding my habits. They asked the Moonshee whether I did not get tired sitting up always on a chair! They are much struck, too, at the number of dishes and plates which I require at my meals. They themselves use only one large dish between four or five of them to eat from.

"I started with my party from the farmhouse, and

was joined by the Yoozbashee and his followers outside the village. Riding still in a direction more West than North, and parallel with the range of high mountains on our left, we gradually converged towards the long low edge of sand-hills which had been dimly visible yesterday to our right. After passing through alternate grassy plains (now dry and withered looking) and village cultivation for two tâsh, we halted at a solitary 'langar' (or rest-house) on the edge of the sandy track. While sitting before a fire here, we were joined by a Mirza-bashee, or chief of scribes, who had been sent to meet me. With him we rode the rest of the way to Yanghissar. First we crossed transversely the lines of sand-hills. Their ridges much resembled the waves of the sea when subsiding after a storm, as they come rolling in to the shore in long lines divided by broad spaces of almost level water. There was the same order apparent through the same confusion, and the size is about the same. These hills are composed of stratified sand, assuming in some of the ridges the consistency of stone, and dipping North. The spaces between were now covered with withered vegetation. After riding about five miles slantingly through this tract, we came to the fertile banks of a small river which had cut for itself a gorge through the hills. The regular bridge was broken, but we crossed on the ice, where a gang of labourers were employed in strewing earth on it as a road for us. They had also thrown a temporary bridge from the ice to the shore across a space where the current had not allowed the water to freeze. Our party was joined by the officials in charge of the work.

"Ascending the high bank of the river, we found ourselves in a well populated district, still, however, traversed by the low ridges of sand. Crossing the last of these, we saw at our feet a charming landscape which reminded me of the Vale of Cashmeer, an illusion supported by the sight of the snowy mountains behind us and to our left. As far as the eye could see, there stretched a highly cultivated plain to which orchards and groves of trees surrounding the numerous scattered homesteads gave almost the appearance of a wood. A little way out on the plain, the orchards and houses crowded more thickly together pointed out the town of Yang-hissâr. We reached this plain by a rapid descent of about fifty yards, and then rode through a country resembling the suburbs of a large city. In one house the walls were ornamented with drawings of steamers and railway trains! Before we entered the streets, however, we turned aside to the left, and rode along under the high mud walls of the old town. Leaving this, and preceded by the Mirza-bashee and the officials who came to meet me at Toblok yesterday (and who now reappeared on the scene), I was led to one of the royal rest-houses consisting as usual of a large walled enclosure, with courtyards and ranges of good-sized rooms. The 'new-town' or fort appeared about half a mile to our right, and the same distance from the old town. In dimensions it resembles a large fort rather than a town. To me was assigned a room handsomely carpeted, with large cushion-mattresses covered with silk arranged along the walls, and near the fire, for myself and my visitors to sit on. My servants and the Moonshee were lodged in other

apartments of the same building, but the Yoozbashee had to take up his quarters in a neighbouring farm-house, although there was plenty of room for him. Apparently it is only the King's guest who is allowed to lodge in the royal rest-house. Our acquaintance of yesterday ushered in a large dastar-khân, sheep, fowls, &c. I hear that he is one of the king's principal 'Yasâwals,' or 'masters of the ceremonies,' sent to see the proper etiquette followed. At the Yoozbashee's suggestion, I gave him a 'khilat,' or robe, and another as to the Mirza-bashee.

"In the afternoon arrived the officer to whom I had given the khilat on the first night after leaving Yârkand. You remember that I afterwards learnt he was a relative of the King. The Yoozbashee now brought him to pay me a visit. He said he had gone on to Yârkand on some business to the Dâd-khwâh in connection with the issue of warm clothing to the troops. The Dâd-khwâh had instructed him to join my party, and accompany me on, unless orders came from the King for me to delay at Yanghissar. As to this, my Moonshee was this afternoon told by the master of the ceremonies that he had received orders for me to sleep two nights here, and go on the next day. So I suppose I shall have the company of my friend, the King's relative, during the rest of the journey. He seems a very good fellow, as hearty and good-humoured as the Yoozbashee, and, as I told him, I hope to improve in my Persian by having him to talk to.

"This afternoon, while strolling about the neighbourhood, I happened to come across the Yoozbashee's temporary dwelling-place, and saw him standing out-

side. He shouted to me to come, brought me in, and made me sit down by the fire to drink tea while he washed his face and arms according to rule, and said his evening prayers. In the intervals of his devotions, after turning his head right and left to salute the two angels who are supposed to sit on each shoulder of a Mussulman, he interrupted himself to call for more tea and more sugar for Shaw Sahib, and then continued his chant of 'Bismillah-ar-rahmân-ar-raheem.' He made me stay, and join in his meal; first breaking the fast by dipping a finger in a cup of salt and water, and putting it to his mouth. Not till after this is done does it become lawful to eat other food. He gave me a bowl of soup containing little lumps of paste tasting like macaroni. He was very anxious that I should stay to join in the great pilao of rice and mutton that was preparing, but I with difficulty excused myself, saying it was getting dark, and I should not find my way home. To-day, on the road, my Moonshee told me that his father had been killed by a shell at the battle of Aliwal while fighting in the service of the Sikhs against the English. I made him tell the Yoozbashee this, who was much amused, and said his father was a 'shahid,' or martyr. The Moonshee refused the honour, however, and it was agreed that, as he was serving a kâfir or Hindoo master, he could not be entitled to the glory of martyrdom. He had died for the world (doonya), not for religion (deen).

"*Friday, January 8th, Yang-hissâr.*—This morning my Moonshee was visited by a moollah who said he had been present when Schlagintweit was killed. He came before Wallé Khan, who was then

besieging the Chinese new town or fort at Kâshghar. Schlagintweit asked how long he had been so engaged. Wallé Khan answered, 'Three months.'—'Oh,' rejoined Schlagintweit, 'my countrymen would take the place in three days. There is no difficulty at all.'—'Indeed,' replied the chief; and, turning round, he gave orders to take the Feringee out, and cut his throat. The moollah says that Wallé Khan was a regular demon, far different from the present King. Schlagintweit was taken to the banks of the Kâshghar River, and there killed. In his pocket were found a compass and a watch. The executioner offered them to the moollah, who says he refused them.

"I have been interrupted by a visit from my proposed travelling companion, the King's relative. I had settled for the evening to write when he was announced. I was going to send for my Moonshee to interpret, but my visitor told me that he had enquired for him, and found he was asleep. So I felt I was in for a *tête-à-tête* conversation in Persian! However, I mustered up my boldness, and began talking. We got on splendidly. He declared that he understood me quite well, and that he himself was not much of a Persian scholar. Perhaps this was the reason that I made out all he said, as he did not talk volubly like those who know the language well. He tells me that there is some difference between the Turkish talked in Room (Turkey) and that of Toorkistân, and even between Andijân and Eastern Toorkistân; and he gave me examples of the difference. An Andijânee coming to Kâshghar takes two or three months before he quite under-

stands the talk of the country. After this we got into the subject of shooting and breech-loading rifles. He says the Russians have adopted them this year. I had my breech-loader brought out, and he seemed perfectly acquainted with the principle, pointing out where the cap is placed inside the cartridge, &c. He is obliged, he says, to go on to-morrow without me, as no orders have yet came about my further journey. After dastar-khân and tea, he said 'Allaho-akber,' and went off.

"To resume my day's report. In the afternoon I took a walk round the neighbourhood. The fields are all covered with snow an inch or two thick, and the numerous ponds are all hard frozen. The watercourses (artificial) are very numerous, being led under and over one another to suit different levels. They are at this season nearly all dry, water being only let into them when required for irrigation. The stubble of the Indian corn appears through the snow, that having been the last crop in the fields round here. On returning I was shouted to by the Yoozbashee, while I was making my Moonshee, to his own horror, walk across a frozen sheet of water, a thing he had never in his life before had a chance of doing. The Yoozbashee had a carpet spread for me outside his farmhouse on a raised earthen platform, such as are common in the East for sitting on out of doors. He was examining the country through my binocular, which he had sent for. We presently began talking about India. He said he heard that a *lord* had come to Ladâk, and gone four or five marches with the envoy Mahammad Nazzar. I explained that he was not a *Lord Sahib* (the name given to lieutenant-governors,

&c.), but a commissioner or *Beg*; and this led to an explanation of our different orders of Governors. Our interpreter being not very intelligent, I had to resort to symbols. I took a big clod of earth, and told him this was the Sovereign of England. Next a row of smaller clods to represent the Governors or Viceroys of our colonies and dependencies, of which I told him we had sixty, some smaller, some larger. One of these stood for the Viceroy of India. Below him five lesser clods stood for *Lord Sahibs*, or subordinate Governors of provinces or presidencies. One of these represented the Lieutenant-Governor of the Panjab, and held sway over sixteen little stones, who stood for so many Commissioners of divisions. I then explained that it was one of these latter *Begs* who had come to Ladâk. Below them again smaller stones typified the district officers, &c. Now, taking up one of the *Begs*, I put him on the top of three or four district officers, explaining that he sat on their heads. The same with each grade of dignitaries in succession, till we came to the biggest clod of earth, who was made to sit on the head of the Viceroy, and of the sixty independent Governors of colonies. The Yoozbashee was much amused, and professed that he understood the whole arrangement perfectly. When we came to a statement of the salaries of these officials, he was struck with amazement. Three hundred tillahs (150*l.*) a month to the lowest grade (viz. district officers), and 2000 tillahs to the Lord Sahibs,—such pay astonished him. He asked whether they were allowed to exact money out of the territories committed to their charge. I explained our system of fixed assessments, saying that the revenue

so collected belonged to the Sovereign, who paid all salaries out of it. This is very different from the Toorkee system, under which each Governor pays himself. I have not yet found out the details of their administration, but hope to do so by degrees.

"My servants visited the town to-day. From gate to gate it is over 1100 paces long, but the suburbs outside the wall double the size of the town. It was the weekly market-day, and crowds flocked in the streets. My servants found two fellow-countrymen (Hindoo traders) at the serai, and described with much laughter a long row of bullocks' carcases that were hanging just opposite their doors. Travelling subdues prejudices wonderfully; who would have thought of Hindoos making a joke of such a circumstance! A large village near had been burnt by the Toongânees for fuel four years ago, when besieging the Chinese in the town.

"My Moonshee to-day produced a MS. book which he had picked up in some manner at our halting-place, Kizil. It is very old and in Toorkee, but we make out that it contains a history of Toorkistân from the time when the first Mussulman was sent to convert it. It will probably prove very interesting.

"*January 10th, Yepchang.*—Yesterday we remained at Yang-hissar, and I took a long walk to the first ridge of the low hills. These hills I find run exactly east and west here, and appear parallel to the range of snowy mountains. I measured the ice of a tank; it was eight inches thick! In the afternoon it was announced that we should march next morning. Accordingly, to-day we have come about twenty-five miles as far as this village. The country has

consisted alternately of village lands under culture, and of grassy plains covered with cattle and horses. We crossed the River Koosoon by a wooden bridge at a narrow spot; above and below this place it was about fifty or sixty yards wide, and is said to be dangerous to cross on account of quicksands. Now it was nearly entirely frozen over. *En route* we met Mahammad Isâk Jân, the brother of the Dâdkhwâh. We dismounted, and embraced very cordially. As he was on his way back to Yârkand (having gone to Kâshghar since I have been on the road), I gave him many polite messages for his brother. About two o'clock we stopped for prayers at a cottage where they could get warm water for their ablutions. There was a child four or five years old whom the Yoozbashee amused himself by frightening, making faces at it, and clawing at it with his gloves, to the great disturbance of its mother. Riding on again, we had much conversation. He says the pay of a Yoozbashee (captain of 100) is 300 tillahs a year (150*l.*), while that of a private soldier (cavalry) is 30 tillahs, or 15*l.* Their dress, accoutrements, and horses are all given to them. In war time the pay is more than doubled. He had heard of our Abyssinian war five months ago, but asked the Moonshee whether the Abyssinians were Mussulmans or kâfirs (heathens). He also related to me that last year he carried to Yârkand the news of the capture of Kooché, which is twenty-eight regular marches distant (about 560 miles), and he accomplished the distance in three days, changing his horse twenty-eight times. From this village of Yepchung he went to Yârkand in one day (121 miles). For this

service he received forty tillahs at Yârkand = 24*l.*, and on his return to the King's camp the latter gave him two silver yamboos (worth 34*l.*). Talking of riding, he remarked that my Moonshee carried himself in a peculiar way, while I rode in the same fashion as himself and his countrymen. The Moonshee's seat is of course that of Indian horsemen, with short stirrups and reins held high. I had myself noticed that the Toorkee seat on horseback is more like that of Englishmen.

"On reaching Yepchang, we were met at our night's quarters by the 'Mahrambashee,' or master of the ceremonies, who had come on in advance to prepare everything for us as usual. He ushered me into my room, and presently returned with the usual dastar-khân. His manner almost proclaims his avocation. Quiet yet decided in his movements, and handsomely dressed, he seems by a glance of his eye to put everybody in his proper place. You remember Steerforth's gentlemanly attendant who made David Copperfield feel so young. My Mahrambashee is a second edition of him.

CHAPTER XII.

ARRIVAL AT KÂSHGHAR.

Four Rivers crossed — The Yang-shahr, or Fortress of Kâshghar — Presents for the King — Procession to the Palace — Calmâk Archers — The King — Conversation with him — Gracious Dismissal — Neglect by the Underlings; notice thereof, and *amende* made — Russian Rifle — Spies — Confinement of the Traveller to his Quarters, and consequent Ennui — Evil Rumours — Native Candles — Sulphur Matches — Price of Cotton — Arrival of the Shaghâwal — Gymnastics — The Legends of Alexander — Legends of Toorkee History and Conversion; Legends of Russians and Chinese.

"*Kâshghar Yang-shahr, January* 11*th.*—Another success has been achieved, and I am now writing from the second capital of Eastern Toorkistân.

"We left Yepchang in the morning; the Mahrambashee has ridden in during the night to announce my arrival. He met us again about halfway. We passed through a populous and well-cultivated country, crossing four rivers during the day's ride. The first, was about five miles from Yepchang, and occupied a bed a quarter of a mile wide with its numerous channels. We had some difficulty in crossing the nearest channel, as the ice was rotten, and the horses had to wade. Some of the loads got a wetting. The other channels were crossed on the ice or on temporary bridges. A broad dam retained the further waters at a level considerably above the rest, so as to form as it were two separate rivers. A broad artificial cut also conveyed water along the higher level. Leaving the bed of these streams, we passed in sight of two small towns

right and left of the road. At the next stream, which we crossed by a bridge, an arabah was being dragged with great difficulty through the broken ice and water. On the banks of the last stream we stopped for the afternoon prayer. The fortress or new city of Kâshghar was here in full sight, in the midst of an open treeless country, covered, however, with cultivation. The defences, as we approached, were seen to be exactly similar to those of Yârkand New City, but the place is smaller. Passing several obtuse angles of the wall, we reached a gate on the E.N.E. side, before which, however, we were met by a Yoozbashee carrying a double-barrelled rifle of European make. He and the Mahrambashee preceded us in through the gate, past a *corps de garde*, where sat rows of soldiers (converted Chinese), through a second gate to the right past more rows of soldiers, and into a third gateway giving entrance into the New City. In front of these men were ranged their arms, consisting of huge muskets called 'taifoor' which are managed by four men a piece. These 'taifoor' were propped up in front on a forked rest, while their butts rested on the ground. At the third portal all our party dismounted, and we walked for 200 yards through a broad avenue, crowded with men in bright-coloured robes—all apparently hangers-on of the Court. Through these a way was kept clear for us by numerous ushers with white wands, one of whom preceded us down a street to the right to the house assigned to me. It is apparently a new building with numerous large courtyards, in the farthest of which are my own quarters. The rooms are smaller than at Yârkand, but to make

up for this, there is a large covered reception-place with a verandah in front of all. Here an immense Khoten carpet is spread with rugs along the back.

"A 'dastar-khân' was immediately brought by the Mahrambashee, and I was asked when I wished to visit the King. I answered that I should wish to do so at once, but that, if it were proper that I should present my gifts at my first visit, they could not be unpacked and got ready in time. They replied that the visit had better be to-morrow then. Afterwards they presented to me a Mahram, or usher, and a Dahbashee, or captain of ten (a serjeant), who are appointed to remain night and day in attendance. The Mahram deputed for this office is the son of the former Mussulman Governor of Kâshghar, under the Chinese.

"We now began getting together the gifts which I have brought for the King, cleaning and putting the things in order. The Yoozbashee came in after dark and began asking me what I proposed to give, so I sent for my Moonshee to bring the list. Meanwhile the Mahram came in and sat down. When the list was brought, I observed that the Yoozbashee would hardly listen to it, but turned the conversation, saying, 'You may give just what you like to the King; my task is only to conduct you in safety to his presence.' When the Mahram had gone out, the Yoozbashee told us in a low voice that he could not say anything on that subject in his presence, as it would be reported that the Yoozbashee was telling the Mihmân (guest) what he was to give and what not to give. I took the opportunity of asking his advice as to whether I should give a separate present

to the King's son. Ascertaining that there were no listeners outside, he replied, 'Don't give a needle's value to any one but the King. He would be displeased if you did.'

"*Kâshghar, January 12th.*—Early this morning all my presents for the King were set in order on trays, and about nine o'clock various ushers and officials came to fetch me. I started, escorted by the Yoozbashee who met me yesterday, my own Yoozbashee (whose name, by the bye, is Mahammad Yakoob like the King's), the Mahrambashee, &c., and followed by between thirty and forty men carrying the various articles forming my 'nazar,' or gift. From my door to the entrance of the palace, a distance of a quarter of a mile, a broad avenue had been formed in the crowd, whose bright robes of various colours had the effect of a living kaleidoscope. Entering the gateway, we passed through several large quadrangles, whose sides were lined with ranks upon ranks of brilliantly attired guards, all sitting in solemn silence, so that they seemed to form part of the architecture of the buildings, whose want of height would otherwise have given them a mean appearance. Entire rows of these men were clad in silken robes, and many seemed to be of high rank from the richness of their equipments. Those of divers tribes, and with strange arms, were mixed with the mass. For the first time I saw soldiers armed with bows and carrying quivers full of arrows. They were Kalmâks. The whole effect was curious and novel. The numbers, the solemn stillness, and the gorgeous colouring gave a sort of unreality to this assemblage of thousands. In the innermost court, smaller than

the rest, only a few select attendants were seated. Here none entered with me except my conductor, the Yoozbashee of yesterday. Approaching a kind of pavilion, with a projecting verandah roof, elaborately painted in arabesques, I entered a side door. I passed through a small antechamber, and was conducted into a large audience chamber, or hall, in the middle of which, close to a window, was seated a solitary individual, whom I at once knew must be the King. I advanced alone, and when I drew near, he half rose on to his knees and held out both hands to me. I grasped them in the usual Toorkee manner, and at his invitation sat down opposite him. Then, as is the custom, I rose again to ask after his health; he would not let me do so, but motioned to me to sit, drawing me nearer to himself. He began enquiring after my health, and hoping my journey had been comfortably performed, to which I replied, excusing myself for my bad Persian, which, however, he smilingly declared was quite comprehensible. Then ensued a silence of about a minute, each waiting for the other to speak (this is a polite etiquette). Finally he commenced again by a remark about the weather (English-like). I responded and went on to say that my countrymen had heard with the greatest pleasure that the brothers of our friends, the Sultan of Room and his people, had established a kingdom in Toorkistân in place of the Chinese, with whom we had already had three wars. For myself I said that the Lord Sahib had not sent me, nor entrusted me with any letter; but I had come of my own accord, attracted by the renown of his name. He nodded and muttered assent to all that I said, and then

replied that he had been delighted when he heard that Shaw Sahib was approaching his dominions with a friendly purpose. As for the Lord Sahib (the Viceroy of India), he was very great, and he himself was small in comparison. I answered, 'The Viceroy is very great, but our Queen, his mistress, is greater.' At this he stared. I continued that I hoped for the establishment of friendship between our nations, and that between friends there was no question of greater or smaller. He said, 'And you yourself, did you not send me a letter?' I replied, 'Yes; I sent one by the hand of my Moonshee to Yârkand, but he had no opportunity of delivering it to you; therefore I have now presented it with my gifts.' I then said that I had brought a few specimens of English rifles, &c., for him, and hoped he would accept them and pardon any deficiencies. He laughed, and said, 'What need is there of presents between you and me? we are already friends, and your safe arrival has been sufficient satisfaction to me.' With this he crooked his two forefingers together to typify our friendship. I said that I hoped to have some further conversation with him, but that on the present occasion he was probably not at leisure, and there was also no interpreter present to make up for my deficiencies in Persian. He replied, 'Between you and me no third person is requisite; friendship requires no interpreter,' and he stretched his hand over, and gave mine a hearty grasp. Then he added, 'Now enjoy yourself for a few days, and see all the sights; consider this place and all it contains as your own, and on the third day we will have another talk; you shall bring your

Moonshee with you, and talk with me for an hour, after that we will meet oftener, and so our friendship will be increased.'

"Then he called to an attendant, who brought in a pink satin robe, and the King dismissed me very graciously after the robe had been put on me. I rejoined my conductor at the gateway of the inner court, and returned home through the same brilliant assemblage. At each successive gateway my party was swollen by the accession of those who had been left behind there as not worthy to proceed farther with me. On reaching my own door, my conductors left me, each wishing me 'moobârak,' or 'happy,' to which I returned the proper answer of 'Koolligh,' or 'your servant.'

"Before starting for this visit, I had been much put out by my Moonshee not being allowed to accompany me. The officials also told me that, whatever I had to say to the King, I must say now, as the King was very great, and I should have no further opportunity of speaking to him. I, however, determined that I would not attempt this, as it was impossible at a first visit to say properly all that I wished to say, even were an interpreter provided. I therefore resolved only to request a further interview, and as you see this was the proper course, and the King evidently expected it. Had I begun a long discourse, I should not have made myself understood to begin with, and, moreover, should have trespassed on the etiquette of a first interview. I cannot think what was the reason of my being told otherwise by the officials.

"During the day, we began to perceive many

marks of neglect on the part of those who were charged with our entertainment. Supplies of all kind were either not to be got, or were scantily furnished to the servants, after much asking. No official came to enquire after our wants. We could not help comparing this treatment with that of the Dâd-khwâh, and regretting our Yârkand quarters. Here we were all, masters and men, crowded into one court. Then *my* house alone consisted of three courts, and the Moonshee and his servants had separate quarters. I was also annoyed by the constant running to and fro of boys and servants to a room full of stores at the end of the court. There was no privacy whatever. At last, my displeasure culminated when I saw one of my servants approaching with a tray full of bread, which had been served out to him instead of the usual 'dastar-khân' presented by the proper official, and put before me with proper ceremony. Of course, the thing was a mere trifle in itself; but in the East, want of respect is a precursor of danger. I resolved to stop it if I could, and ordered the man to put the tray down outside my door, and to tell any one that asked about it that I did not want it. My Yârkand interpreter, Jooma (for it was he), stood aghast at the order, and told me he dared not do it, as it would be considered a dreadful insult by the King. I re-assured him, and made him do as I said. Then my Moonshee came with a scared face, and begged me to take in the tray. Jooma went away and hid himself in the kitchen, until the storm should blow over. Soon my move began to produce its effect. Officials went and came, looking at the rejected tray, and then

hastening out. At last they approached, and carried it off. Then arrived the 'Sirkar' (or comptroller of the household), an official in charge of all the royal stores. He went and sat down by my Moonshee, and made a long apology, saying that on account of the great festival of the Eed to-morrow, he had been unable to pay me proper attention, and those whose duty it was had neglected their charge. Then he entered my room and spread the cloth himself in front of me, putting on it a number of trays containing fruits and preserves of all sorts, brought by the attendants who remained outside. He then stood with folded hands until I broke and ate a piece of bread as a token of acceptance. No sooner was he gone than the bleating of a sheep was heard. It was a second one for my Moonshee, one having been given me in the morning as usual. Presently, although it was now dark, supplies of all sorts came pouring in in profusion, loads of wood, bundles of hay, rice, corn, in fact, all that had been before kept back. After dinner the Yoozbashee came in and begged me not to be angry at any apparent neglect; saying that the number of people collected for the festival created the greatest confusion, and that, if the King heard of any misunderstanding, it would cost the lives of several officials. I replied, 'I do not feel the least anger; on the contrary, I am very grateful to the King for all his kindness.' He said, 'I am only speaking about the future, and hope you will make allowances for any want of due attention.' After further conversation, he went away, but I learnt that he had previously spoken his mind in strong terms to the culpable officials, telling them

that he had not brought the royal guest so far with such care merely to be offended by their gross neglect, and that the honours bestowed on me by the King were not to be made of no avail by them. Later in the evening the penitent Sirkar came and sat down by my fire for a talk, begging pardon at the same time for the intrusion. I told him I was delighted to see him there; and now my point being gained, I was all smiles, gave him tea and sweetmeats, and dismissed him with friendly words. So ended my first and, I hope, my last encounter with the Atalik-Ghâzee's[1] servants. I have come to the conclusion that the King had given orders for every attention to be paid to us; but being engrossed by state affairs, he is not able to bestow that attention on details which the Dâd-khwâh does. Greedy officials are thus enabled to intercept for their own benefit the favours intended for the guest. Another explanation, however, may be the true one. The Shaghâwal may have exceeded the measure of honour and attention ordered to be paid to me by the King. Ambitious aims or the desire to secure a friendly place of refuge in case of necessity may have induced him to exhibit his own especial regard for the English. But this still leaves the fact unexplained that my public reception here is conducted with more *éclat* than it was at Yârkand, while in private matters, to which the King's eye cannot reach, my comfort is less consulted.

"*Kâshghar, January 13th.*—This morning the

[1] Atalik-Ghâzee is the title assumed by the King Yakoob Beg. It means Tutor or Leader of the Champions of the Faith.

Moonshee was taken to a place of assembly, where some three or four thousand men were collected to unite in the prayers usual on the feast of the Eed. The King was present in a small building. My Moonshee was made to put on an ordinary Toorkee robe, so as not to be recognised as a stranger. For what reason, I cannot imagine.

"One of the men in attendance produced a rifle of Russian make, dated 1864. It weighed only six pounds, though the bore was larger than that of our Enfields. It had four grooves and two folding sights. They were solid, and not sliding. The first had a notch in the upper edge, and a triangular hole below, marked respectively 600 and 400. The other two distances were marked on the other sight in a similar manner. The 600-sight was exactly one inch above the line of metal, and the 1000-sight close upon an inch above this again. The rifle had a curious ringed hammer, and a trigger consisting of a button without a guard. The man says there are 1000 such arms in the King's possession, some taken in fight, and some presented as gifts by *the Russian envoy who was here four months ago.* The rifles are being imitated at the factories here, where they turn out very good ones, he says.

"To-day we are reaping the fruits of yesterday's victory. Everything is supplied in abundance, and twice in the day a hot dish (first of macaroni soup, and secondly of mutton and rice pilao) was brought to me from the royal kitchen. In the morning a present of half-a-dozen pheasants and wild-duck arrived from the King. A pair of the pheasants are precisely the same as the snow pheasant of the

Kangra Mountains. The others are very much like the English pheasant. They came from the mountains North of this. The latter I have had preserved as specimens.[1] The Toorks call them 'kirgol.'

"I forgot to say that in the morning I had sent out to buy ten new robes for the servants, so as to do honour to the great festival of my entertainers. But a great outcry was raised. The officials came and told my Moonshee that I must not buy anything; the King would be very angry if he heard that I had been obliged to send to the bazâr for anything. Finally, they said that they could not resist me if I insisted, but they begged me to consider that they were likely to lose their heads. This was an unanswerable argument, so I at last sent the robes back to the shop.

"As I was walking up and down the verandah in the afternoon, a man of distinguished appearance, but dressed in mean clothes, came into the court, and stood looking about him. My Moonshee and I invited him to sit down, and asked whether he could talk Persian. He politely declined the invitation, and said he could speak it a little; that he had heard of the arrival of a stranger, and was merely anxious to see him. Do what we would, he would not approach. He only asked my Moonshee whether he had been to the public prayers of the Eed. This is, perhaps, one of the spies of whom we had been told beforehand, who are really emissaries of the

[1] Both sorts have been recognised in England as new varieties. Marco Polo says (Chap. lii., Bohn's Ed.), "There are other pheasants also, in size and appearance like our own."

King, who come in disguise to spy out our doings. We were much amused at his sudden departure, amid our chorus of invitations to come and sit down.

"*Kâshghar, Thursday, January 14th.*—I am settling down into the former prison life that I led at Yârkand. Although the King told me to go about and amuse myself, yet I am half afraid that it was only a figure of speech, and at any rate it is wiser not to excite suspicion by being too anxious to take advantage of the permission. But you can fancy that it is rather difficult to get through the day without books (for all mine I have read through a hundred times). The talk of my Guddees is amusing; Choomâroo, especially, has a hundred anecdotes to relate, with shrewd remarks on every occurrence. Every one that goes out brings in some news of the outer world, which he contributes to the common stock of conversation. The discovery of a new row of shops, or of a fresh gateway, furnishes talk for an hour, while a meeting with one of the Indian sepoys who have taken service here is hailed like the periodical arrival of the mail steamer in some dull colony. We linger reluctantly over each topic; we wring out of it each drop of subject matter which it will afford. We return to it again and again, like a dog to a bone which he has already gnawed clean. Meanwhile, I pace up and down the verandah, the only exercise that I can obtain. At any sign of animated conversation, a raised voice, or a laugh, half-a-dozen faces peer out of as many doors all round the court, like marmots at their holes. To the Mussulmans their devotions are a great resource. The washings of face, arms, hands, and feet, the

undressing to do this, and the dressing again afterwards, the spreading a cloth to prostrate themselves on, and, finally, the varied postures required during the prayers—all these help to pass the time. I constantly hear them asking one another with a yawn whether the 'waqt-i-pesha,' the time of first afternoon prayer, or the time for such and such another prayer, is not come, and springing up with alacrity when the answer is affirmative. These periodical prayers both mark the lapse of so much weary daytime and also afford a means of breaking its monotony. I believe that a great part of the seeming devoutness of the Mussulmans is owing to the sameness of their lives from want of education. One thing marks this. The busy classes are seldom seen at prayers. Frequent devotions are the signs of a man of leisure!

"My servants have met several fellow-countrymen here. I cannot say that the accounts they give are cheering. One sends a message to my Moonshee, who is an acquaintance of his brother, saying that he shall begin to give thanks the day that we leave Shahidoolla on our return to India! There is a vague terror in such a hint as this that is highly effective. But I cannot feel much alarmed by it. Public honours and state reception, gifts and friendly speeches, would be thrown away upon one who was destined either to death or long detention. I am too insignificant a fish to be angled for with such baits. They are intended to conciliate my countrymen. But for this purpose it is necessary that I should return and make them known. To detain me or do me any harm now would be like building a ship

and never launching it, or else burning it on the stocks.

"Another native of India told one of my servants that he knew me, having seen me three years ago at Lahore. He asked whether I had set up any boundary pillars on the way hither! The Russians, he said, had done so in the mountains, six days' march from here, and a rumour had reached the King that I had done the same on the South of his dominions. Scouts were sent out to verify this, but they had returned reporting that they could find no pillars erected by me.

"*January 15th.*—To-day, being the Mussulman sabbath, the King sent word to my Moonshee that he was at liberty to go to the shrine of Hazrat Apâk (a Mussulman saint, whose tomb is a little way from Kâshghar). This message was caused by my Moonshee having expressed a wish to visit the holy spot. However, he replied that he had come from India with the object of paying his duty to the King, whereas he had only heard of Hazrat Apâk at Yârkand: so it was not fitting that he should visit the latter until he had seen the former. The King was pleased with this message, and sent back word that he would, in a day or two, repeat with his own mouth the permission to visit Hazrat Apâk, or any other place.

"Yesterday the Sirkar came and told me that the King had enquired very kindly after me, and had said, 'Go and tell Shaw Sahib that I am loaded with business at present, but hope, in a day or two, to have time for a long talk with him. Tell him not to be impatient at the delay, for I look upon him in

the light of a friend.' I sent back word that I was much obliged to the King for putting off our interview till he had more time, as what I wished to say could not be said in a hurry. I added that I was ready to wait any number of days, so that in the end there might be full leisure for all my business.

"Sarda has again had a talk with the Cashmeer soldier who is now here. He says that he and his companions were sold into Badakhshân, whence their purchasers brought them over into Eastern Toorkistân, and offered them for sale to the Ataligh-Ghâzee. The price asked for them was one koors and five tillahs a piece (about 20*l.*). The King refused to buy them, but retained both them and their masters at Kâshghar. The Maharaja of Cashmeer has made repeated efforts to recover them, but without avail. Sarda asked this man whether he had any hope of escape. He replied, 'Our only chance is in some commotion arising, then we should be able to get away.'

"What a short-sighted policy of the King to retain against their will men who are useless to him as soldiers, and whose only hope of release is in the upsetting of his rule! They say that there are many foreigners thus detained in Yârkand and Kâshghar, so that their numbers have actually become dangerous.

"Have I mentioned to you the candles of the country? They are tallow dips, with a wick, made by winding loose cotton round a light stick. Some are coated with red wax. They are very thick (one inch and a half) at the top, tapering slightly towards the bottom. Here they have given me a pair of *snuffers*, identical in every respect with the

ordinary English ones, and which must, at least, have been made after some European model.

"The Toorks also commonly use sulphur matches, which are sold about the streets by hawkers. They are made out of blocks of wood eight or ten inches long, which is sawn into thin slices in such an accurate manner that you can reconstruct the block of wood by putting together all the slices, and no one would know that it was not a solid piece. The ends of these slices are dipped in sulphur, and serve to kindle a flame from the almost extinct embers, or from a piece of smouldering tinder. They are used in every household.

"*Kâshghar, Sunday, January 17th.*—This morning the Yoozbashee came, with a white bundle in his hand. Untying it, he showed me the several parts of a revolver, which had been pulled to pieces, and was covered with rust. Four of the chambers were loaded and capped, the other two had been discharged. He asked me to let my man clean it, and put it together. The man was called, and told to bring the necessary instruments, and, while he was getting them together, my attendant Mahram said a few words in Toorkee to the Yoozbashee. All was ready, and my man was stretching out his hand to pick up the chambers of the revolver, when suddenly the Yoozbashee gathered together the pieces, wrapped them up in the cloth, and carried them off with some muttered excuse in Toorkee. Choomâroo and I were left staring at one another in astonishment. Nor could we hit upon any explanation.

"Sarda again saw the Cashmeer sepoy to-day. The man charged him particularly to convey to me the

salutations, not only of himself, but also of all his comrades, and to tell me, in their name, that they were detained here against their will, and that their only hope of escape lay in a rising. He said there were many thousands of natives of the surrounding countries thus detained at Kâshghar, who would all side against the Atalik-Ghâzee in any commotion, in order to effect their escape. He added that they only wanted a leader!

"I was much amused at this delicate hint. I cautioned Sarda against expressing any opinions of his own regarding the state of affairs here, though I desired him to learn as much as he could from this man. I believe him to be sincere; but it is as well to be on our guard against traps and pitfalls.

"In the afternoon came the Yoozbashee, and sat down for a talk. He announced the approach of the Shaghâwal, who had left Yârkand on Friday last. Seeing that there were no listeners, he became confidential. He said I must not be angry with him for not coming to see me oftener; he was afraid it might be reported to the King that anything that I might do or say was by his advice. The pistol, too, this morning, he had carried off again, fearing the reports that would be taken to the King. But he appealed to his conduct at Yârkand, where he was under the orders of the Shaghâwal, for a proof of his real sentiments towards me.

"I laughed, and replied that I had now seen the state of affairs here, and understood it all. We were interrupted by the arrival of the Mahram, with hot pilaos for myself and the Moonshee, who was sitting with me. I invited the Yoozbashee and the Mahram

to join us, and we made an impromptu meal *à la* Toorkee. The three commenced operations on the huge dish with their fingers, while I sat on my chair, and used a separate plate and knife and fork, to their great admiration. Their delight is to use one of my spoons to stir their tea with. When they had finished, I had some grapes put before them, but they raised cries of horror, saying, 'How can we eat them now, after meat?' They seemed as much astonished as English people would be were the soup served after dessert. I explained our custom in this respect, but they thought it quite barbarous. They explained their theory on the subject. Put into European phraseology it was this: that eating meat before fruit, was like sending a heavy goods train down a line in front of a fast express; the fruit being more quickly digestible than the meat, and therefore proper to be eaten first.

"Hitherto the servants have been allowed to go out of doors at will. To-day most of them were turned back, and told to stay within the four walls. My Moonshee asked me the story of the prisoners in Abyssinia, apparently considering ours a parallel case. I cannot say that we feel much anxiety, however, though this kind of imprisonment is annoying, as well as ridiculous.

"I learn that the price of cotton here is about one tanga per jing, or three tangas for 4 lbs., which equals 3*d.* per lb.!

"*Kâshghar, Wednesday, January 20th.*—For several days past the Yoozbashee has not come to see me. To-day I sent to enquire after him, and he sent me back many salâms, with a message, saying that

he was most desirous of visiting me, but these rascals (meaning the King's officers in attendance) kept such a watch on him that he was afraid to come.

"*Kâshghar, Friday, January 22nd.*—This morning the Shaghâwal Dâd-khwâh arrived from Yârkand. He was received, as I was, by soldiers lining the gateways and approaches, and went to pay his respects to the King at once. At the same time he presented a nazar, or gift, consisting of 100 'koors' of silver (=1700*l.*), and thirty horses, mounted by as many slaves, fully armed and equipped from head to foot, with four changes of clothing a-piece. Besides these, there were numerous minor gifts. He himself rode a splendid horse, with housings mounted with turquoises, and saddle-cloth of gold brocade. The Yoozbashee rode out as far as Yepchang to meet him, and came to see me about one o'clock, after being dismissed by the King. He said he was famished, having started long before daybreak without any food. I made him stop and join me in a huge pilao, a great part of which he devoured.

"The Dâd-khwâh sent me many kind messages of enquiry, and said he had heard how tired I was of confinement (for yesterday, sick of this life, I had poured forth my complaints into the sympathising ears of the Yoozbashee, who tried to pacify me by saying that I was too great a man to go about the place like a common person; but at the same time he evidently thought my desire for a little open air only reasonable). The Dâd-khwâh told me to have patience for a little longer, that everything should be arranged to my satisfaction, and I should go back with him to Yârkand when he returned.

The Yoozbashee affects mystery, and does not mention the Dâd-khwâh's name when the other attendants are present. Whether the Dâd-khwâh's friendliness towards me is in excess of the King's orders, and concealed from his knowledge, I know not; but he evidently wants me to believe so.

"I have had some Indian dumb-bells made to pass the time with. To-day the Yoozbashee saw them, and asked their use. He was much pleased with the exercise they afford, and said it was fine training for the arms. He tried them himself, in imitation of me, but never having handled them before, of course could not keep up the play long. I then showed him some other tricks and exercises, such as rising from the ground on one leg, without help from the other, &c. He tried them all, and showed great activity in these novel amusements.

"He says they have earthquakes at Yârkand and Kâshghar two or three times a year; but last year, at Yepchang, for eight months together, there were shocks two or three times a day. All the houses were shaken to pieces, and have had to be rebuilt. The shocks did not extend beyond the immediate neighbourhood of the village.

"*Kâshghar, Saturday, January 23rd.*—Many Pathâns, and other officers and soldiers of the King, daily send me their salâms. Some even venture to come in person to my outer gate, and deliver their greeting through my servants. Yesterday, a Pathân Yoozbashee, named Azeem Khan, did so. But none are allowed to enter.

"*Kâshghar, Monday, January 25th.*—This evening I had a late visit from the Yoozbashee, who had been

doing athletics with me all the afternoon. As usual, he had not been seated two minutes before he was followed by the Mahram, the most jovial of spies. They related to me some wonderful histories regarding Hazrat Sikandar (Alexander the Great).[1] His seat of empire was at *Samarkand*, and he marched against China in order to *convert it to Islâm!* At a certain place he made each of his soldiers deposit a single stone, by which means a huge cairn was formed. Entering China, he received the submission of the emperor, who became his tributary, without resistance. His soldiers were made welcome, and many of them married women of the country. Having accomplished the purpose of his expedition, Hazrat Sikandar said, 'Allaho-akber,' and set out on his return. When he reached the cairn which his soldiers had raised at the time of his former passing, he made each of them take one stone from the heap. Many thousands of stones were still left when all was done, which represented the soldiers who had remained behind with their Chinese wives. From these settlers sprang two nations, the Toongânees (who are Mussulmans),[2] and the Kalmâks, who still inhabit the regions which lie on the road to China.

"Now this tale really belongs to the history of one of the Tartar conquerors, I believe, but is transferred by popular error to the great Sikandar. There is a plain in Northern Tartary called Santash where a

[1] Hazrat is a title of honour applied to Mussulman saints, and also to living kings and great men.

[2] The name Toongânee is, I was told, derived from a Toorkee word in common use, signifying "to remain."

huge cairn of stones is still visible, regarding which this very tradition, or one very similar to it, is told. A separate corroboration is found in the national legends of the Toongânees, who represent themselves to be descended from a colony of military settlers, left in their country by Timoor (Tamerlane; who, by the way, was never there in his own person).

"We then came upon the subject of this country, Eastern Toorkistân. They related that, till 4080 years ago, the inhabitants were kâfirs, or heathen. Then arose a king called Hazrat Sooltân, who converted them all to Islâm. The Moonshee here interposed, and asked who converted him. They replied, 'He became a Mussulman of himself.' This was too much for the Moonshee, who had heard, with unswerving faith, about Alexander's zeal for Islâm, and about the existence of Mussulmans 4080 years ago. He exclaimed, 'No, no; he must have had a teacher.' I turned to him, and said, 'Do you expect historical accuracy from them, when you have just heard them talk about Mussulman kings reigning nearly 3000 years before the time of your Prophet? Let them tell their legends in their own manner.' However, by this time, comparing notes, my Yoozbashee and the Mahram had discovered that my Moonshee was right (it turned out afterwards that he knew the whole story). So they began again. Hazrat Sooltân was the son of a kâfir king. He was converted to the true faith by Abd-ool-Nassar Sâmânee, a missionary from Baghdad. When he was quite a child, his father dreamt that he would become a Mussulman. Being inclined to kill the child on this

account, he consulted his wife, who said, 'Do not kill him, but try him first. Take him to the idol temple, and if he shall there conform to our worship then let him live; if not, kill him.' So the boy was taken before the idol, and there having joined in the worship, he was allowed to live, as being an orthodox idolater. But when he had secretly received the instructions of the Mussulman teacher, he became greatly troubled in mind, and the more so when his father ordered him to build a temple to one of his idols. He consulted the saint, who told him to obey his father, but, at the same time, to imagine, in his own mind, that it was a mosque he was building. His own purpose being thus laudably directed, the real destination of the temple would not affect him! When this was done, a worse difficulty arose; for his father set up an image in the temple, and ordered him to worship it. But, as before, his saintly teacher eased his conscience by an expedient worthy of being commemorated by the pen of Pascal. The young convert was ordered to write the name of Allah on two papers, which he should hold between his fingers. When he should prostrate himself before the idol, with his forehead resting on his hands, the adoration would be paid to the name of God, written, and not to the idol who was before him. Having, by these expedients, maintained his new faith, without giving rise to suspicion in the heart of his parents, he collected together forty sons of nobles and chiefs, whom he attached to himself. He practised with them at shooting with the bow, and other warlike exercises. Having this trained body at his disposal, he suddenly appeared before his father, and ordered him to become a

Mussulman. The king refused, whereupon he was seized, and held up, with his face towards the sky, by his son's followers. Still refusing, he was placed on the ground, which began to engulf him. As he gradually sank, his son still implored him to embrace Islâm; but still refusing, he finally disappeared entirely in the earth, and his son became king. They say the place is still to be seen, looking like a salt pit, at Artash, a town some twenty miles from Kâshghar, northwards. Artash was the former chief town of this region.

"My Mahram has also a tradition regarding the connection between the Russians and the Chinese. Alexander the Great (no Eastern tale is complete without him) drove the Russians out of their country, and they took refuge in China. There they intermarried with Chinese women, and from these unions sprang the present Russian nation. This must be true, I was told, for the Manjoos say so! I cannot conceive in what perversion of facts this tale can have originated; I think it must be the invention of some oppressed Toork, who thus identified as of one race the two hated enemies of his nation. The Mahram told me about the wars between the Manjoos and the Kara-Khatai (Black Chinese). He says the Kara-Khatai formerly held Eastern Toorkistân, but gave it over some sixty years ago to the Manjoos, who agreed to give it back in eighty-four years' time.

When all were gone, Sarda, who had been listening in the next room, came in and moralised: 'Hum, they may call us Hindoos, *kâfirs*, as much as they like; they are but a bad lot themselves. They just

draw a knife across a chicken's throat, and then let it lie there and kick for half an hour. Better be a kâfir than do that.' I explained muscular action, which goes on after death; but he had taken the appellation of kâfir much to heart, and would not be comforted.

Earring.

CHAPTER XIII.

DETENTION AT KÂSHGHAR.

Chinese Women and their Feet — Ignorance about the British Dominion in India — Prisoners from Sarikol — Balti Songs — Powder-making — Stories of former English Visitors — Sarikol People — Feeling of Natives of India towards Englishmen in this Foreign Land — Consumption of Tea — Executions — Author recognized by a Kangra Rajpoot — The Mahrambâshee's view of Sins — The exploring Mirza — The Indian Mutiny — Ceremonies at New Moon — The King's alleged Favour to the Traveller — The Beg of Khoten — The Moonshee's Lies — Oriental Fables.

"*Kâshghar, January 28th.*—Enough snow fell in the night to whiten the ground.

"The King went with over a thousand horsemen to the Shrine of Hazrat Apâk, whence he is to return to-morrow. The Yoozbashee is gone too.

"The Shaghâwal has given sixty common horses, and forty fine ones mounted by as many slaves, to the King; also 150 'kooroos' and 100 pieces of 'Kimkab' (gold brocade), besides numerous other gifts. Jooma saw them all.

"Among the return presents given by the King is a *wife*.

"My servants have been much astonished at seeing a Chinese woman with small feet. Many of these women live near here, with their families. These Chinese settlers have the same method of cultivation as in China. I have ordered a pair of Chinese lady's boots, three or four inches long, made of embroidered silk!

"*Kâshghar, Friday, January 29th.*—To-day Jooma confirmed an opinion which has been strengthening in my mind ever since I have been in Toorkistân. He declares that, until this year, the people of this country, and its rulers, had no idea of the British dominion in India. The name of Frang was not even mentioned, except as belonging to a people who had been fighting with the Chinese, and who had some possessions far away in the South. The Maharaja of Cashmeer was the great potentate whom they heard of on their borders. Every trader who came from Ladâk was reckoned a Cashmeer subject, and was put under the authority of the Cashmeer Akskal, or consul, Ahmed Shah. The Indian merchants dared not give any other account of themselves, partly from fear of the Yârkand authorities, who might have detained them, but chiefly on account of the Cashmeer authorities, by whose favour alone they had access to the Ladâk market. The reduction of duties last year at Ladâk was such an unusual thing for a native sovereign that it attracted attention, and it was rumoured that the English had taken Tibet My arrival this year, and afterwards that of Hayward, and the accounts given regarding the Maharaja by myself and my servants, who are under no restraints, have convinced the authorities here that the English power is paramount in India. Until last year, they do not seem to have known of its existence there, but sent an envoy to the Maharaja of Cashmeer *and Delhi.* So new is the notion to them that they now call all British subjects Frangs. Not only I, but my Moonshee, my other servants, and even the old mutineer artilleryman, who came with Mahammad

Nazzar, are known by that name. Yet hundreds of Mussulman and Hindoo merchants, and soldiers from India, have before this come to Yârkand, and hundreds are now here, yet none of them were called Frangees. The reason is simple: they gave themselves out as the subjects of the Hindoo Maharaja of Cashmeer, and were called either Hindoos or Cashmeerees, according to their creed. Since it has been known that the Frangs rule in India, all their subjects, of whatever race, have begun to be called Frangs also.

"The mistakes occasioned by this are amusing. First came the original report that *five* Frangees had reached Shahidoolla, when I and four Indian servants arrived there. As for the Moonshee, all the Toorks used at first to ask his attendants, 'How does the Frangee (meaning him) eat and behave himself? does he believe in our Prophet?' &c. A few days ago the Sirkar came officially to tell me that another Frang (politely rendered by 'Sahib') was approaching Kâshghar with Mahammad Nazzar, and the King wished to know whether I was aware of his business, or the purpose of his coming. I said that I only knew of Hayward, and did not even know a third Sahib had come into the country. The next day the Sirkar came back to explain the mistake. The Frang, he said, was not an 'Inglish,' like myself, but a Mussulman; in fact, it was my friend, the old mutineer. A day or two after, the Shaghâwal arrived. News was brought in that Hayward Sahib had arrived, also, that day. He had been received by the King, and his lodging was appointed in a house outside the walls. Next day came further reports of his

sayings and doings. He had said to the King, 'Why do you bring in your water for this fortress *under* the wall? I can bring it in *over* the wall.' They also said that he was quite an old man. This puzzled us; but we came to the conclusion that the colour of Hayward's beard, being light, had been mistaken for the greyness of age, as I have several times known to be done in India. A couple of days afterwards, Jooma enquired for the officer who is in attendance on Hayward, and then it came out that neither he nor Hayward had left Yârkand, and that it was again the old mutineer who was the cause of the mistake. In short, whereas before they put down all Indians as subjects of Cashmeer, since their partial enlightenment they have gone to the other extreme, and give the name of Frangs to all British subjects. They have not yet fully seized the idea that the English are the foreign rulers of alien races.

"*Kâshghar, February 1st.*—The Yoozbashee and Mahrambashee joined me in my mid-day pilao.

"The Mahrambashee showed me how the Chinese Ambân (Governor) used to sit on a chair and eat with chopsticks. He sat with his wife and sons and daughters at a large table. They helped themselves from the dishes with spoons like the English, he said, and afterwards drank their 'arrak' and smoked long pipes. He mimicked the old Ambân, who had lost his teeth, and used to mumble his words.

"To-day some prisoners were brought in from Sarikol, the result of the expedition which went from Yârkand in December. The younger brother of the Chief has been taken and killed. The Chief himself

has fled to Badakhshân. The Sarikol people, I am told, are allies and abettors of the Kanjootee robber-tribe. Half-a-dozen of the male prisoners and three little girls aged from five to fourteen were brought to my outer courtyard to be fitted with clothes by the Chinese tailors, who are engaged there at work for the Sirkar (or comptroller of stores).

"The Yoozbashee says that thieves have been put down with a strong hand by the Atalik-Ghâzee. Many have been hung and impaled; if even the value of a knife is stolen, the thief is hung.

"*Kâshghar, Tuesday, February 2nd.*—We spent the afternoon in hopping and jumping and playing leap-frog with the Yoozbashee and the Mahrambashee. By way of interlude the Mahrambashee brought in a young camel (two-humped) with which he was playing. It was four years old and quite tame and friendly.

"The old Balti water-carrier entertained us with songs in the evening. He sang about Késer, King of Little Tibet, whose wife was carried off by the King of Yârkand while he was engaged in some distant expedition. Késer on his return came over to Yârkand in disguise, and apprenticed himself to a blacksmith. Such was his skill that he was brought to the notice of the King for his excellent workmanship. Késer was taken into high favour, and thus found an opportunity of killing the King, recovering his wife, and making himself master of Yârkand! This is a case of the lion painted by the man; for I doubt whether the Toorks would allow that they were ever subjected by Tibet.

"Késer is the Oriental name of the Cæsars of Rome

and Constantinople. I don't know what 'il allait faire dans cette galère.'

"*Kâshghar, Wednesday, February 3rd.*—This afternoon the Sirkar (or comptroller of the household) came, with two others, bringing the bullet-moulds and other instruments which I had given, with the guns, to the King. They had all got mixed together, and they asked me to sort them again. With them they also brought two other guns as mine. One was a Westley-Richards smooth-bore, and the other a large-bore polygroove. I at once saw that they were not of the number of those which I had given, either to the King or to the Dâd-khwâh. One of the men was, apparently, quite a common person. He went and came as he was sent, bringing the things. But, while sitting looking on, he pulled out a silver hunting watch from a breast pocket, to see the time. Are watches so common here, or are they trying to make me believe so? The elder man, whom the Sirkar even addressed by the respectful title of 'Takseer,' asked me to tell him how our powder was made. I said the description of the process was very long, but, if he wished, I would let him have it. He answered that, if I would not be angry at the request, he should wish me to let him have the information. I accordingly had out Galton's 'Art of Travel,' and made my Moonshee write out, in Persian, the directions for making powder. My visitors were very grateful, and took their leave with the usual Toorkish bows.

"This evening the Yoozbashee came to see me. After showing him how to blow out a candle by firing off a cap at it, I asked him which guns were the

best, the Russian or the English.' He exclaimed, at once, 'The English; the others are of no use.' He then began telling me about several Englishmen, who had come before, but had all been killed; one in the reign of Mahammad Ali, twenty-two years ago, came to Khokand, and thence was taken to Bokhâra, where he was murdered. I was the first who had been taken into friendship by the rulers of the land. I said, 'Undoubtedly the news of my friendly treatment will be very kindly received in England.' He said, 'The other Frang, at Yârkand, has several times gone out on his horse, against the will of his attendants, and has had to be fetched back. Now a guard is set night and day at his door, to prevent his going out. For this reason he has not been brought to Kâshghar to see the King.'[1] I answered, 'In foreign lands one ought to follow the customs of the country, and obey the rulers.' I then turned the conversation, by asking, 'When did you Andijânees first hear of the English?' He answered, 'Thirty years ago, we heard of you from the side of China.' I asked, 'And from India?' He said, 'We have heard rumours for the last two or three years, but have only had definite knowledge since you came.'

"From all I hear, I believe this expresses the facts as regards the mass of the people. The rulers have always been better informed, collecting news from all quarters, through merchants and hajjees; but this information they keep to themselves, nor did the travellers who have returned to their own country care

[1] Mr. Hayward told me afterwards that this account was a great exaggeration of the facts. He only went out once.

to publish abroad the knowledge they have acquired, while those who stay at home are not induced by any spirit of research or curiosity to cross-examine them. Darkness is the rule of the land; the *great* desire is lest their weakness should be seen; the *little* take refuge in it, and find their safety in being unknowing and unknown. One is reminded of those tales in which some great enchanter guards his castle from intrusion. Those who seek not to fathom its mysteries pass by unmolested; while those who, however innocently, have acquired a knowledge of the secrets on which depends its owner's power are sacrificed to his safety. I feel myself now in the grasp of some such magician. Uncalled, I have entered his castle; should he believe that I have obtained any knowledge that could be dangerous to him, I am not likely to cross its threshold again. My chief safety lies in the very precautions which he takes to keep me in ignorance. If he imagined them to be ineffectual, he has no scruples to keep him from securing my silence in his own way. My endeavour should be to make him think them insuperable. The fact that he keeps me from intercourse with his subjects is a sign that he wishes to dismiss me in safety. Did he intend to have me killed, he would not care how much information I might first acquire.

"*Kâshghar, Thursday, February 4th.*—Some of the small children captured in Sarikol were brought in to show me—two little girls four and six years old. They refused to communicate with us in any known language; but evidently understood the use of sugar, for they immediately began sucking two lumps that I gave them. They have finer

features than the Toorks and *hazel eyes*. They are under the care of a Sarikolee prisoner captured in some former foray. He says that a hundred of them have been brought this time. They reached Kâshghar two or three days after I did. Their chief man was immediately killed (throat cut) by order of the Atalik-Ghâzee, and his body was thrown into a ditch without burial. The Sarikolee communicated this in Persian to the Moonshee's servant.

"*Kâshghar, Friday, February 5th.*—This morning Jooma brought the news that a servant of mine, Sooba by name, had arrived here, but was prevented from coming to me. This is one of the two who were left at Ladâk to bring my caravan of goods after me. In the evening my Moonshee's Yârkandee servant came up, and said that he had just met the old artilleryman, who had given him the same news, and had added that I ought to make some stir about my lost goods, or the man would be ill-treated, and perhaps killed as a spy or impostor. I have resolved, therefore, to speak to the Sirkar about sending fresh messengers to search for my caravan, expressing my fears for the safety of the men who are with it. This will inform the authorities, if they do not know it already, that I am expecting some servants of mine, who were left behind. It is true the Dâd-khwâh knows this perfectly well, and had even sent off two men from Yârkand after the missing goods; but who can tell, in this mysterious country, whether he may have thought fit to tell the King of this? The most tantalising part of the business is that I hear the man has many letters with him. So eager was I to get them that we had arranged a plan by which Jooma was to take my horse

out to water, and, when out of sight, to go to an appointed place, and fetch the packet of letters. On his return, I was to be immensely angry with him for going out of bounds, and to send for my whip, when it was expected that the Mahrambashee would interfere, and prevent the threatened beating; this was all his own proposal! However, prudence prevailed, and I have constrained myself to wait a little longer for the letters, in the hopes that Sooba will not be detained many days from seeing me. At present they have lodged him with a Panjâbee official, who is high in the King's favour, named Nabee Bakhsh. It is probably their intention that this countryman of his shall wheedle out of him any secrets he may know; or, at any rate, find out whether his account agrees with mine. The King's absence at the shrine of Hazrat Sooltân affords an excuse for his detention, and gives an opportunity for cross-examining him. He is a straightforward, simple sort of fellow, and, if quietly questioned, will only tell the truth, from want of imagination. My fear is lest any Cashmeerees may have got hold of him by the way. They are as mischievous as monkeys, and far more malicious, and would instil into him a thousand fears, and concoct as many lies for him to save himself by.

"To-morrow morning Jooma is to try and learn from his informant what has happened to the caravan, and to the other old man, Elahee Bakhsh. It is difficult to find opportunities for talk; the man is in terror of his life should he be caught revealing the King's secrets. He is an Indian Mussulman, from Kishtwar, and he is certainly performing a dangerous service in communicating information to me. I must

say that I have received many marks of attention from natives of India, and even Afghans, since I have been in Toorkistân. They seem bound by a kind of attachment, or sympathy, to us. This feeling, dormant while they are in the midst of their own people, becomes sensible when they are thrown amongst aliens. In a foreign land, freed from the awe and influence of British power, they do not, as might be expected, show aversion to an Englishman as to a member of a hated race; they rather turn to him as to one who, though not of their own kin, is yet bound to them by closer ties than the strangers around them. I am surprised and pleased to find this. It is not the usual feeling of the conquered towards the dominant nation. I do not flatter myself that it amounts to affection. It is probably a compound, first, of an instinct of dependence on the race from which they are accustomed to see all authority proceed; secondly, a local feeling, that these Englishmen also come from our own land, and are familiar with the rivers and plains of our homes; and, thirdly, a mental comparison between the (on the whole) beneficent use of power in India and its wanton and selfish abuse in native States. The fact that these feelings are not overpowered by that of aversion, as they might easily be were it strong, shows that there can be no very general deep-rooted dislike towards us.

"To-day, the Mahrambashee was having the locks of his Russian rifle cleaned by one of my men. I observed that it was of English make, with the name 'E. Tanner and Co., No. 16,782,' and bore the date 1864.

"*Kâshghar, Saturday, February 6th.*—I had a long talk with the Yoozbashee to-day about tea. He says it used to sell, when the Chinese were in power, at eight, ten, or fifteen tangas a jing. Now it sells at twenty-five, thirty, and forty, some being valued even at sixty.[1] The quantity drunk is enormous. He himself takes part of, at least, eight or ten teapots in a day. A Toork who does not consume a teapot full at morning prayer time, and another before twelve, is not considered a man. The Yoozbashee informs me, in confidence, that in the Shaghâwal's establishment 3000 tillahs' worth of tea are spent in a year. The consumption necessary to a man in his position is, no doubt, enormous, which it may well be, without costing 1800*l.* a year!

"My friend is quite a connoisseur in tea. He tasted and examined the samples I showed him, and put prices on them as confidently as any tea-merchant would. He is most particular about the tea I give him to drink when he visits me. Now it is too weak, and now too bitter; but when he gets it to his taste, he drinks off cup after cup with the greatest satisfaction. To-day he gave my servants a lesson in the art of making it, which I hope they have profited by.

"In the evening our talk fell upon the Hindoo caste prejudices. Pointing to Choomâroo, he said, 'The Hindoo is very bad; he will not eat the same food as his master. None of my servants dare to refuse anything that I give them.' We had been talking about the Indian mutiny, and I said, 'It was just

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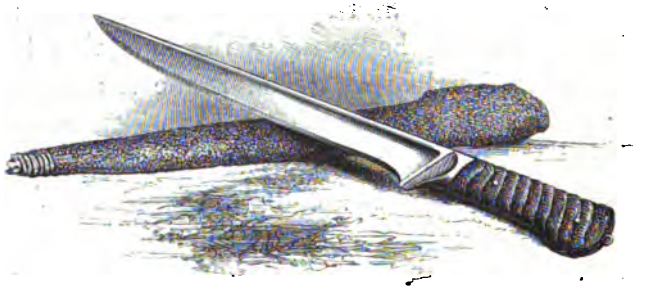
[1] A jing is equal to 1¼ lb. English. Thirty tangas (the average price) = 10*s.*

these prejudices which led our Hindoo soldiers to revolt. They took it into their heads that we wanted to convert them, by means of cows' grease in the cartridges.' The Yoozbashee laughed very much at my account of this. He is always chaffing Choomâroo, and trying to make him drink tea or eat bread with him. Turning round to him, he said, 'If I were to make you eat this bit of bread, would that make you a Mussulman?' Presently, I found an opportunity of introducing the subject of my missing caravan, and expressing my anxiety about it. He answered, 'Don't fret yourself, the goods will not disappear off the earth; you will find them at last.' I answered, 'It is not so much the goods as the men that I am anxious about.' He said, 'God is there, as well as here; you cannot prevent what is to happen to them.' I said, 'I lost two men on a pass last year, and if I lose two more this year, it will be a bad thing.' In reply, he only asked whether they were Mussulmans or not. The Mahrambashee, however, asked me whether they had not eight horses with them. This satisfied me that the authorities here also know of the servants and goods which I am expecting. This is what I wished to ascertain.

"In the morning, the Moonshee's Yârkandee servant brought news that four servants of mine had arrived. Jooma afterwards heard the same; and we concluded that the two mule-men had accompanied my own two men. Later in the day, Rozee, the hajjee orphan (who is allowed to play about as he will), met the old mutineer in the town. The latter sent me word that these four men had arrived from India, *viâ* Badakhshân, having been sent by our authorities.

Thus the hope of my own servants' arrival was dispelled; but I cannot tell whether the news of yesterday, regarding Sooba, shares the fate of the rest, or no. Rozee, moreover, had seen, lying by the side of the road, just outside the gate of the fortress, a man with his throat cut. A mat was thrown over his legs, while his clothes, and the ground beneath him, were soaked with blood. The Moonshee came in the dusk, and told me this with a scared face, which made the servants laugh at him. I suppose this is the Toork way of inspiring terror into the people, by



Executioner's Knife.

exposing such a ghastly object in a public place. Let us hope this victim was at least a thief. Probably, one of the reasons why none of my servants are allowed to go out here is lest they should see and report to me these frequent human sacrifices. At Yârkand it was different; the executions were more decently conducted; but, as somebody remarked today, 'Where the tiger's den is, there you must expect to see the bones lying about.'

"*Kâshghar, Sunday, February 7th.*—To-day Rozee reports that a woman is sitting, crying, by the

dead body outside the gate. I have just heard the story of the man. They were talking about him, and my servants overheard them. He was a thief, who had been caught in the fact and put in confinement inside the fortress. He broke loose, and tried to escape, but was caught under the wall. They took him before the King, who, on hearing the facts, merely said, 'Allaho-akber,' with outspread hands. This was the man's only death-warrant, and he was at once led out to execution. It appears that thieves are treated with the greatest severity here. Murderers, on the other hand, are rather petted, for they are considered fine spirited fellows, who will do good service as soldiers.

"Our young spy Rozee reports that the Shaghâwal has to-day taken his leave of the King, who presented him with a horse clothed in brocade trappings, with silver-mounted bridle, &c. The Shaghâwal starts for Yârkand to-morrow. Before his arrival we hoped that that would be the signal for our disinterment. At present his departure is what we look forward to, thinking that perhaps the King will afterwards have leisure to see me. We have now been detained here nearly a month.

"In the afternoon athletic games, in which the Yoozbashee and Mahrambashee as usual took part.

"*Kâshghar, Tuesday, February 9th.*—Sarda, going to a tank outside for water as usual, made the acquaintance of a fellow-countryman, formerly a Rajpoot of the Goleiria clan, whose home is a few miles from Kangra. He asked Sarda who his master was, and on Sarda describing the position of my house at Dharmsâla, he interrupted, 'What, *Shak*

Sahib?' It is rather amusing to find myself known at Kâshghar. In reply to Sarda's further questions, the man gave the following scrap of autobiography.

"'About four years and a half ago, during the rains of that year, I heard that recruiting was going on at Dharmsâla. So I went up and offered myself for enlistment. They made me stand up against a stick, but as I was a little too short, they rejected me, and I had to look about for some other employ. I gave a Moonshee there a small bribe to procure me a place. He succeeded in getting me appointed temporarily in the place of a chuprassy[1] at Kangra, who had gone away on leave. There I received a badge and a belt and sword, and served for a month or two in the Kangra tehseel. But my parents would not let me stay, and, finally, after giving in three several petitions, I was let go. After this, I lived for some time at my own home at Lanja. One day, as I was tending cattle, the Goleir Rajah (the chief of his clan) came into the neighbourhood shooting. I showed him some sport, at which he was so pleased that he asked me my name, and pressed me to take service with him. I asked time to consider his offer, and the next day, without asking my parents' leave, I went and presented myself before him. In that service we received four rupees a month each besides food, and thirty maunds of grain in the year (half wheat and half rice). But here, again, my parents, when they came to learn where I was, would not let me stay. They procured my release from the Rajah's service, where I was happy enough, and thus

[1] A petty official of our courts.

brought me to my present miserable condition. For, unable to rest at home I went off to Jamoo. There I found a jemadar[1] whom I knew, and applied to him to get me employed. So one day when the Maharaja was reviewing some of his soldiers, the jemadar brought me forward as a candidate for service. The Maharaja thumped me on the chest, and said, "He is a strong, hearty fellow; put his name down in the book." So I was now a sepoy on six chilkees a month (Rs.3.12.0). Soon after this we marched to Gilgit.[2] There I was sent with a detachment in advance towards Hoonza. We occupied two forts, and thence made an attack into the Hoonza country. We were driven back, however, and as we retired into the forts, the enemy made a dash at a small gun we had with us, and succeeded in getting it into their hands. When my jemadar saw this, calling upon us to follow, he rushed out of the fort again, and, cutting the drag-ropes of the gun with his sword, with our assistance he drove back the men of Hoonza, and got the gun back into the fort. After this we were left in peace for some time. At last one day I was sent to carry a letter to our commanding officer at a fort about half a day's journey down the valley. Starting in the middle of the afternoon, at dark I reached the swing bridge by which the river is crossed there. I was afraid to cross at that time of night, so I slept under a bush on the bank.'

"Here the autobiography stops for a time, like a novel in a periodical, which leaves one anxiously

[1] A native officer.

[2] Gilgit and Hoonza are valleys running up into the heart of the Himâlaya beyond Cashmeer, and occupied by savage tribes.

waiting for the sequel. Sarda's prudence made him interrupt his friend lest they should be seen conversing together too long, and they parted with a mutual agreement to complete the story another day. The man's Hindoo name was Karkoo, but he is now a Mussulman.

"To-day they were scolding my table servant, Kabeer, for not saying his prayers. The Mahram told him that thieving, lying, murdering, was all nothing so long as a man said his prayers regularly. Kabeer made some excuse about his work not allowing him time to clean himself for prayers, but combated the Mahrambashee's doctrine about their being able to excuse other sins. So they brought the controversy to my Moonshee. He gave his verdict against the Mahrambashee's theory, quoting the Mussulman maxim, which says that all sins against God, such as drinking wine, playing with dice, &c., would be forgiven to him who should repeat the daily prayer and go on pilgrimage to Mecca; but that sins against fellow-men, such as theft, extortion, cruelty, &c., could not be purified even by pilgrimage, unless first reparation were made according to the offender's power, and pardon obtained from those whom he has injured. Therefore, *à fortiori*, prayer alone could not excuse such crimes. It is curious that those who think it worth while to go through a troublesome ceremony five times a day should not take the trouble to find out what virtue their own religion ascribes to it.

"*Kâshghar, Thursday, February 11th.*—This morning I received through my Moonshee's servant, with great secrecy, a note in English from one of

the recent arrivals from India. He signs himself Mirza ——, and says he has been sent to explore. His watches have broken down, and he wants the loan of one for astronomical observations; also desires to know what is the day of the month. His onward journey has been stopped. I was going to answer him in Persian character, but at the Moonshee's expostulations contented myself with sending a verbal message, which is safer. I also thought it wise not to lend him a watch, as I have great doubts of his genuineness, and it might bring great suspicion on me if he were seen in possession of something known to be mine.

"Jooma to day met a Beg, who had been a great landholder under the Chinese Government at Poskyam. The Beg told him that the Nyâz Begee of Khoten (who is supposed to be bringing presents for me) would to-day reach Yang-hissâr, and that now I should speedily have my interview with the Atalik-Ghâzee. The latter, he says, has delayed his intended visit to Yang-hissâr on my account, and it is probable that he may take me with him that far on my return to Yârkand. I have done with hoping those news may be true; they never are.

"I told the Yoozbashee that I had increased fearfully round the waist for want of exercise, and that I was afraid I should not be able to walk properly when I got into the mountains again. He said, 'When you go back to Yârkand, we will trot you about everywhere, and make you thin again before you start.' He then went on to describe his own life for the last four or five months (ever since the first news of my Moonshee's approach), and recounted

the number of journeys he had made backwards and forwards (I think he said he had been five times to and fro between Yârkand and Kâshghar). I cried out, 'That is "arâm" (ease); that is what I should wish, to be doing now.' He answered, 'No, no; "arâm" consists in having nothing to do, and lying all day long at full length on cushions' (and he suited the action to the words), 'with your wife to attend on you.' I said, 'I would willingly consent to give you all the sitting still, and undertake the rides myself.'

"In conversation I told the Mahrambashee about the mutiny in India, and the murders of our women and children. He was delighted when he heard of the retribution which fell on the murderers, and patted Choomâroo on the back when I told him that the Panjâb-lig Hindoos had assisted in catching the mutineers and bringing them to justice.

"The Sirkar paid us a visit to-day. He and the Yoozbashee first sat with the Moonshee till I had done breakfast, and then came to see me. In both places they appeared unnaturally anxious to see our watches! From this we suspect that some knowledge of Mirza ———'s desire to borrow a watch of me has got abroad, and that they are anxious to see whether I have communicated with him or not. I hope they have now absolved me from all suspicion.

"*Kâshghar, February 13th.*—To-day the new moon was first visible, and the Yoozbashee went through a queer ceremony, which, it appears, is the custom in Toorkistân. It consists in jumping up and down seven times following, with the face towards the moon, and by this means the sins of the preceding month are supposed to be shaken off. My Moonshee

most inappropriately asked whether it was a Khatai (Chinese) custom. The by-standers shouted 'Yok, yok' (No, no), with horrified face, declaring it to be an orthodox Mussulman practice. The Yoozbashee added, 'What have the Khatais to do with shaking off sins? Their sins all remain on their heads.' The Moonshee assented to this comfortable doctrine with that solemn inclination of the head which a man makes when he has been joking, but is recalled to seriousness by the enunciation of some religious truth. I could not help chaffing this orthodox conclave, which was so self-complacently settling the fate of us outsiders. There was a twinkle in the Yoozbashee's eye, and a twitching of the corners of his mouth, which showed that he appreciated the joke, while the Moonshee (who has not a laugh in him, as the Yoozbashee declares) protested that they were only speaking of the Khatais!

"While I was sitting reading, the Yoozbashee rushed into my courtyard with a pair of scissors, in pursuit of Choomâroo, whose moustache he wanted to cut *à la* Mussulman. He and the rest were always playing some practical joke against the Hindoos on account of their caste. But at the same time they are the best of friends; the Mahrambashee comes and sits of an evening with them by their fire, and holds long conversations in our *lingua franca* with them.

"A lot of sheep have been penned up in the next courtyard. Splendid fellows, with immense broad tails, whom they feed daily on ground Indian corn. The shepherds are from Kooché, and talk a patois of Toorkee, in which the Mahrambashee, who is a great mimic, began addressing them to the delight of all

the by-standers. The difference was quite perceptible even to our ears.

"The Moonshee was mentioning with astonishment the liberality of the Toorks in their intercourse with men of other religions. I said, 'Yes, they are like the rest of the world.' He laughed and asked what I meant. I answered, 'You people of India have been so shut in by your mountains, &c., from other nations that you have adopted ideas quite different from those of the rest of the human race. You alone, whether Hindoos or Mussulmans, entertain prejudices against eating with other people. Elsewhere, such a thing is unknown. You don't believe this when the English in India tell you so. But see, here at your first step out of India, and that in a strictly Mussulman country, you yourself are surprised at the absence of all such prejudices. It is the same all over the rest of the world.' He acknowledged the truth of this, and said that he himself on his return to India should alter many of his ideas, and should hope to prevail on others to do the same. The Toorks can hardly yet understand that my Hindoos really will not eat food prepared by any one else, and look upon this as a most extraordinary mark of heathenism. They try them with one sort of food after another, as a man would a new animal that he had caught. How astonished they would be to find men of their own faith having similar habits, and asking them what their caste was, before sitting down to meat with them! I am afraid to mention this fact here lest my Indian Mussulmans should be considered half pagan heretics.

"*Kâshghar, Monday, February* 15*th.*—Sarda's ori-

ginal friend says he hears the King is much pleased with my visit. He says it is a most unusual mark of favour to keep me so long near him; most strangers are sent away after two or three days. Sarda remarked that I was annoyed at being kept inside our house; he replied, 'The Sahib must not think anything of that; it is the custom of the country, and is universally practised with strange visitors; they are never allowed to go about at will, and even so are rarely permitted to stay more than a day or two at the King's headquarters.'

"I suppose I must be thankful for small blessings; but I had rather be at Yârkand in comparative freedom. The man adds that the King will be going to that town in a short time, as he wants to avoid the present-giving usual at the Bakra-Eed. The Mahrambashee to-day told the Moonshee that he imagined I should not stay here more than seven or eight days longer.

"Showed Moonshee and servants movements of earth and moon eclipses, by means of a living orrery with globes of clay. The Moonshee propounded a theory that eclipses are caused by the shadow of the celestial *towers* (signs of the Zodiac), but was laughed down under the dilemma that if these towers are transparent they can cause no shadow; if not transparent they ought to be visible.

"*Kâshghar, Tuesday, February* 16*th.*—A Pathan told Sarda that he heard the other Sahib had been imprisoned at Yârkand. Sarda said, 'Why, for the matter of that, we are imprisoned here.' 'Oh, no,' answered the man, 'you are being treated with great honour, according to the customs of this country, but

the other Englishman has been put in chains. He was constantly trying to get out, and would not obey orders, so they have put chains on him.'

"The goods of the Khoten Beg all arrived to-day. The Beg himself is expected to-morrow.

"*Kâshghar, Wednesday, February 17th.*—The Moonshee by my orders sent for the Sirkar to-day, and represented that I had something to say to the King, and was afraid of not getting an opportunity. The Sirkar answered that they were getting together presents for me, and that I should receive my leave to go in five or six days. He added, that there were two old men who alone had access to the King. He would speak to them, though in fear and trembling.

"This afternoon, my Yoozbashee was sent for to the palace, and the King asked after my welfare, and told him to come every day and report how I did.

"*Kâshghar, Friday, February 19th.*—Visit from Yoozbashee after two days' absence. Mysterious hints to me, when no one was present, about 'jawab' (or leave to depart), when Jooma came in suddenly; the Yoozbashee stopped himself, and said, 'Shaw Sahib is asking when he is to see the King; tell him I don't know.' I had not uttered a word on the subject, but such is the cautious habit of these people.

"The King was, to-day, as usual, sitting at the *Gate* of the city administering justice and hearing complaints. How thoroughly Oriental!

"That wretched Beg of Khoten, finding some of his horses out of condition, has delayed making his

presents to the King, which will probably delay my interview also.

"*Kâshghar, Monday, February 22nd.*—The Khoten Beg this morning presented seventy camel-loads of presents (or tribute), together with two horse-loads of silver; also thirty-seven horses and fourteen camels. It is said that he is going to be superseded in his government, and if so, he is probably paying his court to the King by all these gifts, to obtain a fresh appointment. The Moonshee to-day let out in conversation an act of his which might have caused the failure of the expedition. It appears that from Shahidoolla the envoy, Mahammad Nazzar, sent on a messenger to the King with a letter which he got the Moonshee to write for him. He desired him to say that he (Mahammad Nazzar) had refused to take him as a companion from Leh, but that he had joined the party against his will *en route*. The Moonshee very properly refused to write such a lie. Continuing his account of the letter, the Moonshee said, 'He made me write that there was also an Englishman who wanted to accompany me back to Yârkand, but I refused to bring him with me.' 'Oh!' I said, 'you wrote that, did you? For yourself you took good care that a false and injurious account should not precede you, and prepare an unfavourable reception for you, but for your master you had no such precautions.' The poor Moonshee was confused at this sudden interruption, and said, 'What could I do out in the wilderness against such a man?' I replied, 'You could have done for me what you succeeded in doing for yourself.'

"One comes back to the old, old story: there is no

trusting a native of India out of sight. If one ever acts on the contrary principle, it is from necessity, and one is soon reminded of the truth again. It is like baling out a boat with a leaky pail; one only does so when there is nothing else available. One is certain to waste a great part of one's effort, but with luck one may perhaps succeed in keeping afloat till the shore is reached. In India all the pails are leaky, and you have to choose the one with the smallest hole in it.

"This trick of my Moonshee would most likely have stopped me on the threshold had it not been for an unforeseen quarrel between Mahammad Nazzar and one of his companions. The latter was sent in chains to Kâshghar, but managed to get the King's ear, and related all the envoy's evil deeds and peculations during his mission. Thus Mahammad Nazzar was left at Yârkand in disgrace, and his statements regarding me were put down as lies. Had he reached Kâshghar in full feather, his declaration that he had forbidden my coming must have been believed, supported as it was by a letter in the handwriting of my own agent, the Moonshee. This shows on what slight threads success hangs. The quarrel of two Toorks removed an unsuspected, but most dangerous, obstacle to my journey. The Moonshee moralised on this point that, when God means to effect a certain object, He is not to be stopped by the actions of men. I took care to remind him that those actions are none the less blameable on that account.

"The Moonshee's theory about *pearls* is that certain shells (not containing any living creature), by the direct interposition of the Deity, rise to the

surface of the sea when rain is about to fall; catching a drop, they immediately close and descend to the depths again, where this particle of water becomes a pearl. He was surprised to learn that I had eaten many hundreds of the animals which similar shells contain, and that the pearls were not formed from drops of rain; but he evidently prefers his own theory. These Oriental myths about drops of rain being the homes of invisible sylphs, and the germs of future pearls, sound very pretty in the Arabian tales, but when gravely related to you as facts by a grown-up man, who entertains very matter-of-fact views on most subjects, and thoroughly appreciates the value of every penny that he can cheat you of, they inspire pure contempt for the narrator. Who is not charmed at reading 'Undine' for the first time? But if a sleek London tradesman, whom you suspected of having sanded your sugar, were seriously, in language deprived of its natural h's, to tell you of water sprites and elves disporting themselves in the Thames, I fear La Motte Fouqué's supernatural machinery would lose much of its charm for the future. The poetical halo with which the East is invested in European eyes recedes like a rainbow as you approach, and exists chiefly in the medium through which you view it. Seen from near, the Oriental is not that picturesque and imaginative being in pointed slippers, who lies and dreams of Peris and Afreets. He is generally a sharp-witted man, with a keen eye to personal profit in all the daily transactions of life, but beyond them as ignorant as a child, without its curiosity. The only time you hear of Peris is when they can be made to excuse

he performance of some duty, or to support the blame of some mishap. There is quite as much poetry in the life of an Englishman as in that of an Asiatic. As far as outward things go, the railway, the telegraph sound as marvellous to them as Aladdin's lamp or the flying carpet are to us.

"I began this evening to teach my Guddee servants arithmetic, as I want something to kill time after dark. I had first, however, to learn the Hindoo figures myself.

"They had got a Hindoo alphabet written out for them by a man at Yârkand, and have actually taught themselves to read and write decently already. But arithmetic will not come by the light of nature.

CHAPTER XIV.

DETENTION AT KÂSHGHAR—*continued.*

Mountains near Kâshghar — Recent Establishment of a Fort to guard the Passes — The Russians — The King's Bravery, and the Mahrambâshee's Dislike to War — Chinese Punishments — Rozee, the Orphan — Puritanical Restrictions on Former Amusements — Hayward's Arrival — Confinement of Envoys — The Mirza — Letter from Hayward — Views of the Russian War of 1855 — Heroic end of the Chinese Governor at Yârkand.

"*Kâshghar, Thursday, February 25th.*—To-day there is a little news to write. First came the Sirkar with a present from the King, consisting of a chest full of pears from Kooché. We had some talk about my departure. I impressed on him the fact that the road becomes almost impassable when the streams are swollen by the melted snow a few weeks hence. He replied that the King was occupied in preparations for my departure.

"In the evening, the Mahrambashee was very communicative. In reply to questions of mine (brought in naturally, after I had led the conversation round about from crickets on the hearth to crickets in the woods, and thence to forests in general, and the forests on the Kâshghar mountains in particular), he told me that the range North of this is called Kakshâl, and that to the South Kizilyé. The continuation of the Kakshâl range East is called Moostagh, and further East Tian-Shan. This, of course, we knew already. At the foot of the Kakshâl range is the ancient town of

Artash, about twenty miles from Kâshghar. Ascending a very winding gorge, where the road is barely wide enough for a horse, a precipitous peak called Moostagh[1] (not the range of that name) is reached. Here the road is compressed between the torrent and the mountain, and this place has been chosen for a fort lately built by the Atalik-Ghâzee. One of its sides abuts on the precipitous mountain, and it commands the only road with its ten guns. The roads from Kool and from Almatee unite shortly beyond it, and continue in one. All other paths across the range have been rendered impracticable. A few months ago the King went in person to inspect the progress of the work. One wall was already built, but he had it thrown down again, as it gave no access to the water. With his own hands he laboured at the work, and was perforce imitated by all his officers and nobles. The Mahrambashee complains pathetically of the toil he then went through, carrying huge rocks on his back up and down steep hills. This is the time referred to by Mahammad Oomar at Yârkand when he took the news of my approach to the King. The fort is strongly built of stone, and encloses a safe supply of water. The present garrison consists of 500 converted Chinese, 200 Toongânees, and 300 Toorks. The fort, which has been called the Moostagh Tashkoorgan (Ice-mountain Stone Fort), is three days' ride from Kâshghar. Seven or eight days beyond it are the plains of Issik-kül and of Almatee. The Russians, however, are posted in advance of these places. This confirms in every

[1] Moostagh is from Moos = ice, and Tâgh = hill (Toorkee).

respect, as far as it goes, the intelligence supplied by Sarda's friend. The Mahrambashee says the road is utterly impassable for guns. The Russians, he says, have been at Almatee thirty-three years, and they advanced to Issik-kül fifteen years ago.

"He describes the Russians as great 'jinnees' and 'Shaitâns' (devils), and, making a hideous grimace, says their countenance resembles that! The old story of painting one's enemy as a perfect monster in every respect.

"To-day, under a solemn promise of secrecy, the Mahrambashee confided to Choomâroo the news that I should probably be sent for by the King in another six or seven days. I have not much greater confidence, however, in this than in former intelligence.

"The other day, our horses broke loose, and made their way up the ramparts on to the wall of the fortress. They were caught after making half the circuit of the town. I pretended astonishment at their not falling over, and thus got a description of the wall from the Yoozbashee. He paced out a distance which on measurement proved to be twelve feet, and said, 'The wall has a roadway on the top of that width; on both sides are battlements nearly a man's height.' This would make the total thickness towards the top about sixteen feet. As the wall is nearly forty feet high (as far as I can judge from seeing it twenty yards off), and slopes inwards on both sides from the basement, the width at bottom must be over twenty feet. Near the gateway it is much thicker.

"*Kâshghar, February 28th.*—The Mahrambashee gets more and more communicative every day. This evening he amused us with representations

of Chinese manners. All the Toorks seem to have a talent for mimicry. He represented the funeral dirges sung by the son and daughter of a Chinese grandee over their dead father with a chorus of women, who sing consolatory stanzas, and wipe the daughter's eyes after preventing her from throwing herself into the grave. Then he described their theatrical entertainments; finishing with an account of a family of acrobats, father, mother, and little daughter, who made a tour of these provinces just before the rebellion, and earned a great deal of money. They were at Kooché when that event took place; the father and mother were killed, but the daughter is now here a maid-of-all-work to the family of a Pansad = bashee.[1] The Mahrambashee says he recognised her one day as she was carrying a pail of water from the tank, and they began talking in Chinese, asking one another how they did, when another slave-girl came up, and she instantly changed into Toorkee. Most of the Chinese here now, he says, were men of wealth. The old man who brings our water daily was a merchant owning 1000 yamboos' worth of property (= 17,000*l.* about), all lost now, of course.

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[1] Pansad bashee means chief of five hundred; Yoozbashee, chief of one hundred, and Mingbégee, chief of one thousand. But these terms have apparently lost their special meaning in practice, and I have seen Yoozbashees take precedence of Mingbégees. I believe, however, there is a distinction between a *military* and a *civil* Mingbégee; the latter is only, as it were, head over 1000 villagers, and, as such, far inferior to the man who commands 100 soldiers.

Marco Polo says (see Yule's 'Marco Polo,' i. 228), "When one of the great Tartar chiefs proceeds on an expedition, . . . he appoints an officer to the command of every *ten* men, and others to command *a hundred*, a *thousand*, and *ten thousand* men, respectively."

"The King apparently is a most plucky soldier. He has eleven wounds on his body, five of which are from Russian bullets. While besieging Yârkand, he was hit in the side and in the thigh, and had several horses killed under him. He bound up his wounds with scarfs, and mentioned them to no one, bearing a smiling face when anyone approached, but writhing with pain when unobserved. The Mahrambashee was there as usual in personal attendance on him with nine other Mahrams who accompanied him to the field. 'While the King was thus concealing his wounds,' says the Mahrambashee, 'I, who had received a scratch on the face' (of which he showed us the mark) 'from a Toongânee spear, was lying groaning night and day in my tent. When no one was near, I sat up drinking tea, but when anyone came in, I was rolling on the floor with pain. As fast as the wound healed, I tore it open again, and if the siege had lasted two years, I believe I should have kept it open all that time. I had no mind to go out again among the bullets. One had struck the high pommel of my saddle, and another had broken the clasp of my belt. I reflected that if it had been one of these instead of a spear that had struck me in the face, I should have been a dead man. My death would have been reported to the King, and he would have said, "Allaho-akber"' (God is great), 'and that is all! Ah, your bullets are bad things. If it were not for them, I should be a brave man. The King does not care for his life, but I care for mine. While I lay there wounded, I had *two* hearts' (which he illustrated by holding out two fingers). 'One said, "Go out to fight;" the other said,

"Lie here in peace." At night the former heart' (pulling his forefinger) 'was victorious, but when morning came, I always listened to that which said lie still. The King gave me a "koors," and a brocade robe for *my* wound, but he did not heed his own at all.'

"The Moonshee said, 'He is a great bahadoor' (hero).

"The Mahrambashee exclaimed, 'A fine thing is your heroism! I might have gone out, and got myself killed; and then what would have been the use of my heroism? In the King's sight, however, we all fight well. Then, if one behaves bravely, one is rewarded; and if one dies fighting, one is at least regretted. But out of his sight I would not go near an enemy! Several times the King was held back by three or four of his high officers when he was riding almost alone towards the Toongânees. But he drew his sabre on them, and broke loose; and then all had to follow him to the attack. The Toongânees, besides their lance and sword, carry eight or ten clubs suspended to their saddle-peak. These they throw with great force, disabling either man or horse whom they hit. I and the nine other Mahrams who were in personal attendance on the King were everyone wounded more or less severely. If I had stuck to the business, I dare say I should have got accustomed to the bullets as the others did.'

"Passing on to another subject, the Mahrambashee said that the Chinese were very fond of the bastinado. His own father, who was Governor of Kâshghar (city) under them, had it inflicted on ten or fifteen men every day. Another punishment was cutting open

the sole of the foot lengthways, filling the wound with salt, and then sewing it up again. The men used to recover, however, in eight or ten months' time, and begin thieving again. Then wooden pegs were driven in under the nails of each of their fingers, and afterwards the hand cut off at the wrist. After a year or two, however, they would begin again, stealing with the remaining hand. The Atalik-Ghâzee has a much better plan; he cuts their throats at once. Now, a silver 'koors' may safely be left lying in the middle of the road. The Mahrambashee here imitated the frightened air with which a man if he saw one so lying would pass by on the other side of the road as if it were a snake. 'Only three days ago,' he said, 'a thief had his throat cut over in the gateway there.' (The top of the gateway is visible over my roof.) 'Since you have been here at Kâshghar, five have been executed. One was a soldier who had sold his ramrod in the bazâr. A second had stolen a horse. A third had robbed a shopkeeper of a pair of shoes while pretending to bargain for them. Another had broken into a neighbour's fowlhouse by night, and taken ten pigeons.'

"So much for the manners and customs of the country. Talking of the Chinese arrak-drinking, the Mahrambashee asked my Moonshee whether he had ever tasted wine. The Moonshee professed horror at the very thought, but the Mahrambashee confessed that he had formerly drunk it occasionally when in the Chinese service. He added, clutching the collar of his robe as is the way of the Toorks in similar case, 'May the Prophet of God obtain forgiveness for

me!' but he looked at me (the wine-bibbing infidel) with a twinkle of the eye which showed that he would not mind repeating the sin could I supply him with the means.

"*Kâshghar, Sunday, February 28th.*—Looking over a book of Firdusi's poetry, concerning the achievements of Roostam, with Mahrambashee and Yoozbashee. The book is lent by Mirzabashee. It was printed at Bombay, and is full of ludicrous illustrations. Roostam is made to cross the sea in a *steam-vessel*, which is represented full size, under steam and sail, with the British Jack at the peak! On another page Roostam is performing a war-dance, with a decanter of wine in one hand and a wine-glass in the other, while his attendants are looking on, with their fingers in their mouths.

"Looking at a highly imaginative picture of a dragon, the Yoozbashee moralized: 'Here we have a small glimpse at the inhabitants of Dozak (Hell), who are all like this.' I said, 'It is to be hoped you may never live to see them.' He answered, with the usual clutch at the collar of his robe, 'May God and the Prophet grant so!'

"The Mahrambashee and the Yoozbashee borrowed my spy-glass, and went off with it. They came back laughing and out of breath, like two boys who have had a lark. They say they went on to the top of a tower of the Fort, and spied out the whole country as far as the old town, one keeping watch while the other looked, lest any one should see them.

"The other day two soldiers deserted. They were caught, and, by order of the King, the nose of one and the ears of the other were cut off.

"*Kâshghar, Monday, March 1st.*—Rozee Hajjee, the orphan boy, was to-day sent for to be given into the care of Nyaz Beg, Governor of Khoten. The King sent many messages of thanks, &c., and the boy and his goods were carried off by the Sirkar. They say the boy will be kept under the charge of the Governor till he grows up, when his goods will be given to him. Meanwhile, his brother is to be allowed to see him occasionally, but not to touch his property. He will be brought up with the two sons of the Beg, who are about his age.

"The Mahrambashee, after showing me some Kashgharee dances, said, 'Formerly there was much amusement, but now it is all Islâm.' And then he represented the grave demeanour of a devotee taking out his rosary, and mumbling constant repetitions of the name 'Allah' as he walked solemnly along, counting his beads. 'This is what we all have to do now,' he said, 'each alone by himself; no merry meetings or "tamacha" now.'

"He is indignant with my Hindoos for *worshipping cows*, as he calls it. He asks them how they can worship a god that eats grass. He says, the Russians have idols for worship; each man has one strung round his neck. He approves of our religion.

"When I said that my Hindoos had begun to disbelieve in their images, he said, 'They only pretend so before you; in their hearts they still worship them.'

"*Kâshghar, Tuesday, March 2nd.*—Rozee came back to take his final leave, as the Khoten Beg starts to-morrow. He got Jooma to make a little speech of thanks to me, and went off amid tears on his own

part and that of several of the servants. I hear a horrible report, that the King starts the day after to-morrow for Yang-hissâr, where he intends to stay over the Bakra Eed, twenty days hence! Get out a letter, which I had written in anticipation, asking to be allowed to take my leave. The Mahrambashee refused to take it himself, but promised to tell the Sirkar.

"Rozee says that when the Khoten Hâkim saw all his money in silver and gold he immediately said, 'You are my son!' Sharp boy; but, as the Yoozbashee says, going on 'hajj' (pilgrimage) sharpens the wits.

"I hear that Hayward will reach this place to-morrow. Jooma says that he broke loose from his house at Yârkand, and drove away Rozee Khoja who threatened him with his revolver. After perambulating the inner city, he returned to his house. Troops were drawn out to prevent his leaving the city. Such is the rumour here.[1]

"*Kâshghar, Friday, March 5th.*—The Gooma Hâkim to-day presented his gifts, which are said to be more valuable than those hitherto presented by any of the other Hâkims (Governors). Nine trays of tillahs (400 or 500 in each tray), nine trays of yamboos, &c., &c.

"*Kâshghar, Saturday, March 6th.*—The Mahrambashee and Yoozbashee, during a morning visit, announced to me that news had arrived of my goods. The caravan people had missed the road, all the cattle had died, and they had gone back to

[1] Great exaggeration in this, of course.

Ladâk after carefully storing away the goods under some rocks. The four men had all reached Ladâk in safety. I expressed great satisfaction at this news. They added that their authority was Abdoolla Hajjee. Now an unfortunate *contretemps* happened. There had been a pause in the conversation, and, with a view of starting it again, I said, 'Abdoolla Hajjee is a servant of the Mahammad Nazzar, is he not?' I have heard so.' Now, you must know that my conversations in Toorkee are not very fluent. My words are mostly disconnected, and eked out by signs. So when I said, 'I heard,' referring to Abdoolla Hajjee, and pointed to my ears, my visitors misunderstood me, and thought I referred to the whole statement about my caravan's safety. I did not suspect this at the time, but gathered it from the fact that Jooma afterwards overheard them deliberating between themselves who could be the secret informer who had forestalled their news, and mentioning him (Jooma) as the most likely offender. This was serious, for it tended to disturb the good understanding that now exists between my guardians and me. It was the more unfortunate because in this instance the news was entirely fresh to me, and Jooma had not even heard it himself, although I must confess that in many other matters he has supplied me with information perhaps not intended for my ears. I determined to try and remedy the mistake. In the afternoon the Yoozbashee came, and sat with me again. I told him that I looked upon him as a bearer of good news, and therefore most welcome, but professed to doubt the truth of his information. He assured me I might depend upon it

this time, and then I started a joke about its being customary to reward the *first* bearer of good news, in which capacity he was entitled to a brocade robe, but must accept instead a box of lucifer matches (which he had just been playing with). I think this has convinced him that in the morning I had not intended to say that his news was stale.

"He then told me that Hayward had just arrived from Yârkand. Although this was in reality old news to me, I had to assume a gratified air, as if I had only just heard it, and ask after his health, for fear of getting Jooma into another scrape.

"With regard to my caravan, Hayward's man, Islâm (who, it appears, is the original informant of Abdoolla Hajjee), told Tashee, whom he met at the gate, that the Vizier of Ladâk had beaten my servants and the caravan people, and imprisoned the Tibetan guides, on account of the miscarriage of the caravan. He also sent off horses at once to fetch the goods from the place where they were lying, and was making arrangements to start them off by the regular route as soon as the depth of the winter is past. He is indeed a jewel of a Vizier.

"We had much laughter with the Yoozbashee and Mahram about their daily kind inquiries of—'Tola khoosh ma? Tola obdân ma?' ('Are you very happy,—very well?') The Mahrambashee says it is the Khokand custom to keep visitors shut up. The Bokhâra envoy, who left a month and a half ago, was kept in close for three months. He used to exclaim—'Ya Khooda! Toba, toba!' ('Oh, God! Repentance, repentance!') whenever he (the Mahram) went to see him.

"I told him that even our convicts were allowed to take exercise. He quite appreciated the joke, and rolled on the ground with laughter, saying 'Oh! you are a "choong goonagâr"' (a great criminal). But getting serious again, he added, that he himself was getting angry at the confinement. The Yoozbashee exchanges secret glances of commiseration with me, and says his own men are 'grasping their collars' and saying—'Ya Allah!'

"The Moonshee's servant, Rahmat-Oollah, has made the acquaintance of a Yoozbashee who is planting a garden of melons under the city wall just outside our back door. He is a Bokhâriot, by name Sayad Beg, and the man describes him as quite different in appearance from the Toorks, without their high cheek bones and red complexion; 'his features resemble those of us Indians,' Rahmat-Oollah says. It is curious that he should instinctively hit upon the true race affinity, for this Bokhâriot[1] turns out to be a Tâjik (as I thought), and his nation belongs to the Persian branch of the great Aryan family. Sayad Beg says that he was sent on a mission to the Atalik-Ghâzee, who has detained him here, and made him a Yoozbashee. He says that envoys are constantly coming from all the neighbouring kingdoms, and that the Atalik-Ghâzee is convinced that they mean no good towards him; but that the other princes are jealous at his rise, and desirous of robbing him of the power which he has won.

"*Kâshghar, Monday, March 8th.*—The Yoozbashee

[1] There are both Toorks (Oosbeks) and Tâjiks in Bokhâra. The former are the ruling and military class, and the latter (being the earlier inhabitants) compose the lower and middle classes.

asked for stories. I told him the story of Samson and Delilah, which he highly appreciated, calling Samson 'Rustum.' I then told him about the 'Balaklava Charge;' he asked for stories of our war with the Russians, also a general account of the war, which coincides with a cessation of Russian operations on the Jaxartes, lasting for ten or twelve years, and only resumed some five years ago.

"My Hindoos are much laughed at about *cows*. I related to the Yoozbashee how Sarda, when carrying my spare rifle behind me, as I was stalking a wild yak in Lak-Zang, pretended that he had a dreadful cough on a sudden, so that I might not require him to follow me and witness the killing of the bull. Sarda declares his cough was genuine. The Mahram, with expressive pantomime, says, 'They grin when you talk of cow-killing, but in their hearts they say "Ya Khooda" ("Oh, God!"). But there is no remedy for them.' He then goes up confidentially to Sarda, with a knife in his hand, and whispers, 'This knife has killed several cows!'

"*Kâshghar, Wednesday, March* 10*th*.—Moonshee anxiously waiting, in consequence of an intimation received yesterday, to be fetched to see the King; but nobody came. The Mahrambashee and Yoozbashee look sheepish at their announcement not being verified. To-day, the Jemadar Dâd-khwâh's servant gave Jooma a message, saying, 'Don't come to my house at present, as I should be suspected.' He says that the man from India (Mirza ———) agreed to try and make gunpowder and lucifer matches. He failed, and has been imprisoned, with a wooden log on one leg, and all his papers have

been seized. I hear, too, that all the fine gifts of the Gooma Hâkim were unavailing, and that he has been thrown into prison on account of complaints of his misgovernment and rapacity.

"*Kâshghar, Thursday, March 11th.*— As usual, much time spent in listening to rumours and scraps of information, furnished by my servants and the officials, out of which I try to build up some grounds of hope for a speedy release and leave to depart. Some say we shall be kept another month; others that we shall start in three days. I told the Yoozbashee to-day, that in my country even prisoners had their complaints forwarded to the proper authorities; but that here, no one would even take a letter for me to the King. In reply he, as usual, invented a number of stories—all lies—to explain the conduct of the King.

"To-day came a long and interesting letter from Hayward. The account I heard of his warlike demonstration at Yârkand appears to have been a great exaggeration. In the first part of his letter, written at Yârkand, he praises the hospitality of the Toorks, and says he shall carry away pleasant recollections of the country; in the second part, written at Kâshghar, he is inclined to think the King the greatest rascal in Asia. Apparently, he made a very laborious trip up and down the Yârkand rivers with valuable results.

"I told the Yoozbashee how the King's envoy (Mahammad Nazzar), on being shown some Armstrong guns in India, said the King had four hundred like them; he laughed and said, 'He is a fool; in the Chinese times there was nothing bigger than

a Taifoor (hand-cannon) in the country: now the King has scraped together a few cannon, but not one hundred in all; and as for breech-loaders we have only two rifles of that kind as yet.

"*Kâshghar, Monday, March 15th.*—Sarda came back from a talk with his Pathân jemadar, bringing a mysterious scrap of paper, from which with much difficulty he deciphered the name 'Askamabol,' which he at last pronounced with triumphant air. I asked him what it meant. He said, 'That is the name of some King or country with whom the Russians had a war.' After some reflection, it struck me that he must mean 'Istambool' (the Oriental name of Constantinople). On being further questioned, he gave the following account, which he had heard from the Jemadar:—

"'Two or three months ago some men of Istambool made their way to Kâshghar from the Russian country up there (pointing north, towards Siberia). They said that some years ago the Russians conquered a great part of their country, and took a lakh and a quarter (125,000) of prisoners, whom they sent to this part of their dominions. Then the Sultan of Istambool called on the English for help. The English came and beat the Russians, and killed their King. After this the Russian Viziers sent envoys, who said, "Our new King is quite young—do not destroy his kingdom." So the English consented to make peace on condition that the Russians should pay the cost of the war, and give up all the Turkish prisoners. However, some of these prisoners remained in captivity, of whom these three or four managed to make their escape to Toorkistân. The Atalik-Ghâzee

treated them well, and sent them on their way back to their own country.'

"Such is the gossip of Central Asia regarding the Crimean War.

"I asked the Mahrambashee what was the state of the country which Russia had conquered. He said he heard there was tyranny, and then launched out against the Russians. He said, 'They are in great strength now, but their day must end. Like a stream coming from a tank, the water flows strongly for a while. But it is not derived from any natural source, and when the supply ceases, the stream runs suddenly dry. In our books there is a prophecy that Russia will conquer all Toorkistân and then perish; but others say that Western Toorkistân only is meant, and that she will meet with her death-blow in this quarter (Kâshghar). But God knows what is to be.'

"I perceived that the Mahrambashee also is under the impression that I am an envoy. So I said, 'I am merely a merchant. If the Malika Pashah (the Queen) were to send an envoy, he would be a great man, a Mingbashee (Colonel) at least.'

"I am more than ever convinced now that the Atalik-Ghâzee is 'exploiting' me for the benefit of subjects and neighbours as an English envoy. He knows perfectly himself that I am not so, as I have repeatedly told both him and the Shaghâwal that I am not sent by Government, and they have assented, saying that they knew this before. But for all that they wish the world to be misled on the subject. Hence all this parading of me about the country, and the assembling several thousands to line the approach when I went to visit him. This also, I

believe, is the reason why my letter sent by the Moonshee, asking permission to come, was detained till I could deliver it myself, a dreadful solecism otherwise, for the favour which it requested had already been granted. But the parade of the gold casket and ornamented papers presented in state was what they cared for.

"The Mahrambashee says some years ago the Russians asked the Chinese to sell them a few acres of land in a desert at the foot of a mountain. The Chinese were glad enough to get 500 yamboos for such a spot, but within a year they saw a fortress rising on it. From this centre the Russians have extended in all directions, while the Chinese watched them with their fingers in their mouths! The fortress is Almatee or Vernoje.

"*Kâshghar, March 16th.*—Jooma met the Jemadar Dâd-Khwâh. He sent many salâms, and said that a few days ago, when we heard so many reports of our speedy departure, it had been the King's intention to give me 'rookhsat' (leave to depart); but since then he had decided on sending an envoy back with me to *England*, hence the delay. From this, too, I see the reason of the many enquiries made at that time as to whether I should go to England, or to the Queen, on leaving Toorkistân. The Jemadar Dâd-Khwâh also told Jooma to be sure and come to him just before we left Kâshghar, as he had something of importance to convey to me.

"Choomâroo says that 'hazoor ke ba-daolat se' (by your honour's good fortune) we have got cooped up here like in a prison, and so have learnt a little arithmetic!

"Isâk Jân (brother of Shaghâwal) came yesterday, and goes back to Yârkand to-morrow. Mahammad Ali Jân (son of Shaghâwal) will come for the Eed, the Yoozbashee says, and then we also ——. He did not finish the sentence.

"*Kâshghar, March 17th.*—What a picture the last scene of the fall of Chinese power in Toorkistân would make! What a strange mixture of the grotesque and the heroic! The unconscious mandarins seated round the room, and eagerly discussing the ransom to be given to the conqueror, each probably striving to lessen his own contribution to the general fund. The two sons of the Governor, dressed in rich silks, handing round tea to the guests. The daughters trembling behind their father's chair. The toothless old man leaning back in his seat of state calmly smoking while he listens for the sounds of the Mussulman victory. At last he hears the distant shouts which announce it. The term of his existence has run. His long pipe is smoked out. He leans over, and shakes the ashes on to the spot where, concealed by planks and carpets, a train of gunpowder is laid. In that explosion perish not only the Chinese chiefs, but also every shred of their selfish and useless power. They had been a mere garrison quartered on the country for the purpose of levying the yearly tribute. Responsibility they assumed none. When a foe came, they shut themselves up in their strong forts, content that he should ravage the country as he would, so as he did not prevent their issuing forth at the due season to make their usual collections from the impoverished people. So when their time came, they ceased utterly

from the land. My Mahrambashee compares their end to the running dry of a stream when its sources fail. The completeness of their destruction, compared with their former seeming might, strikes the native imagination.

Ornamented Flint.

CHAPTER XV.

DETENTION AT KÂSHGHAR—*continued.*

Beauty of Chinese Women — The Koorbân Eed — White Ants in Kâshghar — Dancing Dervishes — Price of Tea — Continuation of Kangra Rajpoot's Autobiography — Abolition of Slave Trade by the Atalik-Ghâzee — Kalmâk Bow and Arrows — Bookshops in Kâshghar — English and Franks — The Traveller's Impatience rebuked — *Moomiai* — Interview with the King — His improved Knowledge about England and the Queen — Parting Presents — Third Visit to the King — His Departure for Yang-hissâr.

"*Kâshghar, Wednesday, March 17th.*—The Mahrambashee says the Chinese women are very handsome. Allah gave an angel a vase of light to pour on whom he would. The angel winged his way from country to country all that night, and came back saying that the people of every land were asleep except the Chinese; so, by Allah's orders, he poured the precious gift upon them. Hence the beauty of their women, in Oriental eyes at least.

The Atalik-Ghâzee to-day was seen from my outer gate to go out quite alone for a ride; not a man was with him.

"*Kâshghar, Thursday, March 18th.*—The King went to a camp of exercise which he has formed about two miles from here, where practice is being carried on, and a kind of fair held for three days. There are 500 Chinese taifoorchees (four men to each taifoor[1]), and over 1000 horsemen, besides the

[1] A taifoor is a huge musket, worked by four men.

people who have come for pleasure, but no women. Jooma saw them, having gone there in search of the Moonshee's groom.

"He reports that mountains are visible continuously from N.E. round by N. and W. to S.W., apparently near. Those to N.E. are small, and nearer than the rest; I fancy they must be a spur running out from the main range.

"They brought me some wood of the pencil cedar (*cupressus torulosa*) for making toothpicks. The Yoozbashee says it abounds on the Northern mountains, and exists in smaller numbers on the Southern mountains (those seen from Yang-hissâr). It is good in building.

"*Kâshghar, Saturday, March 20th.*—This morning the Moonshee was taken off to see the King, who received him in a cordial but condescending way, and said, 'Sit down, and pray for me.' Thereupon the Moonshee repeated some formal prayers in Arabic, to the effect that the King's rule might be to the profit of himself and Islâm; and the King replied, 'With God's blessing, with God's blessing!' After a few more civil words, he was taken into another room, and presented with a robe and dustarkhana, and afterwards led to the inner gateway to make a distant farewell salutation to the King. It is the custom here after receiving a robe, to wear it outside the rest of one's clothes for three days; and, after receiving a turban, to wear it without tucking up the ends for the same period.

"When Wallé Khan took Kâshghar, he imprisoned the Mahrambashee's father till he paid forty yamboos to be released, and he killed his uncle. On the

expulsion of Wallé Khan, the father was made Governor of Kâshghar; but soon after, on the occasion of the revolt, was again fleeced by the Kirghiz, and forced to sell his last property, a summer garden, to raise money to go to Mecca, to which place he has retired.

"*Kâshghar, Sunday, March* 21*st.*—This afternoon guns were fired and trumpets blown to announce the Eed for to-morrow, and several sheep and two camels have been brought to this house to be sacrificed on the Eed. The Moonshee was rebuked for touching one big ram with his foot, with the remark that the Eed sheep ought to be respected and cherished up to the moment of execution. To-day, the eve of the Eed, is kept in commemoration of the meeting of Adam and Eve, who lost each other when expelled from Paradise, and after wandering in search for many years, found each other again on the 'hill of meeting' at Mecca.

"*Kâshghar, Monday, March* 22*nd.*—To-day is the Koorbân Eed, or 'Hyeed,' as the Toorks call it. It commemorates the sacrifice of 'Ishmael' by Abraham. His knife refused to cut Ishmael's throat, whereupon he struck it against a stone, which was cut to pieces. Abraham asking the reason, the knife replied, 'I am commanded by Allah not to cut Ishmael's throat.' Upon which the angel Jabreel (Gabriel) appeared with a sheep, to be offered instead. This is the great day of pilgrimage to Mecca, for which all the Hajjees arrive. Four guns were fired at daybreak, after which four guns more. The Moonshee says there were 5000 or 6000 people assembled at prayers (?); the King was present.

He met a Pathan gunner, who says, Mirza —— has not been imprisoned, nor his papers taken from him.

"The Mahrambashee was very sad, and shed many tears at separation from his parents at this festival. They all (Moonshee, Yoozbashee, &c.) killed sheep with their own hands to-day, according to custom. All in their best new clothes.

"In the morning the Yoozbashee told Moonshee that we should have our interview on Wednesday or Thursday. He has never yet said anything of the kind, so he may now be saying the truth.

"*Kâshghar, Tuesday, March 23rd.*—A little spitting like rain. Mahrambashee says, the whole of last year there was no rain at all here. Usually, it rains about three or four times in the year, sometimes as little as to-day, sometimes more. Plenty of thunder, but no rain nor hail. The Yoozbashee says, there is plenty both of rain and hail in Andijân.

"The wood brought to-day for burning was old house timber, made perfectly hollow by the *white-ants*, who it seems exist here also, as well as in India.

"Although the servants are now at liberty to go about as they like, Kahar to-day related as a great feat, that when he went out he watched his opportunity to go without the knowledge of our guardians. Hindustanis are never content without deceit. Most misplaced here.

"*Kâshghar, Wednesday, March 24th.*—The ground slushy, from the fall of sleet-like little pellets of snow—fell during less than a quarter of an hour. Last night a very fine drizzle of rain for about half an hour. They say this is an unusually heavy fall for

Kâshghar. There probably will not be such another for a twelvemonth, as there has not been during the last (except the snow which fell in January).

Jooma hears from Kadah-Buksh (artillery officer) that a Toora, named Mahsoom Khan is being got ready to go with me as envoy. He is not quite prepared, or I should have been sent for yesterday.

"A note from Hayward, who is in hot water. He spoke his mind about delays and equivocations to his entertainer's brother. The Yasâwal-bashee afterwards upbraided his Argoon, Islâm.

Extract from Hayward's Note.

* * * * * * 'And now I'll sketch your future for you. You will return to be feasted and fêted, as a live lion fresh from Central Asia. You will be employed on a political mission in E. Turkestan; you will open out my new trade route with countless caravans; you will become the great "Soudagar" of the age, and drink innumerable bottles of champagne in your bungalow on those charming Lingzi Thang Plains; you will write endless articles for the 'Saturday,' and a work on the geology and hydrography of the Pamir plateau; you will win three Victoria Crosses, and several K.C.Bs, and live happy ever afterwards. In contradistinction to all this, I shall wander about the wilds of Central Asia, still possessed with an insane desire to try the effects of cold steel across my throat; shoot numerous ovis poli on the Pamir, swim round the Karakal Lake, and finally be sold into slavery by the Moolk-i-Amân, or Khan of Chitral.'"[1]

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(Another letter from Hayward expressed apprehensions as to the safety of both.)

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[1] These predictions are very singular, judged by what has happened since. Poor Hayward's own fate was not very different from what he foretold. *Moolk-Amân* has been suspected of the murder, and the Khan of Chitral is now sheltering the man on whom the strongest suspicions rest of being the immediate instigator of the crime.

"*Kâshghar, Thursday, March 25th.*—Told Mahrambashee and Yoozbashee of dancing dervishes. They say this is the same institution here called "jarr." Every Friday certain moollahs spin round in a mosque, while their spiritual guide reads aloud.

"Jooma, by permission, went to Old City. Says it is larger than Yârkand, and crowded every inch. The stables are underground, and all the houses have upper stories. The city has five gates, of which Jooma visited three. Hazrat Apâk is nearly two miles off, beyond the city. No English print to be seen; *Russian sells at from five to eight tillahs per piece of forty Kâshghar guz* (*=thirty-one yds.*) Indian tea, of which Jooma took a sample, was *valued at forty tungas per jing* (*=thirty tungas per lb.*), about ten shillings a pound! He visited three shops where 'samovars' were kept boiling for selling hot cups of tea. With regard to cotton goods, they say they are dearer than usual, as the caravans from Russia are stopped.

"Answered Hayward's note giving reasons for believing they do not mean to kill us.

"On the ground drying up, a white efflorescence of saltpetre forms on its surface, also on the mud-walls, which the sheep were to-day seen licking and munching.

"*Kâshghar, Friday, March 26th.*—Sarda has at last met the Kangra man who began to tell his story I don't know how many days ago. He first related some further details of his experiences in Gilgit, and then concluded his tale. He says that the local native chiefs, whom the Maharaja has placed in authority there, only try to weaken his forces in every possible

way. They first engage them in attacks on the neighbouring tribes, and then induce them against their will to retreat before the enemy (in whose pay they are), thus putting them at the greatest disadvantage. On one of these occasions, Sarda's friend was present in the rear during the retreat. 'My commandant,' he says, 'sent me to the front to report to the Colonel that the enemy was gathering behind and approaching fast. The Colonel, without stopping, said to me, 'Go back and tell your commandant to stand firm, and not be afraid.' The commandant, cursing his chief's cowardice, continued his retreat as best he could. There was a narrow spot on the road a little ahead. This we all struggled to reach, as the hill-men on the hills above were trying to seize it before us. A body of Gilgit horsemen in the Maharaja's service, who were in our rear, seeing this, set spurs to their horses, and galloped through our ranks and over us, doing us as much injury as the enemy. Before we had half got through the narrow pass, the hill-men from above began firing on us and rolling down stones, by which we lost a great number of men. Beyond this, the road lay along the river-bank between it and some high cliffs. But the enemy had been beforehand with us and lined the opposite bank with matchlock men, who, concealed behind stones and rocks, picked us off at their will. Every moment some one was struck. Those who were untouched struggled onwards, while the wounded lay there and were cut up by other bodies of hill-men who were following us on the same bank. A comrade of mine, a Goleir man, was shot through the thigh. He could not come on, but when five or six of the

enemy approached to seize him, he cut at them with his sword and kept them at bay. One of our men who saw this, reported it, saying, "He can be saved, if any one is willing to go back a few yards and help him." But no one was found to give the order, and we all pressed on each one for himself. At last our only gun fell into the hill-men's hands just as we approached our fort. This was reported to the "adjutant," who, with the other officers, was well away in front. Fearing disgrace for losing the gun, he hurried back with a body of horse. Our commandant said, "Well, *adjutant jee*, where are you off to?" He replied, "After the gun." Then the commandant swore at him, and said, "Are the lives of all these men whom you have sacrificed nothing, that you should now take such trouble for the gun? If you and the other chiefs had done your duty by setting the men in array, instead of saving yourselves to the front, we should not now be in retreat." The adjutant, however, pressed back, his men laid hold of the gun to drag it on, while the hill-men were dragging it back with ropes. The adjutant cut these ropes with his sword, and we succeeded in rescuing the gun, and getting all safely into our fort.'

"So far the old story goes; now comes the new, or, rather, the sequel of the old.

"'You remember I had been sent with two others to ask for orders from the Colonel at the big fort down the valley. Night fell while I was on the road. Now, as the country was dangerous, we travelled with all our arms ready and matches burning. Ahead of us we saw the lights of some other matchlock men approaching. They also saw

ours, and halted. After much shouting and suspicion, we made out that they were a party sent by the Colonel from the fort with instructions to our commandant. We accordingly approached, and learnt their orders. They bore letters and also verbal orders to our commandant to leave his fort, and retreat to one nearer head-quarters. If he was asleep, he was to wake up, and if awake, to start at once. We exchanged letters and messages with these men. They returned down the valley, and we went back again to our fort, which we reached about the middle of the night. Having heard the message, the commandant woke up his men, and made them tie up their bundles and get themselves ready, ordering them to start as soon as it was daylight without waiting for fresh orders. Accordingly when day broke, the greater part set out in twos and threes, and had reached a garden, about a mile off, when they were recalled by the commandant, who was angry at their not waiting for him. Arrived back at the fort, they sat down upon their bundles till it should please him to give the word. While waiting thus, we perceived a number of horsemen at the mouth of a neighbouring valley. These soon increased to several hundreds. Then the commandant said, "I am not going to retreat in the face of the enemy. We will stay here and fight them." By evening three or four thousand hill-men had gathered on the plain between the hills and the river. They sent a messenger to say to us, "Go with your arms and your bundles, and give up the fort to us. Otherwise we will kill you." The commandant would not listen to them, and challenged them to come on.

They advanced, but we kept firing at them, so that they could not come near. Whereupon they withdrew to a distance, and turned off the water-course which supplied the fort, keeping guard on every side lest we should escape. Thus we remained for fifteen days. We had a few sheep in the fort, which we killed for food, and made their skins into water-bags. In these we fetched water from the stream with much difficulty, keeping the enemy off with our muskets, while the bags were filled and brought in. But the skins were uncured, and made the water smell horribly; besides, it was little enough that each man got, for we were fifty. At last our provisions were finished, and we began to listen to the hill-men, who said to us, "Give up the fort, and you shall go away unharmed, but you must leave your arms and your property behind." At last we made them swear not to hurt us if we gave in. They swore, and we marched out, defenceless. Then they rushed upon us from every side, and took us all prisoners. Now, we had before caught one of their chief men, and the commandant had killed him. So they made inquiries about him, and when they learnt his fate, they took the commandant and two jemadars, and one of the soldiers, who had all been concerned in the murder, and stoned them to death over his grave. After this, they began dividing the prisoners' property among themselves, taking even the clothes off our backs, leaving barely enough to cover us. I wore a pair of old leather trowsers over my others. Seeing they were old and torn, they left them on me, not thinking I had any others underneath; so I was better off than my neighbours. After this they

marched us off to their own country,[1] crossing a river on the way. Arrived at the town,[2] we were shut up all together in a big house, where, plundered as we had been, we were exposed to fresh spoliation. We were under the charge of the Vizier's son. He took a fancy to a pair of wide trowsers belonging to a Pathân of our company. To clothe him, they dragged off my leather ones, thus revealing that I had two more good pairs underneath. These were immediately made a prey of. All our shoes were taken from us too. One day our guards collected a lot of brambles and brushwood on the flat roof of our house, and set them on fire. The fire was beginning to fall through upon us when the Vizier heard of this, and let us out of the house while the fire was being extinguished. In this place we remained six or seven months. Some of us were sent into Badakhshân as slaves, while eleven, of whom I was one, were sold to some Badakhshânee merchants, who marched us off through the mountains.'

"*Kâshghar, March 27th.*—Before finishing the Goleir man's story, I must interpose a little other matter. This morning the Yoozbashee came to my Moonshee before I was up, and, turning out the attendant, said, 'I have been speaking to the Sirkar, and telling him that it was a great shame to keep the Sahib here all this time without hearing what he wishes to say, nor letting him go. The Sirkar answered that it was beyond his power to alter this, but that the Sahib would soon be allowed to start, accompanied by an envoy to the Lord Sahib. This is confirmed by a

[1] Kanjoot. [2] Hoonza.

note in English (written by Mirza ——, who has really been liberated), which was brought me to-day by Jooma from the Jemadar Dâd-khwâh.

"In the evening, Jooma was talking treason to me, viz. telling me of his visit to the Jemadar Dâd-khwâh, when I heard the Mahram approaching. I quickly turned the conversation on to the price of tea. As the Mahrambashee entered the room, he heard Jooma saying that tea used formerly to sell at two tangas per 'jing.' He loudly exclaimed that this was wrong, and Jooma and he immediately got into an excited discussion on the subject. At last he rushed out, laughing and saying, 'I will bring witnesses.' In a minute or two he reappeared, dragging in two of the sepoys, who, in answer to my question, said tea used never to sell lower than four or six tangas a 'jing' in the Chinese times. The Mahrambashee said, 'To-morrow I will fetch the oldest greybeards I can find in the bazâr, who will confirm what I say.' I was amused at seeing the sharp Mahrambashee thus taken in and killing two birds for me with one stone. First his attention was distracted from suspecting what Jooma could have been telling me in private confabulation; and, secondly, he did the very thing I was wanting, by finding out the former and present price of tea for me. Four tangas per jing is about 1*s.* 1*d.* per lb.

"Afterwards the Mahram saw a lot of figures in one of my books—a report on the Russian trade by our secretary of embassy. I explained that these figures were accounts of the goods sold by the Russians. He asked, 'Will you also write down for your Bashah (sovereign) all the details about this

country?' This was a dangerous question, so I answered, 'Of course, I shall. To-day, for instance, I shall say we have seen a new cat (you must know our chief amusement is feeding cats on the roofs!); also, that Ala Akhoond' (his own name) 'had a cold, but is now quite well again!' He laughed at this, and did not pursue his enquiries further.

"Now for the Goleir man's story again:

"'Our party, consisting of three Badakhshee merchants and their servants on horseback, and we, eleven slaves on foot without shoes, and with hardly any clothes on our backs, proceeded till we came to a high pass. The ice was covered with fresh snow, in which we sank up to our thighs. Through this we walked from midday till nightfall. After leaving the snow, we came to a swollen stream. Our masters made us get on to their horses, behind them. One of us, a down country Jat, was so exhausted that he could not get on to the horse's back. The man tried to drag him up by the arm, but he fell over on the other side. The man laid into him with his whip till he got up, and then seizing one arm, rode across the river, dragging him behind him through the ice-cold water. Many hours after dark we reached a cave, where our masters had fires of brushwood lighted. By these we sat and warmed ourselves, while they cooked and ate their suppers. The pain caused by the returning warmth was almost worse than the cold of the pass had been. About midnight they gave us half a chupattee (a kind of bread) each, and then went to sleep. We could not sleep, but huddled round the fire. Presently it began to snow. What fell on us melted, but all

around it soon lay six inches deep. At daybreak, a servant took one of the horses' nose-bags, and mixed a little flour and water in it, and then gave it to us, saying, "Cook and eat." Before we had half baked our cakes, we were called to start. So we put the unbaked lumps of dough into our bosoms, and ate them as we went along. At daybreak we started again, without having had a wink of sleep, and travelled all day. Just before sunset, we reached a camp of the Kirghiz. Our masters went into the warm tents, and we tried to make a fire outside. Late in the evening, they gave us a cupful of broth each, and a bit of meat. During this night we got a little sleep. Next evening we reached another Kirghiz encampment. The Kirghiz brought us out a couple of chupattees a piece, which we gladly devoured. In the morning three of our number were sold to the people here, and at the next night's camp three more. The price paid for each was a koors and two or three tillahs over (=17*l.* to 20*l.*). Here also the Kirghiz gave us some bread to eat. Further on, two more were sold, and at last we the remaining three, were bargained for. The business was concluded, and the money paid over, when a horseman arrived. He spoke to the Kirghiz who were bringing us, upon which the bargain was broken. Our masters paid back the money, and we started again with them. After passing, for three or four marches, through valleys without inhabitants, we came out upon the plains of Yârkand. Here we put up at a house in a village. In the evening, first a boy came out and gave us a cake of bread a-piece. Then an old man appeared, and produced from the breast

of his robe four or five more bits of bread, and afterwards brought us out a large dish of rice. Through the kindness of these people, we thus made a full meal, the first for many a day, and went to sleep satisfied. At our next halting-place, the people also took compassion on us and fed us well, giving us also a large felt drugget to sleep in, for we had but the clothes on our backs hitherto, and they but scanty. But our masters came out, and, seeing the drugget, took it away from us again. At this place, one of our number was left behind, and we two who remained were taken on to Yârkand.

"'Soon people began to come to the house where we were, to look at us, hearing there were slaves for sale. They handled us all over, and even opened our mouths to look at our teeth. What they found out by that, I can't tell. One ugly old woman came and pulled my mouth open as if I had been a horse. But nobody bought us. One day I was standing at the outer door, looking at the people passing in the narrow street outside, when a man came up and spoke to me. I told him I could not understand what he said; but he smiled and called to a fruit-seller who was passing by. Of him he bought about twenty plums, which he gave to me, and then walked on. I ate some, and took the rest in to my companion. Next day I was standing at the same door, when another man addressed me in a mixture of Persian and Hindoostanee, asking me who I was, and saying he was a Hajjee. I answered, "I am a Panjabee, and don't understand Persian." He said, 'Why don't you apply to the Jemadar Dâd-khwâh. He is a great man here, a Panjabee himself, and will surely release you." I

said, "How can I apply to him? I am not allowed to go out, nor do I know where he lives." He replied, "I will let him know." In the evening he came back, saying, "Has the Jemadar sent a message to you?" I replied, "No." He said, "I went to him this morning, and told him. He promised to send for you, and meanwhile made proclamation in the bazâr that any one buying you would be punished. But I will go and see him again." Well, next day we were really sent for by the Jemadar, as well as our masters. The Jemadar made us sit down opposite him, and had bread and tea given us; when we had finished, he said, "Bring more," and so he went on till we were satisfied. Then he spoke to the slave merchants, who went away, and we were left with the Jemadar. A few days after, he gave us a paper with his own seal and that of the Vizier, saying, "You are free. Go where you like; this paper will protect you." We went away into the town, but next day the slave merchants went again and represented their case. I don't know what they did, but we were sent for again, and the Jemadar said to them, "The King is coming shortly; he shall decide. Meanwhile these men shall remain with me." But the slave merchants represented that they had no servants to fetch water, &c., for them, so they were allowed to take us back to serve them till the king came. In a month's time he arrived. We were taken before him, and made our salâm. Then he ordered twenty tillahs to be given to the merchants, and we were put under the charge of his treasurer. We received each of us a horse and good clothes, and were sent to Kâshghar, where we have

been ever since, soldiers in the King's service, well treated and well fed, but not allowed to go to our homes.' So ends the tale of the Goleir man. However, he omitted to say (what Sarda heard from others) that he lost his caste in Kanjoot, when he was made to eat with the other prisoners, Mussulmans.

"I don't think I have before mentioned that the Atalik-Ghâzee has abolished the slave *trade* in his dominions. Formerly, there were regular markets where you could go and buy a boy or a girl or a grown-up slave; some sold for debt, some the prize of forays made against the neighbouring Sheeah[1] tribes. Now, household slaves still exist, but the *trade* is done away with, and the markets closed.

"The Yoozbâshee now consoles me for my detention by saying it is 'naseeb,' *i.e.*, fated as God's will; no *man* has any hand in it; the moment my appointed sustenance is consumed in this place, whether man wills it or no, I shall remove to another. To this end, he quotes a Toorkee proverb in the form of a couplet:—

"'What is fated, though it be in Syria (Sham), yet it is near at hand,
And what is not fated, though in front of your forehead, yet it is far away.'

"*Kâshghar, Saturday, March 27th.*—Jooma went to see the Jemadar Dâd-khwâh (Chief of the King's Artillery, and a native of the Punjab) at his request. I told him to say that I had been here nearly three months without an opportunity of speaking to the King. The Jemadâr Dâd-khwâh sent me back a

[1] Mahammadan heretics.

civil note in English (written by Mirza ——), saying that he would at once make my wishes known to the King. Accordingly he has been closeted all this afternoon with the King. Jooma went several times, but each time found his horse waiting outside the Palace Gate.

"*Kâshghar, Sunday, March 28th.*—The Jemadar and the King went to see a canal that is being made by order of His Majesty. So Jooma has had no opportunity of speaking alone with the former.

"The Mahrambâshee says that the Karakatai (Chinese) women only have small feet: the Manjoo women have not.[1] The reason he gives is that during some rebellion the Karakatai women assisted the men in war; so the Manjoo Emperor ordered that henceforth they should dwarf their feet, so as to be incapable of such *feats* in future!

"*Kâshghar, Tuesday, March 30th.*—The Yooz-bashee brought a Kalmâk bow and arrows to show me. The bow is made of horn, and strung with gut. The two ends are curved back, so that the string touches the two elbows as it were, and is then supported by two rests, like violin-bridges. The space from bridge to bridge is forty-four inches; the bow itself from tip to tip is five feet six inches. The arrows are thirty-nine inches long, with three feathers, and various-shaped iron points.

"The Mahrambashee says, there are several book-shops in Kâshghar, Old City; the sellers haggle much about the price.

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[1] "The practice of compressing the feet . . . is practised by all classes of society, except among the Tartars" (Manchoos).—Williams's 'Middle-Kingdom,' vol. ii. p. 38. This corroborates what the Mahrambâshee told me.

"The Yoozbashee, sky-larking with the bow and arrows, shot one out of the window of my roof up into the air. Afterwards, he remembered that it was very likely to fall into the next courtyard, where a dozen horses are picketed! We went out to look, but could not find it; so he shot another off through the same window to find the first, but both were lost. So like a Tartar.

"Jooma describes the artillery exercise, which he has just been seeing, as consisting in firing blank cartridges, moving the guns about, and a manœuvre by which all the riders (one can't say drivers) form themselves into a squadron of cavalry, leaving the guns in their rear in charge of two foot artillerymen a-piece. Each gun is drawn by four horses, each of which is ridden by a cavalry man.

"*Kâshghar, Wednesday, March* 31*st.*—One of the servants saw a crowd assembled just outside the gate of the fortress. Found the head Yasâwal-bashee was being stripped of his arms and fine clothes by order of the Atalik, who was present. He was deprived also of his horse, and sent back into the town, under guard of five soldiers. I don't know what is the cause of this sudden disgrace. We believe this Yasâwal-bashee to be the man in whose charge and house Hayward is. I hear he was once before disgraced, and sent to Yârkand. The Atalik, also, himself went to Yârkand about that time, leaving his son in command at Kâshghar, and appointing a new Yasâwal-bashee, a Kirghiz. This man conspired to kill the Prince, and get the King murdered at the same time. The Prince found this out, and shot the Yasâwal-bashee with his own hand on parade one

day. Afterwards the old Yasâwal-bashee was reinstated.

"Yoozbashee much struck with some postage-stamps. Says, he hears the Russians have the same. I think he must refer to Bank-notes.

"*Kâshghar, Thursday, April 1st.*—Jooma and Choomâroo went to see the Jemadar Dad-khwâh. He says the King will start for Yang-hissâr in six days' time. He has been ordered to follow three or four days later, bringing us and Mirza —— with him. The Jemadar added, 'Many other officers could have brought you along, but I fancy he thinks you will be under less restraint with me, for he told me to see whether you and Mirza —— communicated with one another.'

"I hear from other quarters also that the Atalik starts in six days.

"The Yoozbashee propounded a theory, that at this season a great part of the strength of men goes into the trees, to enable them to shoot and bear leaves and fruit. After the first season the strength leaves the trees, and comes back into men. Hence men at this present season are languid and limp.

"A gnat fell into the Mahrambashee's tea; he asked whether the tea was not made "harâm" (or impure). Moonshee and Yoozbashee assured him it was not so, and told him he should dip the gnat under water, then pick him out; for there is a saying both here and in Hindustan, that gnats have poison under one wing and an antidote under the other. Hence, it is proper to take care that both wings should be dipped into the liquid, lest the first wing should be the poisoned one.

"*Kâshghar, Friday, April 2nd.*—One of the Vakeel's servants told one of mine that on the 13th day from this we should be in Yârkand.[1] The Yoozbashee paid me his daily visit. I said, laughing, 'Well, when are we to go and live in the gardens?' He answered, 'Ah, that must be kept for Yârkand; the time is near now, next Wednesday the King goes to Yang-hissâr, and will give you leave to go either before he goes, or else at Yang-hissâr.'

"The Mahrambashee asked the difference between the 'English' and the 'Frangs.' I explained. He said, 'I understand. The name of one nation has got attached to all its neighbours. In the same way we call all the Western Toorks "Andijânees," whether they come from Khokand, or Tashkend, or Bokhâra, or really from Andijân. And they call us all "Kashgarees," including men of Yârkand, or of Khoten, or of Aksoo.

"He says, at Kâshghar the cats are taught to fetch and carry. Well-trained ones bring a long price.

"The Shaghâwal's son, M. Ali Jan, arrived with a gun for the King. Tashee says its carriage is like English ones, complete with 'caissons' (if that is the right word for the ammunition boxes).

"*Kâshghar, Saturday, April 3rd.*—The Yoozbashee, talking about everything being God's work, why was I impatient; I replied, 'My impatience is God's work also.' This he seemed to consider a poser. I also said, 'What I regret is this, that out of the fixed number of years which God has appointed me to live, I have just lost entirely three months,

[1] This proved true to a day.

which are as it were wiped out of my existence, and cannot be replaced.' He replied, 'No, no, they are not lost; you will see that your residence here has been productive of very important results, and then you will look upon these three months as one day.'

"Sarda hears the Shaghâwal has lately 'halâled' or cut the throats of two converted Hindoos. They tried to abandon the Mussulman faith, and go back to Hindooism with the Hindoo traders. The latter, however, would not have them, and the affair coming to the Shaghâwal's ears, he cut the controversy short with the executioner's knife.

"*Kâshghar, Sunday, April 4th.*—Sarda's friend reports, that in the time of the Chinese they used to extract 'moomiai' from the heads of slaves! 'Moomiai' is a mysterious drug, which, according to Oriental superstition, is an infallible cure for every wound or disease. All conquerors (even the English) are accused of sacrificing prisoners to obtain it. Sarda's friend says that he heard the following story, apropos of 'moomiai' from an escaped slave, who made his way from Yârkand back to his home in Gilgit some years ago. This slave and twenty more had been put into a garden to eat their fill of grapes for twenty days. He had seen the roasting-pans over which the victims are suspended, head downwards, while their skulls are gashed with razors, to let the 'momiai,' drop out into the red-hot pans! He and others contrived to make their escape. It is supposed the others were converted into moomiai!

"The hero of this tale was a man of Gilgit, who had been sold into captivity by Ghor Ali, a former ruler of Gilgit, who was in the habit of selling his

superfluous subjects, leaving only a male and a female to each home. He used to make feasts at which men were sacrificed instead of sheep (whether they were eaten or not deponent saith not, though I have heard charges of cannibalism against the Dardoo tribes on the Indus).

When about to die, Ghor Ali called eleven of his chiefs into the strong tower where he lived, and had them killed in his presence, so that their souls might bear his company.

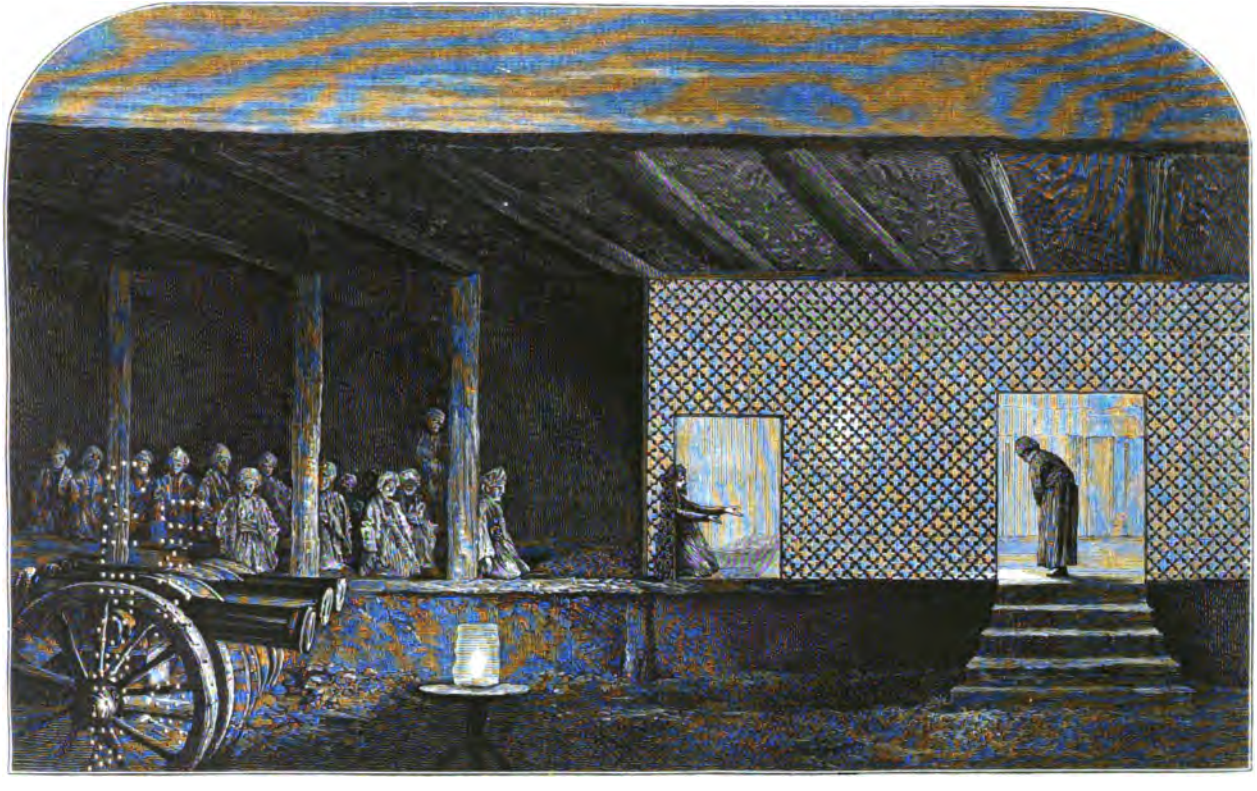
"*Kâshghar, Monday, April 5th.*—To-day, I have some news to write. I have had my long expected second interview with the King. In the afternoon, the Sirkar came and announced that either a big officer would be sent to communicate with me or else I should be taken myself to see the King. I answered, 'I am pleased with either course, whichever the Atalik-Ghâzee orders.' After a few minutes, the Sirkar said, 'Get yourself ready, for you will be sent for this evening.' I suppose his first announcement was intended to try me.

"When he was gone, I got ready two guns (the only ones I had left), to present as a 'nazar,' by the Yoozbashee's advice. I know they had coveted these two guns ever since I have been in the country, as they knew they were those I kept for my own use. English-made firearms are not so common in this country that they can let any leave it.

"About eight o'clock in the evening I was fetched. They took me to the opposite corner of the great square before the palace, and then by a side street to a big gateway, with a row of guns standing on

each side. Opening the gate, we passed through the *corps de garde* and into a square, lighted with Chinese lanterns. Opposite was a kind of pavilion, with walls of open work, which, lighted up from inside, had a pretty effect. My conductor left me at the foot of a flight of steps leading up into the pavilion. I went up alone, and entered the room. In a corner was sitting the Atalik-Ghâzee, close to an opening in the trellis. He held out his hands to welcome me, and placed me opposite him, telling me to sit down comfortably (for I had, of course, taken the excruciating sitting posture usual in Toorkistân). After the usual enquiries after health, &c., he called for an interpreter, a Hindoostanee Jemadar, who came and stood below the window at which we were sitting. I cannot attempt to give the whole of our conversation, for I sat there more than an hour talking and being talked to. But the chief points are the following:—The King began by saying that he felt highly honoured by my visit to his country; that he was very inferior in power and dignity to the English; only so big (showing the tip of his little finger) in comparison with the Malika Padishah (the Queen).[1] I replied I hoped there might be friendship established between the two countries, as there is between the Sultan of Room (Turkey) and the English, and that between friends one does not consider inequality (you will say this answer of mine was a stale one, having been given before, but remember the statement which drew it forth was

[1] I noticed that now he seemed to know all about the Queen; whereas in my first interview it was all the "Lord Pashah," or Viceroy of India. He has profited by his lessons.



NIGHT INTERVIEW WITH THE ATALIK-GHÂZEE.

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stale also). He said, 'God grant it,' and then went on to say that I was his brother, that all his subjects were my servants, and that when neighbouring nations heard of my coming to him (he mentioned Russia and Khokand by name), his honour would be greatly increased. I answered that I had not been sent either by the Queen or the Lord Sahib (the Viceroy), but had merely come of my own accord, hearing his renown; that the only use I could be of was by giving him information as to my own land and sovereign, with whose affairs I was, of course, acquainted. (I noticed that the interpreter sank his voice almost to a whisper in translating all this.) The King replied that I was his brother, &c., and paid me many compliments, saying he had never seen an Englishman before, though he had heard much of their power and truthfulness. He added that he was convinced that from them could proceed nothing hurtful to himself, but rather good. He then said, 'I consider you my brother, whatever course you advise, I will take. I am thinking of sending an Envoy to your country. What is your advice?' I said, 'Your intention is most excellent, and it is most desirable that an Envoy should go.' He then replied, 'I will send the Envoy, and give him a letter to the Lord Sahib, asking him to send him on to the Queen.' I replied, 'That is the very best plan.' He said, 'Well, now about the time; when should he go?' I said, 'That is as you please; either send him with me, or before me, or after me, but I advise that what is done should be done quickly.' He said, 'Of course; my Envoy will go with you, and as you think he ought to go soon, I will only keep you here

three days more, then you shall go to Yârkand, and I will put him under your charge either at Yanghissar or at Yârkand.' I said, 'Very good; and if it is your order, I will then explain to him all that he may expect to be asked, and other things which you probably have not leisure to hear from me, and he can then obtain your orders on these subjects, lest when he gets to the presence of our Rulers, he should find himself unable to give an answer.' He replied, 'Do so by all means. We will have another talk together to-morrow evening, and again at Yang-hissâr, where I shall go after visiting the Mazâr (a Mussulman shrine). I will also send a man' (I caught the word 'pisar,' or *son*, but the interpreter did not say so), 'who shall come and go between you and me, and through whom we can communicate; when he comes, let no one be present but your two selves. Send all your servants out of the way, and whatever passes between us, keep it secret till you re-enter your own country.' I promised to do so. He said, 'The Queen of England is like the sun, which warms everything it shines upon. I am in the cold, and desire that some of its rays should fall upon me. I am very small—a man of yesterday. In these few years God has given me this great country. It is a great honour for me that you have come. I count upon you to help me in your own country. Whatever services I can render you here, you may command, and you must do the same for me. Come, what report will you give of me when you get back?' I said, 'I shall tell them that the renown of you that has reached India is but half of what I have found the facts to be.' He

laughed, and stretched out his hand to shake mine. Then he said, 'You must keep on sending a servant of your own with merchandise to Toorkistân. Whether the Malika sends me an envoy or no, that she will decide, but your own special agent must come and go. Will you send one yearly?' I replied, 'If I have your permission, I will certainly do so.' He said, 'That is right. Send all sorts of merchandise by him, and send a letter to me, asking for whatever you want. You may always command me, and the arrival of your letter will be as wealth to me.' I said, 'I trust by that means I shall be able to receive frequent intelligence of your well-being and prosperity. That will be my greatest pleasure. I trust that your kingdom may be established for hundreds of years.'

"After more of this style of conversation, and drinking my tea, he called for a robe to be put on me; but after I had received it, he again made me sit down, and repeated some of his previous speeches, saying, 'Az barae Khooda' (Before God), 'I mean all that I say. I am a Mussulman, and will not stir from my engagements.' Finally I was let go, and the King's son appeared, and conducted me as far as the outer gateway. Towards the latter part of the time, the interpreter apparently thought I did not appear grateful enough for the honour and compliments bestowed on me. He kept on saying, in Hindoostanee, 'Consider what this great prince is saying to you; he has never said so much to any one before.' I don't know whether he expected me to stand up and say 'Allaho-akber,' or perform any other ceremony of that sort; but the King evidently did not, for he

stopped the interpreter, and told him to say only what he was ordered.

"On coming out I was assailed with wishes of 'Moobarâk' by all my attendants, who all came and sat with me, to hear the result of my visit to the King.

"*Kâshghar, Tuesday, April 6th.*—This morning the Sircar brought me as a parting present from the King bags of gold and silver yamboos, and some gold-dust in paper, saying they were for my private expenses. I estimate their value at about £690. Presently he reappeared, with about £45 of silver for the Moonshee. Again, he brought me a robe of crimson satin, gorgeous with gold and embroidery, and a high velvet cap, and other robes for myself, the Moonshee, and all the servants. Soon after arrived a horse, with handsome trappings, whose bridle was put into my hand, while blessings were invoked with outstretched arms. This evening I have again been taken to see the King. Everything as before, except that my Moonshee was allowed to come into the court after I was seated, and say a distant salâm, to which the King responded from his window, with a muttered 'O aleikoom as-salâm,' stroking his beard, and adding, 'He is a good man, poor fellow' ('bechâra,' a patronising term of friendship). As before, his conversation fell chiefly on his own insignificance compared with our Queen, 'Ruler of the seven climes,' as he called her. He enlarged on his desire of friendship with England, but chiefly on his special friendship for me, saying that, when he saw my face, God put it into his mind to take it for a good omen for himself.

I replied that his kindness was overpowering, and that as I myself was too insignificant to deserve it, I took it all as meant for my Sovereign and nation. He took me to refer to the presents he had sent me in the morning, and said, 'No, no, it is all for yourself in particular on account of the private friendship I have formed for you. For your Queen I mean to prepare some fitting gifts, and as you are my friend, and I am ignorant of the customs of your country, I count on you to tell me what is proper to be sent to her. She is very great, and I am very little; I conceal nothing from you; you know the state of my country; it produces nothing but felts, and such like things' (laughing, and pointing to the matting of the floor), 'so you must give me advice.' I said, 'Friendship is the most valuable gift that Kings can give one another; but if I can be of any use in giving advice, I am at your service.' He said, 'I count on you for this. When we meet at Yang-hissâr, we will arrange all. Here I am oppressed with business. There are people here from Russia (?), from Khokand, from Bokhâra, and from all quarters. But I purpose to go to Yang-hissâr, and throw off business like an extra robe, and then we will talk much together. Whatever advice you give me I will follow down to the least point' (showing the tip of his fingers), 'whether about writing letters, or sending Envoys, or doing anything.' I replied, 'The plan of sending an Envoy proceeds from your own counsel and wisdom; but if in the execution of it I can be of the least service, from my knowledge of English customs, &c., that is what I most desire.' Then, counting on his fingers, he said, 'To-morrow is Char-Shamba, next

day Panj-Shamba, and the day after Friday. I shall start for Yang-hissâr, leaving my son here. Stay with him a couple of days (my country, and all my subjects are yours), and on Friday come to meet me at Yang-hissâr. I have a great affection for that place, as it was the first town I took in this country, and I intend to pay my devotion at the shrine there. We will arrange all matters there, and I will send with you two or three men of rank and wisdom. They shall carry you in the palms of their hands till you leave my country, and then go with you to your own country.' After further talk, he said, 'I feel great shame because an Englishman once before came to this country, and was murdered by a robber, one Wallé Khan, who was then here.' I replied, 'We know that you had no hand in it, and do not throw the blame on you. The traveller you speak of was not an Englishman, but a German; but still we felt much grieved at his death, for he was a guest of ours in India, whence he came to Toorkistân.' He went on to say, holding up six fingers, 'There! that is just the number of years that I have been in power; before then I was nobody.' I answered, 'Those Kings who succeed to thrones by right of birth obtain their power by no merit of their own. But those who, like Timoor and Sikandar (Tamerlane and Alexander), obtain great kingdoms by their own deeds are looked upon with admiration.' The King clutched his robe (*à la* Toorkee), and said, 'May God make your words true.' (You will say I am wonderfully sententious, but that is the custom of the country. Tupper would be a great literary character here.)

"Again, the Atalik said, 'Another Englishman came to Yârkand; do you know who he is?' I said, 'I met an Englishman in Tibet, who asked me to take him with me, but I told him that I could not do so, as I had only asked permission of the King for myself alone to enter his country.' He answered, 'Well, whatever Englishman comes, he is welcome to me.'

"After this I was allowed to go, being nearly stifled, from having to wear three heavy robes, one above the other, the gift of the King this afternoon; such is the custom of the country. I forgot to say that, when I entered, the king wished me 'Moobârak' (or happy) on putting on the new robes.

"I tried to give a robe of honour to the Sirkar who brought me my presents, but he resolutely refused to receive anything, saying the King would cut his throat if he accepted the smallest present from a Mihmân (guest). I told him to try and get permission from the King.

"*Kâshghar, Wednesday, April 7th.*—The King started early this morning for Yang-hissâr. Sarda met a top-rez (gun-founder), who gave him the information which I had been in search of regarding Johnson's supposed 'Nana Sahib.' Mahammad Ali, who was formerly in command of the Khoten infantry, is now at Old Kâshghar, with some military command. He is a Pathan, and is received as such by the other Pathans, and was therefore certainly never a Hindoo. Besides him, there is another Khoten officer here, who was really a Hindoo originally. He was a Brahmin, named 'Kanheya,' whom Jooma knew as a native agent at Ladâk before he

fixed himself at Khoten. He used to trade for his employers between Ladâk and Yârkand. He turned Mussulman when the Chinese rule ceased at Khoten, and was entrusted with some command by Habiboolah Khan. His present name is Islam, and he lives in the old 'oorda' (palace), which is the headquarters of Sarda's friends, the Maharaja's men. He, therefore, is certainly not the 'Nana Sahib.' I forgot to mention that he had formerly been a sepoy under the Sikhs (Chutter Sing's), but fled to Ladâk after our second Sikh war. The former is evidently the man meant by Johnson, as both the name and the office agree. There are not likely to have been two Mahammad Alis in command of all the Khoten infantry.

"Sarda's friend says, there are no old mutineers in the Atalik-Ghâzee's service. The 'top-rez' (gun-founder) was first at Khoten; then, after the fall of Khoten, some months at Yârkand, and now here. He, of course, consorted with all the Indian officers, &c., and must know well. He accounts for them all otherwise.

"A note from Hayward, saying that, as I am being allowed to depart, while nothing is said about his going, he anticipates that they mean to keep him. I am sorry to say this was rather confirmed by an ugly rumour that one of my servants heard to-day. He was told that I should now be sent back to India with an Envoy from the Atalik-Ghâzee, and that Hayward would be kept as a hostage for his safe return.

"I immediately gave orders to Jooma to go to the Jemadar Dâd-Khwâh, who seems to have some

influence, and is also sensible and friendly. Jooma is to explain to him that, as long as an Englishman is kept here against his will, it is quite useless to expect any good to come from sending an Envoy; and that, if they are not going to allow Hayward to depart, they may save themselves the trouble of entering into any communication with our Government.

"*April 8th.*—The Jemadar Dâd-Khwâh, in reply to my message by Jooma, says that both Hayward and Mirza ——— shall be sent back in my company from Yang-hissâr.

CHAPTER XVI.

FROM KÂSHGHAR BACK TO YÂRKAND, AND STAY THERE.

View of the Mountains — The Toorkee Cart — Wheelbarrows — Snowy Mountains — Yang-Hissâr; and Various Pictures of the People — Soldiers — Parting Interview with the King — Ghoolâm Kâdir the Interpreter — Presents for the Queen — Chinese Paintings — Weather Charmers — Stereoscope — Compressed Tea — Hindu Prejudices and Dangerous Jest — Arrival at Yârkand — The *Chihil Sitoon*, a Relic of Antiquity, between Kâshghar and Khokand — Density of Population in Yârkand — Particulars about Khoten — The Sarikol Lake not recognized — Note from Hayward — Ghoolâm Kâdir, and his Recollections of Conolly — Mutilation of Criminals — A Stereoscope from the Bazâr — Horse-eating — Gold of Khoten — Treatment of Horses — The Pâlampoor Fair — Punishment for using False Weights — The Maharaja of Cashmeer as a British Feudatory — Execution — Murder of Schlagintweit — Preparations for Departure.

"*Kâshghar to Yepchang, Friday, April 9th.*—We started about ten o'clock. Most of the servants and all the luggage came in two 'arabas' (country carts). A nasty windy day, storms of dust and drizzling rain at intervals. The Sirkar rode out with me a little distance from the fortress, and then got off his horse to take his leave of me. I am accompanied by the red-robed Yasâwal, and by the Sirkar's deputy, Abdoolla Akhoond, besides the Yoozbashee and his party. We breakfasted on getting to Yepchang, where we put up at the old place, a Mahrambashee having been sent on to prepare it. The house belongs to the head-man of Yepchang. I went out with Sarda to some sand-hillocks about a mile off, where we had a splendid view of the Kakshal and

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VIEW OF KASHKAR AND THE RANGE OF MOUNTAINS WHICH DIVIDES IT FROM THE RUSSIAN POSSESSIONS.

DRAWN BY MAJOR STRUTT FROM A SKETCH BY R. B. SHAW.

Karantâgh Hills, northward, glimpses of hills westward, and the gigantic Snowy Range S. and S.W. (the Kizilart, or Kizilyé). We could see Kâshghar fortress plainly, and took bearings till interrupted by fresh storms of dust. Returned, and found the 'arabas' arrived. They are tilt carts, with a pair of enormous wheels, one horse in the shafts and two leaders attached by long traces of rope running through iron rings on the shafts, and fastened to the axle under the cart. Each horse has a separate pair of traces all the way back, also separate pairs of reins to each. On the horses' necks is a kind of yoke (two parallel sticks), which are kept from the shoulder by large pads; the whole effect being that of a horse-collar, except that the yoke is thrown off with the traces, leaving the pads on the horse.

"Afterwards, I made another expedition to the sand-hills (the weather having cleared), and got more bearings, and a sight of the mountains all round. The wheat and the barley are both sprouting, a couple of inches high. Ploughing for some other crop is going on, with pairs of bullocks yoked very wide apart. I saw a pair of horses, too, employed harrowing, or rather clod-crushing. Gourds with holes in them are stuck up in the trees, near houses, for a small kind of blackbird with yellow beak to build in. They sing well, and are said to turn dark-blue in summer. The Toorks call them 'kara-koochkach.' I was told that Indian corn here produces sixty-four charaks of produce from one charak of seed. Wheat and barley less. No rice is ground in the Kâshghar district. I noticed also some Tartar *wheelbarrows*, very light and handy.

"Some of the trees are almost in leaf; all are shooting. The rivers are very empty, being drained by the canals for cultivation. Great work is going on at the third river, where a bridge is being built by the Atalik's order. They have made two piers in the middle of the stream (with noses both ways). They consist of a casing of planks riveted together with iron, and filled up with great stones. Less elaborate piers, or rather breakwaters, have been erected to protect the banks above the bridge from the action of the stream, and the spaces between the breakwaters and the bridge have just been planted with willow cuttings to strengthen the bank by their roots.

"The whole way the ground is cultivated, excepting the basin of the last river, which is left in pasture. Farmhouses are dotted over the whole country, their orchards and plantations hiding the view beyond a few hundred yards. Lots of 'arabas' are met on the road.

"*Yepchang to Yang-hissâr, April 10th.*—A cloudless morning, with white frost and a thin coat of ice on the wayside pools. I made another excursion to get a view of the mountains. A perfect view all round. There are enormous mountains to the South-west with snow extending at least three-fifths of the way down from their tops. The Northern and the Southern ranges trend away to the Westward where there is an apparent opening (a little North of West) occupied by lower spurs, and where no snowy range is visible. Thus the ranges form a deep bay of which we cannot see the end. Almost immediately South of us the Southern range culminates in a

gigantic knot of peaks, and then turns off Southward out of sight. But the Northern range continues far away to the Eastward till it vanishes from mere distance; a long wall of snowy mountains (called first 'Karantâgh,' and further East 'Mooztâgh') from which long lines of lower ridges run out into the plain (under the various names of Kakshal, Artash, &c.). Over these lower ridges, and parallel to the higher range runs the road to Aksoo, crossing as many as eight several 'cols,' or small passes.

"The Yoozbashee fell ill, and came part of the way in an 'araba.' We stopped half-way at a village, and had a dastar-khan and pilao. A hot ride afterwards into Yang-hissâr. The country is even more cultivated than I had thought it in the winter. There are a few tracts of pasture.

"Before reaching Yang-hissâr, they made me put on a crimson satin robe and velvet cap; so I rode in in triumph! I am lodged in a mosque near the fort, and opposite the camp of the Envoy from Kolab (one of the small states of Western Toorkistân).

"My Mahrambashee, Ala Akhoond, met us halfway, and rode in with us. Numerous officials seem to float in front of us, though we appear unable to grasp them, as it were. They disappear as soon as seen, and finally rejoin one's party mysteriously and are found in one's train. They prepared everything, and ushered us into our lodging.

"*Yang-hissâr, Sunday, April 11th.*—I have spent a much pleasanter day than for several months past. We seem to have re-entered the world again, after our long seclusion. We are living in a mosque

just outside the gate of the fortress, and between it and the town, which is about a quarter of a mile off. Our mosque is raised some height above the ground, and, sitting on a kind of covered platform at one side, one can see a long way over the country. On one side this platform is left open, but the side opposite the door of the mosque is shut in with silken screens, of the kind called in India 'kanâts' (which are generally used as the side walls of tents). Other 'kanâts' enclose a small open space, of which the fourth side is formed by a row of small chambers, running at right angles from the end of the mosque. Tents for the servants are pitched outside, in a little garden by the side of a tank which belongs to the mosque. The gate of the fort is about 100 yards off, and the road leading thence to the town has been thronged all day with people, forming a good noisy boisterous crowd, collected to see the distribution of the King's bounty to a lot of poor people, the maimed, the halt, the blind, and the professional beggars, who have gathered from the surrounding district. After gazing at nothing but bare walls for nearly three months, it is indescribably pleasant to watch this scene of life and activity: the crowd swaying to and fro, the small boys skirmishing round its skirts, and making themselves a nuisance to the steady-going sightseers, as they do all over the world. Not content with the dust stirred up by the movements of the multitude from ground where it lies three or four inches deep, they swept it about with their boots, and pelted one another with it, and when a 'devil' (a small *whirlwind*, common in India as well as here) raised its revolving column of sand, they made common cause

with it, rushing after it from all quarters, and struggling to throw their caps into the vortex, for the pleasure of seeing them whirled up into the air.

"Then there are the 'faqueers,' or 'derveshes,' in their tall conical caps, carrying a gourd by their side. More than a hundred of them sat down in a row, waiting for their turn in the distribution of money. Stragglers of these would come periodically to the foreigner's camp, to ask for alms, and when they received their allowance of bread or rice, would repeat an Arabic prayer, with outspread hands, finishing with an 'Allaho-akber,' as they drew them slowly over their face, down to the tip of their beards. One of them, with long elf-locks (a rare sight here), came and addressed me in Persian, begging, not for himself, but for his horse, an uncommonly good-looking one, which he was leading by the bridle. I had before heard of beggars on horseback, but had never seen one. Indeed, they are proverbially said to ride in another direction. Among the rest I recognised a most amusing young beggar whom I had seen at Kâshghar, a small boy of four or five years old, with only one eye, who lisps out Arabic prayers in a most voluble manner, chattering away in Toorkee in the intervals, and interrupting himself to pick the big lumps of sugar, or the most tempting 'pistachio' nuts, out of the things which are being poured into the skirt of his coat, held up for the purpose. His parents seem to wind him up before they send him in to beg, for nothing stops him in his voluble, but incomprehensible, invocation of blessings.

"A separate crowd is formed by the women, with their round black-rimmed pork-pie hats (their winter

head-dress), and white head-kerchiefs. When they pass in front of my abode, they drop their small net veils over their faces. The respectable men and local dignitaries, when they pass, make me low reverences with folded hands, adding the usual salutation, 'As-salâm aleikoom,' never suspecting me to be an unbeliever, but taking me for some swell Mussulman, in my silk robes and turban. There is a never-ending stream of horsemen going in and out of the fort gateway: the officials in brilliant garments with silver-mounted belts and swords, their guns slung over their shoulders; the moollahs in loose, sober-coloured robes ungirt at the waist, and huge white turbans; grooms in high boots, taking their masters' horses out to exercise or water, riding one and leading another, both in their stable clothing, which covers them up to their eyes much like that of English horses.

"On the other side of my dwelling are some men at work making a vegetable garden, throwing up the ground into ridges and furrows for irrigation. No Englishman could labour harder, or do more work. When I sent them out some bread, &c., they made low bows, and sat down together to make a meal, bringing out their bottle-shaped gourds full of water, which had been covered up by their overcoats from the heat. But they made no long business of it; they ate the bread, and immediately got up again to work, only interrupting themselves twice in the afternoon to say their usual prayers, prostrating themselves on the newly-turned earth.

"In the same direction also lies a walled enclosure, occupied by barracks, from which issued a company

of red-coated foot soldiers, led by a captain in blue. Their uniform has a very Oriental look: long robes, reaching below the knees, turned up with black at the edges and round the cuts at the sides; wide trowsers, the same; and a conical cap, blue with a red tip; a curved scimitar at the side, hanging from a belt crowded with pouches and flasks. They have no idea of marching in any regular formation, but come straggling after their captain.

"In the afternoon a horse with fine trappings came for the Moonshee, and he was taken away into the fort to say 'Allaho-Akber' to the King for it; which he did from a distance, as before. The saddle-cloth is of the Chinese silk-embroidery on cloth.

"The Yoozbashee was down with fever. I gave him quinine.

"*Monday, April 12th.*—This morning I had a parting interview with the King. I was taken into the fort, and through a wide street, bordered with blank walls, to the gate of the 'Oorda.' Entering this, at the end of one courtyard I saw the King sitting at the window of a room. As usual, I was made to sit down opposite him, and he told me to make myself comfortable. The interpreter was called for, and after mutual enquiries after health, we had another long talk, which it is impossible to reproduce entirely. He said he was going to send an Envoy with me, a Sayad of high degree. We should go as soon as the young fruits of the apricots were formed, which was the time when the passes were open. (I must interrupt myself to notice that, as the Mussulman lunar months run through the four seasons

in a space of thirty-two years, they are unable to denote seasons by the names of months, but have to take some operation of nature as a guide and a sign, either the time of harvest, or the ripening of certain fruit, or, as in the present case, the setting of the fruit.) He informed me that he would have messengers sent back from Yârkand, from Shahidoolla, from Tibet, and from Cashmeer, to bring news of me, and of our progress. He then asked me, 'Shall I send a letter to the Maharaja of Cashmeer? what do you advise?' and he leant forward to scrutinise my face for an answer. I tried to excuse myself from giving one, but as he pressed me, I replied, 'It is of course, just as you wish; but my own opinion is that great Kings should not condescend to send letters, &c., to tributary chiefs.' He turned off this subject at once, saying, 'That is all I wished to know: I shall send with you a man who will be under your orders, to send him back from Cashmeer whenever you think fit.' He then asked whether he should keep a merchant as a news-writer at Cashmeer, as he had done hitherto. I answered, 'By all means, and I hope you will soon have a representative at Lahore also, through whom mutual intelligence may reach.' All this I only said after a great deal of restiveness, telling him first that these were matters beyond me, and that his own judgment should guide him. But he put it all upon private friendship, saying, 'You know all about Hindostân, &c., and what is the use of having a friend if he will not give his advice about matters that he knows?' Then there was more talk about the greatness of the Malika Sahib (the Queen), and her being like the sun, which

warms everything that its rays fall upon (here the interpreter got into a mess, his Indian ideas of the sun being that it is an *enemy* to be avoided, and *shade* the chief blessing of life; and he entangled himself in a metaphor about the sun casting its shade upon people!). The king went on to say that he was unworthy to be the friend of such a great sovereign, but he hoped he might be allowed to bask in her rays. He desired friendly relations with us, as he was surrounded with enemies and jealous powers.

"Again he came to the subject of his friendship for me. I responded, telling him that my heart was knit with his, and that I should tell my countrymen of his kindly feelings and kind treatment. He said, 'Be sure to send some servant of yours, some Moonshee or other, often to me. Write me word how you are, and I will send you news of myself; also, ask me for whatever you want from this country, it is all at your service.' I said I would be sure to do so, &c. During all this conversation he was still more friendly than usual, wearing a continual smile, and leaning over familiarly to talk to me himself in easy Persian, saying at every phrase, 'Mâkool, Shaw Sahib?' ('Do you understand?') His whole manner to me is most *prévenant* and friendly, putting aside all affectation of dignity or reserve. Finally, after tea, a robe was put on to me, and he took quite an affectionate farewell, taking my hand in both of his, and holding it while he wished me safe home, putting me under God's care. Then, with outspread hands, he repeated an Arabic prayer for my safety and success, drawing his hands over his face down to the beard, with an 'Allaho-akber.' The interpreter, Ghoolâm Kâdir,

was sent back with me to my temporary abode, to write down hints for presents to our Queen, which he had made me promise to write for him.

"Ghoolâm Khâdir sat and had a talk. He is a Pathan, from Rampore, and left India at the time of Haree-Sing's war under Runjeet-Sing. He was in Câbul during the English occupation, and told a story of an Englishman buying a small copper coin for a rupee. I explained to him that it was probably because the coin was a very old one. Ghoolâm Khâdir has since been in service in Shahr-i-Sabz, Bokhâra, Khokand (where he fought the Russians), and then here. He said this King was very anxious for friendly and commercial intercourse with England, and he thought there would now be a great increase, what with the *new English road*, and the assistance of the Atalik-Ghâzee. I answered that I hoped so too, without taking any notice of his mention of our new road, though I knew what he was driving at. I thought it better to give him plenty of rope, and not to catch up his words at once. He continued, 'There is one great obstacle, the robber-tribe of Kanjootees; but there will be no fear of them when the English have finished building their forts all along the road' (the word he used was 'thanna,' which means a fortified police-station). I said, 'What forts?' He replied, 'Oh, it is an excellent plan, and will make the road quite safe for caravans.' I said, 'I don't know what you mean!' At last, after much fencing, and repeating many times that it was a most desirable thing, he plainly stated the rumour that the English were building small forts at intervals along a new road to

Toorkistân, which they were opening out. I laughed, and said, 'Oh, that new road by which I came? There are certainly no forts out there, in the desert.' He said, 'Yes, one of them is at Shahidoolla.' I exclaimed, 'Oh, that is what you mean. The fort at Shahidoolla was built by the Maharaja of Cashmeer during the Yârkand troubles. When the Lord Sahib hears of such an encroachment on the Toorkistân boundary, he will be very angry.'

"(Now this had been a very artful move of my friend Ghoolâm Khâdir. He thought he had put me in a dilemma. For either I must say that the English were not responsible for the Maharaja's acts, in any way, which would imply that he owed no allegiance to England, contrary to what I had just been telling the King; or I must confess to the building of this fort on Yârkand territory as being a British encroachment.)

"Ghoolâm Khâdir stopped me and said, 'You mistake me; it is very desirable that your Government should thus build forts to protect the road. They ought also to make an expedition against the Kanjootees, and bring them under. Such a conquest would be but a trifle for the English to accomplish.' I said, 'It is very unlikely that our Government would interfere with a State lying beyond the Maharaja's territory, and on the confines, and even partly within the borders, of Toorkistân. That is something for the Atalik-Ghâzee to do, and I hope he will carry out a plan which I heard he had formed, and drive the Kanjootees away from the Yârkand River. Ghoolâm Khâdir replied, 'At present he is too busy to engage in a hill war.' I said, 'At any rate, in all

these matters, the interests of England are identical with those of the Atalik-Ghâzee. She has no wish to cross the Himalaya; and her interest lies in the existence of a strong and friendly power on the North of those mountains. In every respect she would gain by this, and, for the sake of commerce, I should be very glad if the Atalik-Ghâzee's envoy would come.'

"He said, 'Now I must go off, as soon as you have written down what are fitting presents for the Queen.' I was obliged to give some answer to this, so I replied vaguely that things peculiar to this country, and not very bulky, would be most acceptable and proper to send. So he wrote down a list of productions of these regions—jade, silk-stuffs, &c. &c. He went off, promising to be back as soon as he could, if possible before I started. But he did not reappear, and we took our departure almost immediately. We rode through the Bazâr of Yang-hissâr and so on to Toblok. I went out in the evening and took bearings of the mountains; there is a remarkable depression visible from here, through which, according to Jooma, a pass leads to Kolab and Badakhshan.

"*Toblok to Kizil, and on to Aklangar, Tuesday, April 13th.*—Before reaching Kizil we passed through a ruined Oortang[1] of the Khatais, with large drawings of Chinese gods on the walls of the Oorda[2] and of the Bood-Khana,[3] all the figures defaced; the Mahrambashee almost sighed over the ruins as he remembered what pleasures they used to have here, what carou-

[1] An Oortang is a Chinese military post. [2] Oorda is a court-house.
[3] Boodh-Khana or idol-temple, as the Mussulmans call them.

sals, &c. He dares not talk like this, however, when other Mussulmans are present.

"A lofty range of snowy mountains is visible from Kizil to North, through gaps of the low sand-hills.

"Took bearings when we got clear of the village. Hot ride to Kizil, where the Yoozbashee had gone on beforehand. Put up at old quarters, and sat under a tree by the tank in the afternoon. Took bearings in the evening. Discussed the difficulties of the route back to Ladâk: want of grass, high wind in the Karakoram Li. Jooma explaining the best way of proceeding, said with the utmost seriousness: 'As for the cold wind, we can get rid of that for forty tungas; there is a Moollah at Yârkand who will write us a charm, which we can take with us. All we carriers do so, and the Moollah never fails.' Even the Moonshee and Choomâroo burst out laughing at this, but Jooma assured them it was a fact most gravely. In the evening the Yoozbashee suggested going in an araba to Ak-langar at night to avoid the hot ride over the waterless desert in the day-time. I agreed, but moved as an amendment that we should ride instead. We here took a most affectionate leave of Ala-Akhoond my Mahrambashee and Koblan (Yasawul) who were to return to Kâshghar, gave them each a robe and a turban and two or three tillahs a-piece. Ala-Akhoond parted from me with tears in his eyes. We started about $8\frac{1}{2}$ P.M. with a man riding in front to show the way. A cool night. The man was much pressed to recount stories as we rode, for the amusement of the party—a story about a tiger and a king. We

reached Aklangar at 11½ P.M. (three tash in three hours as usual). I spread my bedding (which Jooma brought behind him on his horse) and slept on the floor.

"Ala-Akhoond described a curious thing like a binocular, which he had seen in the King's treasure house. You put in a bit of paper with a few scratches on it, he says, and immediately you see real men and women, and cannon and horses, &c. He described the furniture of a European room, sofas, &c., which he had thus seen. Jooma means a stereoscope brought by the Russian Envoy.

"*Ak-Langar to Kokhrobât, Wednesday, April 14th.* —Started at 6½ P.M. and had a cool ride into Kokhrobât. Yoozbashee announced that now we had got into his own territory again (meaning the Dâd-Khwâh's), and we might enjoy ourselves as we pleased, go about the bazârs or the fields or the gardens as we chose. We were met by the Beg of Kokhrobât and a Yasâwal Panjâbashee sent to meet me here by the Shaghâwal. The Yoozbashee took me out for a walk, but left me on seeing some horsemen coming along the road; I found out it was Mahammad Isâk going to Yang-hissâr, but did not see him. We put up at a house in the little town, not in my old quarters, the oorda.

"In the evening the Yoozbashee and Yasâwal and Beg came and sat with me. The Beg is a Hajjee, has visited Turkey, &c. We had a long talk about Istambool and Egypt, Russian war, &c. He went *viâ* Bokhâra, Persia, Trebizond (where he was imprisoned for nine days), to Istambool. He mentioned the siege of Varna and taking of Sebastopol by the

English, whom he also calls 'Lanwar' (? Londoners). It seems quite like home meeting a man who knows about all these places and events. He told the Yoozbashee that the Sooltan was a great friend of the Malika (the Queen); confirming in everything the accounts which I have hitherto given. He says he went from Misr (Cairo) to 'Sikandar Aden' (Alexandria) by railway, for 1 tilla, in a wonderfully short time. He says in every town of Room there is a Feringee Governor as well as a Toorkee one. The Yoozbashee is much interested at the confirmation of my accounts.

"Sâdoo Khoja says he was present at a great fight here between the Chinese and the Seven Khojas. Many Mussulmans were surprised and killed at the great tank. The trees are all in leaf (almost) and the young fruit of the peach and apricot is formed.

"We met a caravan of camels laden with huge cylinders of compressed tea, three or four feet long and a foot in diameter. I am told that they are being brought back to Yârkand after having been sent somewhere else for sale, unsuccessfully. The Toorks do not like the compressed or 'brick' tea.

"*Kokhrobât to Yârkand, Thursday, April 15th.*—We started about 6 A.M., escorted by the Yasâwal Panjâbashee besides the Yoozbashee and his men. We met a party of horsemen (about a hundred), the retainers of the new Hakim of Yang-hissâr, who had gone on before. He was lately Chief of the Customs at Yârkand. Then came the Kotwal or Police Magistrate at Yârkand, who is going to pay his

respects to the King. Afterwards we were met by several Kooché and Aksoo chiefs and people (among others the Alam or chief religious teacher): these men had been imprisoned, or rather detained under surveillance at Yârkand since the taking of those towns, when they had led the opposition against the Ataligh-Ghâzee. They have just been set at liberty.

"We stopped at a village to breakfast. Here a catastrophy nearly happened. Choomâroo, one of my Guddees, brought me something I had asked for, while I was sitting with the Yoozbashee and Panjâbashee. The former, who is always very good-natured to my men, pointed him out to the Panjâbashee as a kind of natural curiosity, laughing and saying: 'Look, there is a Hindoo, a sort of people who wont eat with other men.' The Panjâbashee less liberal, looked contemptuously at Choomâroo, and asked him in rather a rude tone: 'Are you a Hindoo?' Choomâroo by some unaccountable impulse, or led away by the usual good-nature of the Yoozbashee, answered laughing: 'No, I am a Mussulman.' At once both the officers jumped up in great excitement shouting, 'He has said it with his own lips, he is a Mussulman,' and then turning to me, 'We are both witnesses that he has said it.' I remained calm, pretending to take it all as a continuation of the joke, and answered smiling: 'Yes, I heard it too, so now that is settled. But come, I am waiting for breakfast, and it is getting cold.' They looked rather astonished, but sat down, still fuming and talking over the matter. I led them gradually to other subjects, and especially to one or two in-

fallible old jokes which never failed to make the Yoozbashee laugh. But I confess I felt very nervous for a time, as I knew the strictness of the fanatical Mussulmans of Central Asia, who hold that when a man has once acknowledged himself a Mussulman, even by repeating accidentally the profession of faith, or by so much as saying 'Yakhooda' (answering to the common French exclamation of 'Mon Dieu') they will not allow such a man to relapse into idolatry, as they call it, but compel him to take his choice between Islâm or death. The Yoozbashee afterwards told me that Choomâroo had had a narrow escape; it was lucky that only himself and the Panjâbashee were present, so that they were able tohush up the matter out of consideration for me, without its coming to the ears of the Kâzee.

"After this little incident we proceeded, and further on were entertained with a dastar-khan sent out from Yârkand. Presently there met us a Tajik officer, named Tash-Khoja, of Khojend, whom the Dâd-Khwâh had sent to escort me into Yârkand. He showed me his gun, a single-barrel with English Government marks, the V., crown, and lion rampant. It had been re-stocked at Yârkand.

"The country passed through was like a garden; all the trees in full leaf (warmer than Kâshghar), and the orchards out in blossom.

"I was led to my former house, and there again had to eat of a dastar-khan followed by nearly a dozen hot dishes. After this I went to see the Dâd-Khwâh, and had a most friendly meeting. The Dâd-Khwâh met and embraced me most cordially,

with many expressions of joy at seeing me again, and of sorrow at not seeing me at Kâshghar. A propos of my visit there he related a fable.

"Solomon, who understood the language of every creature, overheard the King of the Worms warning his subjects against him (Solomon), and telling them to keep clear of him or he would crush them. Solomon summoned the Worm-King to his presence, and asked the reason of this misrepresentation. The King of the Worms replied: 'If they went near and saw thee, O Solomon, they would never again reverence me!'

"At this parable, which was given without any interpretation, I laughed and answered that although the Atalik-Ghâzee had shown me much friendship and kindness, yet he (the Dâd-Khwâh) was my first friend, and therefore had the precedence in my affections. After more talk of this kind, I said: 'I would not delay coming to see you at once after such a long absence, but now I will not keep you any longer from your other employments.' He said, 'No, no, my only complaint is that you don't come often enough to see me.' I answered, 'You are kind enough to say so, but although one friend cannot tell the other that he is busy, yet the other must consider this for himself, and not take up too much time.' He was much amused at this. On going, both I and the Moonshee received the usual robes, and presently Tash-Khoja arrived with more robes, &c.

"The former Panjâbashee Dâda-Khan, and old Sadoo-Khoja are placed in attendance. It seems quite like getting home again; everybody is most

friendly. Friends recognize and salute me at every turn.

"In the evening I had a talk with the Panjâ-bashee Dâda-Khan about a relic of antiquity which is said to exist on the road from Kâshghar to Kho-kand. He says it is situated at a place called 'Arawan' three tash (fifteen miles) beyond Oosh, and consists of a flight of ancient steps hewn in the rock, and leading up to the mouth of a cave, with a very narrow and small entrance. The cave is very extensive, and appears to be a regular labyrinth. These steps are known by the name of 'Chihil-Sitoon' or 'the Forty Steps.' The natives have no traditions regarding them, except that they are very ancient.

"The Yoozbashee showed me a gun given by the King to the Dâd-Khwâh, one of my own. The Dâd-Khwâh has had a powder-flask made for it of silver, copied from an ordinary one that I gave him. The workmanship is perfect, screws, springs, and all complete. Also little silver stoppers, with silver chains for closing the muzzles of the gun.

"*Yârkand, Friday, April* 16*th.*—The Yoozbashee came in the morning, and announced that the Dâd-Khwâh had just received news from Shahdulla of the arrival there of my caravan.

"Had a visit from the two Guddees. They say the Cashmeerees were full of assurances that I and my party would never return from Kâshghar, and that the Hindoo traders also would never be let go. Tara Sing has had news of the success of our frontier expedition in Hazâra. They told me the story of a Hindoo who turned Mussulman the other day, and

then complained that he had got nothing by it—even venturing to tell the Dâd-Khwâh that he expected money, &c. The Dâd-Khwâh said, 'Go and fetch a bag to take the tangas in.' While the man was gone, he made inquiries, and found the man had formerly professed Islâm in Badahshe but had recanted; also that he now declared he would turn Hindoo a second time as he got nothing by being a Mussulman. The Dâd-Khwâh had him seized, and since then nothing has been heard of him. They don't know whether he has been killed or not.

"*Yârkand, Monday, April* 19*th.*—My pony 'Rover' brought back—looking uncommonly well. Gave the head-groom a turban and a tilla.

"In Andijan, the Panjâbashee says, smooth dogs *without stomachs* and with long noses are employed to run down game! (greyhounds evidently). Also hairy smaller dogs with whisking tails (spaniels) are employed to put up pheasants from the jungles, which are then killed by the trained falcons.

"*Yârkand, Tuesday, April* 20*th.*—This morning Tashee met a son of the old man of Sanjoo, who reports that all my caravan had been left at Yepchang beyond the Karakoram, as half the horses were dead, and all the men but two frost-bitten. He has brought the news to the Dâd-Khwâh; but when I asked the Yoozbashee about the goods, he ignored any fresh news; so I cannot take any steps, as that would be betraying my informant.

"Jooma, who has been absent performing the ceremony of feasts necessitated by the death of his mother at Leh, brought me a pilao à la Argoon; very good with different kinds of sauces.

"Sadoo Khoja remembers Schlagentweit's murder, and says that every day Wallé Khan used to order off five or ten people to execution, mostly 'bé-goonah,' without fault.

"Choomâroo says in the city the people are crowded together like grapes in a cluster, and, if it were in India, they would soon be swept away by some plague.

"*April* 21*st*.—The Guddee merchants have come to-day to spend the evening with my Guddee servants. They all agree in thinking that Yârkand city contains as many inhabitants as Amritsar, though it does not cover so much space. They say that in the road between Kargalik and Gooma there is a tract of desert without water, of thirty miles breadth; poles put up at distances of thirty or forty yards mark the road, which would otherwise be indistinguishable after a sand-storm. Beyond Gooma there are villages at every stage, and much cultivation. The Guddee Chinjoo gives the following account of Khoten. The city contains 125 mosques. The country is more cultivated than Yârkand. Town also full of gardens. No mountains visible. Old wall inside, with four gates. New wall outside, built in fourteen days by Hajjee Habiboollah. Six gold-mines at Kiria. There are seven other cities in the provice of Khoten, of which Ilchee is the largest.

"The Guddee Chinjoo, on entering the town of Khoten, told his Mussulman servant to lead his horse through the town, and he would walk. The servant said, 'Don't be the least alarmed, ride on, nobody will hurt you.' So he rode on; presently the Andijânees were heard muttering, 'Hindoo, Hindoo!' At last they

came up to him, and said, 'Who are you, and where do you come from?' He replied, 'I am a Hindoo, just come from Yârkand to trade.' They said, 'Have you a servant?' He said, 'Yes, he is behind.' Then said the Andijânees to one another, 'Let us seize the servant and bring him before the Kazee. This Hindoo is a stranger, and does not know the rule that no Hindoo may ride in the streets, but his servant should have told him, and should be punished for not doing so.' 'I jumped off my horse at once,' says Chinjoo, 'and entreated them for mercy on my servant; with much difficulty they were prevailed on.'

"On the way to Khoten he met the Beg of Khoten and his retinue going to Kâshghar. He dismounted as soon as they appeared in sight. When they came up to him, the Beg pulled up and asked who he was; on being told he was a Hindoo going to earn two 'rotees' (two loaves of bread) at Khoten, the Beg said, 'Well, go and prosper, but keep your eyes about you, and don't trust anybody. Take your money before you give your goods. For if you are swindled, we shall, it is true, seize the delinquent and sell his house and property to pay you; but if he has none, whence can you get satisfaction?'

"The Beg then asked, 'Have you got no horse?' The Guddee replied, 'I have a horse to ride when I get tired, but I got off when I saw your Excellency.' The Beg replied, 'No, no, get on again; this is a country where no one can walk; so mount again, and continue your journey in comfort.'

"Chinjoo says the foreign soldiers there are complaining of getting no pay.

"Gold is a government monopoly, none being

allowed to be exported from Khoten by private individuals.

"*Yârkand, Sunday, April 25th.*—The old Khansama and Sooba really arrived in the morning. They tell a story of their detention; they did not even reach Lingzee-tung; their guide leading them wandering about the valleys West of Changchenmo till four horses died. After this delay they discovered that the provisions were insufficient, so sent back to Tanksé for more. The Kardar refused to give any without orders from Leh, so the khansama brought the goods back to Tanksé and went himself to Leh. He raised money and advanced it to Mominth Argoon to buy fresh horses, after many days' delay at Ladâk and many more at Tanksé, came round by the Shayok, but had to leave the goods at the foot of the Karakoram Pass, as the Bhots who had been sent to help the loads across refused to proceed, and went back.

"Got a packet of letters and papers, dated September.

"The old Khansama and Sooba came in, and embraced my feet—theatrically sobbing out that they had arrived safely only through my 'ikbâl' (good fortune)!

"*Yârkand, Monday, April 26th.*—The Shaghâwal is despatching troops to Sarikol: giving money and robes, and horses, &c. The Panjâbashee says these troops are merely sent to relieve those now in occupation there. He denies there being any Sarikol Lake, and he and Sâdoo Khoja both declare the last syllable of the word to be derived from 'Kol,' = 'a slave,' and not from 'Kül,' = 'a lake.' The pro-

nunciation is entirely different. The Sarikolees are Tajiks, but talk a dialect differing from that of the Badakhshees and of the Tajiks of Bokhâra and Khojend, whose language is all one.

"*Yârkand, Tuesday, April 27th.*—Hayward arrived, I hear, and had an interview with the Dâd-Khwâh.

"I made up a present for the King from the brocade, rifle, &c., brought on by the Khansama; and wrote a letter to him to be sent with it. In the evening sent the Moonshee to the Dâd-Khwâh with another parcel of brocade, &c., for himself.

"*Yârkand, Wednesday, April 28th.*—The Yoozbâshee paid me a visit, bringing a hot dinner from the Dâd-Khwâh. Afterwards came again to have breech taken off rifle. I sent Choomâroo with him to the workshop where the guns are made, but for want of a proper vice it could not be done. I asked to be allowed to go and live in some garden. The Yoozbâshee suggested the Moonshee's former dwelling, near which is a garden and tank; but promised to speak to the Dâd-Khwâh.

"Panjâbashee mentioned seeing in the bazâr a 'Jahân-namah' (=world-shower), which was brought from India, and sold here for 12 tillas (= Rs. 72). By description, I immediately recognised a stereoscope!

"Note from Hayward. His heart has been won by the Atalik-Ghâzee's paternal farewell.

"*Yârkand, Friday, April 30th.*—Jooma brought a horse for sale. I agreed to give a 'Koors' (=17*l.*) for him.

"The Panjâbashee was afterwards very urgent

with me to give him back, bringing a message from Dâd-Khwâh, saying, 'I am very hurt at hearing that Shaw Sahib has been buying a horse when all my stable is at his service.' I sent back word that two friends had asked me to buy them horses at Yârkand, and this is why I was buying. He sent back word that I had only to pick out what horses I liked of his either for my friends or for myself. I sent back to say, 'It is a custom of ours not to part with any present given by a friend whom we value. Thus if the Dâd-Khwâh were to give me a thousand horses, how could I give away one of them.' This apparently was a puzzler, for I have had no answer though the Panjâbashee is urging my Moonshee to get me to give up the horse as it was against the Dâd-Khwâh's honour for a guest to have to buy anything while with him.

"*Yârkand, April 30th.*—I have again to record a visit from Ghoolâm Kâdir. After other conversation, he mentioned Conolly who was murdered at Bokhâra. He said, 'I knew a servant of Conolly Sahib, who came to Khokand. That town was afterwards taken by the Ameer of Bokhâra (who died some years ago), and Conolly was carried back with him to Bokhâra, where he was killed.' Referring to conversations between the Atalik-Ghâzee and himself about the English, he said, 'I told him the English were just and not given to encroachments, and instanced my own chief, the Nawab of Rampoor, who is allowed to keep his territory, though completely in the power of the English.'

"He also told me that they are in great want of artillery officers here, as the Toorks don't take to

it, and there are only himself and another Jemadar who know anything about guns, and they are too few.

"In conclusion, he told me that the King had sent him to visit me, in accordance with what he had said to me at Yang-hissâr that he should send to enquire after me when I reached Yârkand. Ghoolâm Kâdir also says the King will again send, for the same object, but whether himself or some other person, he does not know.

"*Yârkand, May 1st.*—The Yoozbashee was much pleased with some oil which I have had extracted from cows' feet. They seem to imagine that this oil will of itself keep their guns clean.

"He brought a Russian double-barrelled smooth-bore (with the name B. ПАПОВЪ). It had a very rickety stock, which had been mended with nails. He asked me to let Choomâroo clean it. On opening the locks he himself was struck with their frightful state of dirt. I preached a sermon on the necessity of keeping guns clean, saying that as horses required feeding so guns required cleaning, and if this were neglected both one and the other became useless. Almost every day they bring guns and pistols for me to look at and to explain why they have come to grief. It is generally dirt and carelessness. I am in daily communication with chief of the Dâd-Khwâh's workshops, whom I send for to show him what is wrong with the several arms.

"The Panjâbashee, in looking over the King's letter to me, says that the salutation 'salâm aleikoom' with which it ends is one of the highest honours, as in writing even to Mussulmans it is not the custom for the King to use it, except to equals.

"*May* 1*st*.—To-day the Yoozbashee introduced Mahammad Azeem, who has come from Yang-hissâr, bringing me a letter from the King in reply to mine, and some robes of honour with which I was duly invested.

"I have just had a little breeze with the old khansama (or chef-de-cuisine), who wants to introduce his Indian customs of making a profit out of everything by selling all that remains out of the very plentiful supplies given us for daily consumption. Hitherto we have kept clear of any stinginess, and I had got the servants into the way of distributing bread, rice, meat, &c., to all comers. To-day, Choomâroo asked for some rice to take to his Guddee friends in the bazâr; but when he went to get it, I heard high words in the kitchen, so I called the khansama, and ordered the rice to be given. He was proceeding to declaim on the subject, but I cut him short and told him that if he had anything to say he must say it at another time after having obeyed orders. After dinner I called for the old man, and said, 'Now what was it that you wished to say?' This was rather a difficult question for him to answer in cold blood, so he hummed and ha-ed, upon which I laughed and said, 'I will remind you what you wanted to say. You want to begin in this country the Indian system of perquisites. Now I want you to give it up for just two months longer till we get out of this country. I know that in India you servants make twice the amount of your wages by overcharges, and other little things of that kind. But have confidence in me that you shall not suffer for giving them up for a while. I want these people to have a favourable

opinion of us all when we leave the country. Hitherto we have given freely away all that came to us. Now it would never do for them to see that, when the khansama arrives, all this is changed. I was counting upon your coming to carry out my ideas more fully.' The old gentleman seemed quite struck by what was a new light to him, and I really believe will now go in for open-handed liberality. Many natives of India desire a reputation for generosity, and, while neglecting no opportunity of screwing out a profit, will yet often dissipate a good part of their gains in ostentatious deeds of liberality.

"Sarda reports seeing daily in the bazâr a girl of fifteen or sixteen, who has had her right hand lately cut off for theft. She is compelled to sit in a public place with bare arm, and, whether by compulsion or of her own free will, keeps no bandage on the wound. To-day the heat had made it more painful than usual. for she had scraped together a heap of sand, which she had flooded with water, and into this she had thrust the stump for relief, as she lay on her side in the sun!

"To-day came a parcel of papers and a letter from Cayley, dated October 26th, brought by some merchant who had not been able to give them to me before. I wrote to Hayward, sending the papers, secretly as usual.

"*Yârkand, Wednesday, May 5th.*—A lot of yellow Tartar roses were brought to me

"It is said the Atalik-Ghâzee is displeased with the Shaghâwal on account of his management of Sarikol affairs, where a new row has broken out. He gave the Shaghâwal's brother two slaps in the

face, and said it appeared as if the Shaghâwal were king and he (the Atalik-Ghâzee) his Vizier. The Shaghâwal has taken this so to heart that he does not stir out of doors now.

"There is a report to-day of the advance of a Chinese (more probably Toongânee) force on Aksoo, and the wives of some soldiers there are said to have been sent here for safety.

"*Yârkand, Saturday, May 8th.*—Choomâroo brought from the bazâr a *stereoscope* with views of Rome, Florence, Milan, Constantinople, &c., and two figure slides of soldiers and of the interior of a print-shop, a lady with a muff looking over a portfolio of pictures. The Panjâbashee recognised it at once as his 'jahân-namah' or 'world-shower,' and declared the lady was reading the Anjeel (Gospels), and that a view in Auvergne with bare hills was Tibet. The stereoscope is valued at 20 tillas = 12*l.* The Yoozbashee brought a present of fowls and Russian sugar from the Dâd-Khwâh, who took away my Le Faucheux revolver to show him. A note came from Hayward, who has heard that the Envoy has come, and that we are to be off in a week.

"*Yârkand, May 11th.*—The Yoozbashee appeared at breakfast time, bringing a horse which he said the Dâd-khwâh had sent me, as he heard I wanted to buy one, and he should be wanting in hospitality did he allow me to do so. The horse is a good-looking grey, which I had formerly praised when I saw it ridden by the Yoozbashee.

"At a second visit from the Yoozbashee I asked him about my going, and represented the anxiety of my friends at my long absence. He replied that

the road was still impassable on account of the waters, and besides, a visit to a great King of the Deen-i-Islam (Mahammadan Faith) could not be hurried over so; it was their custom to do things deliberately with 'maslahat, maslahat' (consultation and counsel). They could not send me back at a season when I should lose all my horses on the road. He then drew a picture of the delight of my friends at seeing me back safe, the joy of the Lord Pashah, and concluded with representing a kind of war-dance by which they would celebrate my return! He made me laugh too much to continue my complaints, which was of course his object.

"*Yârkand, May* 11*th.*—This morning the Panjâbashee came and said he had just been told that we should start in a month's time, and he would go with me as far as Shahidoolla Khoja. We had some further talk about the horse that had been given me in the morning. He said the Dâd-Khwâh wanted to know whether I wanted another. I answered, 'My mouth is shut, for when I ask leave to *buy* a horse, the Dâd-Khwâh *gives* me one instead. There are several other things I wanted to buy, such as mules, a few horse-loads of silk as a sample, &c., but I am in a fix. If I buy them without asking, the Dâd-Khwâh will be displeased. If I ask him, he will make me a present of them. So shame keeps me silent.' He said, 'If you will trust to me, I will arrange all that before you go. As for the mules, I will get them for you as if they were for carrying loads. You can give them light burdens as far as Sanjoo, and then take them on empty.

"He told me of an enterprise in which he had

been engaged four years ago, when he was a merchant, which consisted in smuggling a Colonel of infantry out of Khokand! It was at the time when the Atalik-Ghâzee was engaged in the siege of Kâshghar, and Khooda Yâr Khan[1] would not allow any fresh partisans to join him from Khokand. This officer (called 'Laber,' equivalent to a Pansad-bashee of cavalry) was very anxious to get to Kâshghar; so he arranged to be shut up in a large box, which was slung on one side of a mule while a bale of goods balanced it on the other side, as if it had contained merchandise, and formed part of the caravan which my present friend the Panjâbashee was bringing over. He had to sit doubled up all day, but contrived to take a 'chah-josh' full of tea in with him to beguile the way. As soon as night fell, he was released from his confinement. This continued for fifteen days till they reached their destination, where the Panjâbashee was well rewarded, and the self-imprisoned officer was taken into the Atalik-Ghâzee's service, where he now commands 2000 men (infantry).

"The Panjâbashee says there are no Panjâbashees of infantry, and the Pansads[2] are called 'Laber.' They, as well as the Yoozbashees and dahbashees, ride on the march, but the two latter ranks fight on foot.

"Four hundred more troops were sent off to-day to Sarikol as a reinforcement. The row seems not to be over yet.

"*Yârkand, Wednesday, May 12th.*—The Yoozbashee

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[1] Khooda Yâr Khan is the present King of Khokand and Andijân.

[2] 'Pansad' short for 'Pansad-bashee or a Chief of five hundred. Their real commands in war time do not accord with these titles, but consist of a much greater number of men.

brought a big merchant to see me who had been sent by the Shaghâwal to assist me in any purchase that I wished to make. Being strangers the Yoozbashee said my servants were likely to be cheated, therefore whatever I wanted I had only to send to this merchant (Moolla Elchee Beg) and he would get it for me. Gave him tea and a dastar-khan. He said he had been in India, to Rampore and Simla, and had known Captain Strachey in Ladâk. He asked to see a sample of silk I had brought, and said, 'Khooda khalesa (if God will) I will get you better silk than that, Takseer.'[1] The best silk comes from Andijân, next best from Khoten, worst from Gooma, &c. The Panjâbashee says he is a 'Shalghoord' or *mule* (as he expressed it), half Cashmeeree half Toorkee.

"The Panjâbashee tells me *apropos* of mules that none are bred in this country, since the departure of the Chinese. It seems that the strict Mussulman rules prohibit it, because horses are 'halâl' (or clean, that is, fit for food), while donkeys are unclean, or 'harâm.' This led to a talk about eating horseflesh. He says no horses are kept expressly for eating, but when one has broken a leg, or otherwise got disabled, he is fed up and fattened (for the table, I was going to say, but that would be a misnomer in this country, so I will say) for the floor. Horseflesh is considered a great delicacy, and is chiefly eaten by the Begas and great men. The Dâd-Khwâh has a horse killed every now and then for himself and chief officers. A thousand men are fed every day from his kitchen, Yasâwals, Mahrams, guards, &c.

[1] Takseer is used as a title of respect by the Toorks.

"Tara Sing[1] had sent a man to Khoten, with gold coin to buy goods. He found the market unfavourable, and wished to bring back his money. Now gold is not allowed to be taken away from Khoten by private individuals, as it is a government monopoly in the mining country. So he applied to the Governor for a special permit. The governor sent for him and said, 'What is your reason for wishing to take back your money? Have the merchants raised the prices against you above market rates? Or won't they change your gold for the proper number of tangas? Only tell me, and I will try and arrange matters for you, and if all else fails, I will give you goods or change myself.' The man replied, 'It is not that, Takseer (Your Excellency), but the market rates themselves happen to be against me, so that I should make no profit by taking things from here to India.'—'Very well,' replied the Governor, 'then I will give you a permit to take away the gold; but remember, if you change your mind, you have only to apply to me.' This is very liberal for an Oriental governor.

"This morning the Moonshee received a letter from the Dâd-Khwâh, saying that he was hurt at hearing that I was buying things for myself, and not letting him know, so that he might supply me with them. That this was not acting as a friend. I made the Moonshee reply that he had read his letter to me, and that I had answered 'the kindness of the Dâd-Khwâh is so great that he supplies me not only with what I ask for, but even with what I merely

[1] Tara Sing is a Sikh merchant who followed me to Yârkand; he is the same who accompanied me across the Bara Lacha Pass in 1867.

wish for in my heart. For this reason I have ceased even to form wishes within my own breast, as I am ashamed of taxing his goodness so much. For this cause, and for no want of friendship, do I abstain from troubling him with requests.'

"*Yârkand, May 14th.*—I do not think that I have yet described the Toorkee manner of treating horses, which differs in many respects from ours. As a rule, they are kept saddled and tight-girt both by day and night, and many Toorks will not allow their horses to lie down at all; saying that, if they do so, the corn settles in their legs and feet, and makes them lame! So they tie them up short by the head. At the beginning of the day's march before the sun is high, they are allowed a full drink of water at the first stream, but are given no more during the day, or until they have been in several hours. On coming in from a journey or ride, the horses are first walked up and down for two or three hours by small boys; after which, without unsaddling them, or even loosing the girths, they are covered up from head to tail with several thick horsecloths even in the hottest weather, and tied up as I have described, merely taking the bit out of their mouths, but leaving it hanging under their chins. After some hours they are taken to water, and a little hay is given them, and afterwards their corn; but unless it is still early, they are not cleaned till the next morning, as far as I have observed. At any rate, they are not touched till at least five or six hours after they have come in. In cleaning, a curry-comb is used, but afterwards, instead of a brush, they employ a small broom of twigs similar to the birchen

switch formerly so familiar to schoolboys. With this they switch the horse all over by quick motions of the wrist; first of all, the reverse way of the hairs, and then the proper way. This little instrument is most effective, and leaves the horse with a beautifully clean and glossy coat. The Toorks are most particular about this, thrashing their grooms heartily if they detect the least neglect. The master will often test the cleanness of his horse with the cuff of his white under-robe or shirt. He wets this a little, and rubs the horse's coat; nothing will satisfy him but to be able to do this without leaving the least mark on the white sleeve. As a rule, horses here are not shod except for journeys in the mountains. But I need not say there are no macadamised roads to batter their feet—the whole country, roads included, being very soft earth, ready to fly into dust.

"*Yârkand, Saturday, May 15th.*—The merchant Moolla Elchee Beg came again to-day, bringing pieces of Chinese silk, &c., for me to choose from. He repeats his former account about tea. I asked him whether he had heard of a fair that had been established at Pâlampoor in the Kangra tea district, where merchants from Toorkistân could exchange their goods, and buy tea, &c. He said he had heard of it, and how the English Government showed the greatest kindness to Toorkee merchants. At the last fair they had been called together, and promised protection and assistance, and finally dismissed with presents. He then asked me whether there would also be a sale for silk at this fair, instead of taking it on to Umritsir, as before. I replied that the mer-

chants of Umritsir and of other big towns attended the fair with their goods, and this gave an opportunity to Toorkee merchants of effecting their exchanges there if they found the market favourable, instead of being obliged to go on to Umritsir. He seemed immensely pleased at the advantages thus offered, and at the favourable dispositions of our Government. I asked him whether he knew of the Russian fair at Nijni Novogorod. He said, 'Yes; it is like the Pâlampoor fair.' 'Makria' is the name he knows it under. He described it to me as lasting thirty days every year: ten days for cash transactions, ten days for barter, and ten days for dealings on credit.

"The servants to-day saw a man and woman being led through the streets followed by three men beating them with rods, while the Kazee rode behind, superintending the punishment. They were thus led to the place of execution where their throats were cut.

"Jooma in the evening gives hopes of getting Schlagintweit's goods, which were left under the charge of a man at Sanjoo. The only obstacle seems to be a Baltee named Rahmân, who was a servant of Schlagintweit, and who seems to have obtained some hold over the goods. I have long been negociating for these goods, promising a reward for their delivery, and threatening to appeal to the Dâd-Khwâh if they were not given up.

"The Yoozbashee to-day showed me the manner in which the Russians take off their hat on entering a room; imitating exactly the *empressé* air with which a Frenchman would accomplish the ceremony. He

said he has seen a Russian envoy do so on entering the tent of the Lashkar-bashee (general) at Chemkend. The Moonshee told him the English had the same custom, at which he was much surprised.

"*Yârkand May 16th.*—Sarda to-day, in the bazâr, saw the punishment of a butcher who was convicted of using false weights. The scales were tied round his neck, his shoulders were bared, and he was led through the streets while the Kazee's men followed beating him with their leather-thonged whips. In this country the scales are all on the principle of our steel-yards, with one long arm for the weight, and one short one for the things to be weighed. This man had contrived to falsify his scales by loading the short arm.

"The Moonshee relates a conversation which he had forgotten to mention to me before. Previous to my arrival here, he had been questioned regarding the English, the Maharaja of Cashmeer, &c. He told them that the Maharaja was a feudatory of the British Government, at which they seemed surprised. The next day they sent to him a man who engaged him in conversation on the same subject. On his repeating his former statement, the man said, 'No, no, sir, you are wrong. I have myself been in Cashmeer, and I know that every year, on a given date, all the English are driven out of the country.' The Moonshee replied, 'The country is small, and the English Government, therefore, has ordered that travellers shall only go there during part of the year, lest the country should be overcrowded, and the Maharaja inconvenienced. It is also very cold in winter, and only a fit residence for the summer.'—'No, no,' re-

peated his visitor, 'if what you say were true, at any rate *some* Englishmen would stay in the country, they would not *all* be driven out of it.' My Moonshee, finding the man so well informed, was compelled to be silent; seeing which, the guest took his leave, having apparently accomplished the purpose of his coming.

"*Yârkand, May 18th.*—This afternoon a hubbub was heard just outside my outer gate in the open place in front of the palace. The servants came running in to say that a man was being 'halaled' (or executed), and that a crowd of soldiers was trying to prevent the execution. It afterwards turned out, however, that this was a mistake. The man was a sirbaz[1] (infantry soldier), who had gone to his home out of his turn for leave. So the leave of all the rest was stopped. The man had been caught, and brought before the Dâd-Khwâh for judgment, whereupon the other sirbaz assembled tumultuously with the view of lynching him on the spot. He was already stripped of his upper garment, as my servants had seen, when the Dâd-Khwâh's people rescued him with some difficulty, but it was only to confine him till evening prayer time, when he was to have his throat cut. I suppose he has by this time suffered that fate, for it is now nearly 11 P.M.

"I had a visit to-day from the Baltee Rahmân, who was servant to Schlagintweit, and is supposed to have gone shares in some property left by him at Sanjoo.

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[1] Sirbaz means one who "stakes his *head* at play," and is supposed to refer to the desperate nature of these heroes' occupation.

Compare Janbaz (word used in Câbul), meaning "one who stakes his *life*;" used also for the soldiers of a special corps.

I promised him a reward if he would give it up, saying that our Government would be much pleased at his having preserved the Sahib's property, and now handed it over to me. He half promised to do so, but tries to put it off, saying he will bring it with him, and give it me at Ladâk. He says that, when Schlagintweit's party reached Pamzal, his Moonshee asked leave to go back. Schlagintweit refused, as he had no other writer of Persian. The Moonshee pretended acquiescence, and started off as if to lead the march. He got ahead, and concealed himself somewhere till they had passed. They waited for him at the next camp, but he did not appear; so Rahmân was sent back for him. He caught him at Chimray, and tried to bring him back, but the Moonshee absolutely refused, saying he might cut his throat if he wished, but he would not turn back. 'What was I to do,' says Rahmân, 'the Sahib had given me no orders to cut his throat, so I was forced to leave him. He rejoined Schlagintweit in the Karakash valley, below Shahidoolla. Here they halted, hearing from some Guddee merchants, who were escaping, that the country beyond the pass was in a commotion (Wallé Khan's incursion). Rahmân was sent back to Ladâk for provisions. He performed the journey, but was met on his return by Schlagintweit's khansama, chuprassee, and other servants, who said he need not go on, as the sahib had started across the pass, in company with Mahammad Ameen, and the other Toorks, who had accompanied them. So he returned to India. Rahmân is awfully afraid of being compromised, and begs me not to let anyone know of our negociations. In this country, he says,

they have some compunction at killing a sheep, but none at killing a man!

"*Yârkand May 20th.*—This morning the Yoozbashee came to bring me a message from the Dâd-Khwâh, that our time was now near, and our horses should be got ready for the journey. Everything I wanted to buy I must make haste and get. He concluded by appealing to me to mention what presents I should like the Dâd-Khwâh to give me, as he was my friend. I replied that, according to our customs, it was very improper to ask one's friends for presents, and I could not do so. He cried out at this, 'You are not in your own country now, and you must here do as we do.' I had some difficulty in silencing my Moonshee, who began enumerating a lot of things to be given to me. However, the Yoozbashee declared that the Dâd-Khwâh would be offended if I did not mention my wishes, and started off, saying, 'Well, the Moonshee shall do "maslahat" (deliberate), and tell the result afterwards.'

"He afterwards met Jooma, and told him to get fifteen horses ready at once, as we should go in ten days. I hear a great officer in a 'tilpek' (tall fur cap, worn by high officials,) came to-day from the King, and was accompanied in state as far as the gate by the Yoozbashee when he left the Dâd-Khwâh.

"The merchants are having their goods taken to Kargalik by relays ready for their start. The reason the caravan men give for this is that in four or five days the river (Yârkand) will come down full of water, and will then have to be crossed in boats.

"*Yârkand, May 22nd.*—The Yoozbashee took me to see the Dâd-Khwâh. We began to talk about the

heat of the weather; he said what made it worse was that there was no rain to cool the air, whereas in Andijân, though it was very hot, yet frequent showers made it more bearable. I said, 'I fancy the climate of Andijân is not unlike that of my own country, England. I hear there is plenty of snow there in winter, and plenty of rain in summer, as with us.' 'Just so,' he replied, 'England is probably due west from Andijân, and opposite it, which makes the climates similar.' I explained that England was still farther north than Andijân, nearer the pole-star, which, seen from my country, is higher in the heavens than from here. 'Indeed,' he replied, with an interested air, 'I did not know that. Which of the seven climes is your country in? What is the length of the day there, sixteen hours?' I answered that we had not the same division into seven climes, as they had, for we divided the earth into five zones, so I could not tell which of the climes we belonged to. But on the longest day we have about eighteen or nineteen hours of daylight out of the twenty-four. He held up his hands at this, and exclaimed, 'You must be on the extreme verge of the fifth clime.' I then told him that still farther north, where our ships went to catch big fish, the sun did not descend below the horizon night or day, during the summer. He asked me what kind of people lived there, explaining that, according to their theories, such a climate must influence the juices of the body in such a way as to produce great strength. I told him of the Esquimaux, who were no higher than my breast; upon which he remarked that they must be stunted by the cold. I told him our Govern-

ment had sent many vessels to explore those regions, with learned men and 'hakeems,' to report on the natural phenomena. He replied, 'That is the part of a wise government to obtain information on every subject.' I continued, 'We English have a great liking for such enquiries. Among other things, we are much interested in Central Asia, because we believe that most of the nations that now inhabit the West originally came from these regions. Our learned men, therefore, are very curious regarding the past history of these countries.' He said, 'I will either get you a book which shall tell you all about this or else write it out for you myself.' I thanked him very sincerely, and said, 'I talk of these things to you because I see that you take an interest in such matters, just as our own learned doctors do.' He then said, 'You are the first Englishman that I have ever seen, and I am the first Andijânee that you have seen. I trust we shall be firm friends, and our two nations as well. You have opened the door of intercourse between us; may it never be shut.' I replied, 'That was the purpose for which I came, and as the Atalik-Ghâzee bid me send my servant every year to Toorkistân, so I hope by that opportunity to hear every year also of your prosperity and good health.' He answered, 'Al-hamd-ool-Illah' (Thank God) 'the door is open, and I trust it may be as you say.' I then told him that I had now been absent a long while from my country, and my friends would be anxious about me; therefore I should be glad to get leave to depart as soon as he and the King thought fit. He replied, 'You are our guest, and we cannot say to you, "Go;" on the contrary, we should wish

to keep you with us altogether. For a short time longer the passes will detain you; but the time is near; probably towards the end of this moon the road will be open. The merchants came and asked me to let them start and go as far as Shahidoolla, to wait for the proper time to cross, but I would not allow them. It is not fitting that any one should go before you.' I then motioned for the dastar-khân to be removed (which had been put before me as usual, as also repeated cups of tea, both to the Dâd-khwâh and myself). The usual robe was then brought in (two this time, one above the other), and the Dâd-khwâh, rising up when I did, said, with a laugh, as I put on the robes, 'We have made quite an Andijânee of you, you have taken our dress and our manners.' I answered, 'We have a proverb, that "When you are in Turkey, you must do as the Turks do."' This proverb delighted him, as he, of course, applied it to the Central Asia Toorks. As usual, he accompanied me to the door, and parted from me with a dignified and courteous bow.

"I note this conversation about the climes, as showing the intelligence and knowledge of the man. For an Asiatic to be aware (without European learning) that greater distance northward is accompanied by greater disparity between the lengths of night and of day is very unusual in my experience. His division of the world into 'climes' seems to be regulated by the length of the longest day, and is therefore purely a division according to latitude, although arbitrary as to the number fixed upon. Also, although I mentioned only that the sun was visible all night long in summer in the polar regions,

he immediately understood that it was a *cold* region, even before I told him that in winter the sun did not rise at all. My Moonshee, to whom I had made the former statement, immediately jumped to the conclusion that the climate must be excruciatingly *hot!*

"As I entered the palace, I met a man coming out, led by a soldier. The man was deadly pale, and with his left hand was supporting his right arm, of which the sleeve seemed empty at the end. I at once perceived that he had just had his right hand cut off for theft, or some crime of the sort.

"*Yârkand, May 23rd.* — Choomâroo yesterday bought a lot of silk for me. He reports a curious custom of the merchants here. Under the name of 'dalâlgee' (brokerage), a certain small sum is always paid when any purchase or sale is effected. It is not given to a professional broker, but to any officious third persons who have assisted at the transaction. When a bargain is being made, the passers-by generally stop and put in their word or opinion, as elsewhere in the East; but here they do not do it gratis, they get their share (often only a few coppers) of the brokerage. Thus, any man, with some knowledge of mercantile matters, a loud tongue, and a pushing manner, can make quite a living merely by walking about the streets and assisting at any sales he may see going forward. Jooma gains two or three tangas every day almost in this way, as he passes through the bazâr to or from his house.

"*Yârkand, Thursday, May 27th.*—To-day Hayward sent me his maps, &c., as he heard I was going before him. I have been unwell lately, upon

hearing of which the Dâd-khwâh sent me some medicine made by himself. He professes to be a great 'hakeem' or doctor.

"*Yârkand, Friday, May 28th.*—The Yoozbashee came to announce that we should start the day after to-morrow! Note from Hayward saying he goes the same day. Tumult of preparations.

"Went to see the Dâd-khwâh after the 'Namâz-i-deegar.'[1] On my asking whether there was anything he wished me to send him from India, said he was a mere soldier, and what should he care for but *guns!* but he desired my happiness, and after that he wished for guns. I sounded him about the supposed envoy who was to have gone with me:—ignores him altogether:—says I have opened the door, and my name and friendship is engraven in his heart as on stone, in such a way that neither wind nor rain can efface it, and only death can destroy the inscription.

"*Yârkand, Saturday, May 29th.*—Busy in preparations. Concluded arrangement with an Argoon for nine horses to Ladâk. The Yoozbashee brought presents—two pieces of tabâr (silk), a pair of boots, sugar, &c. Said Dâd-khwâh would be engaged to-morrow morning, so I had better wish him good-bye through the Moonshee now. Moonshee went, and gave Dâd-khwâh my Le Faucheux revolver as a parting gift. In return the Dâd-khwâh said he was my friend, and therefore desired as keepsakes my own pocket-knife and *my compass!* I sent them at once; of course the object was to get hold of my compass. He does not know that I have another!

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[1] "Namâz-i-deegar," or second prayer of the afternoon.

"In the afternoon Jooma got a licking from a Yarkandee Moollah whom he was cheating, and gave himself out to be dying. He was brought on a bed, and put down before the Dâd-khwâh's gateway. Judgment, that Jooma is to pay his debts, and the man is to cure Jooma's wounds! How about my starting? The Panjâbashee says Jooma will not be allowed to malinger. A trader came and made an attempt to extort out of me some of Momin's debts, as usual.

CHAPTER XVII.

RETURN FROM YÂRKAND TO INDIA.

Departure from Yârkand — Hayward joins Company — River Tishnâf — Fertile Country — Halt at Kargalik — Bokhâra Persian — Musical Entertainment — Stony Desert — Valley — Oasis of Bora — Sand-hills The Beg of Khoten — The Yoozbashee's Courtship — Hayward's Observations — Choochoo Pass — Chitral Slave Trade — Kirghiz Huts — Notes on Kanjoot and the Pamir Regions — Final Parting with the Yoozbashee at the Sanjoo Pass — Reach the Karakash — Kuen Luen and Karakoram Ranges — Sources of Yârkand River — The Karakoram Pass and Range — Mortality among Beasts of Burden — Great *Mer de Glace* at Source of the Shayok — Antelopes — Lake-Terraces — Quicksands — Glaciers — Dangerous Passage of the Shayok, and Perils of the Sasser Pass — Return to British Territory.

"*Yârkand to Otanchee, Sunday, May 30th.* (One and a half tash, South).—Detained till nearly 3 P.M. by non-appearance of horses. At last they came, and we started,—Yoozbashee, Panjâbashee, Sadoo Khoja, &c. Passed through the city, on leaving which the caravan people halted, and said their custom was to stay there the first day. Made Choomâroo bring in two or three horseloads of necessary things, and rode on through beautiful green country to large farmhouse surrounded with orchards. Courtyard covered with vines on trellis-work. Place belongs to Ahmed Akskul. About half-an-hour after Mr. Hayward arrived, but was taken to another part of the buildings, so that we did not meet. Horses kept till 10 o'clock without food, and then only allowed two handfuls of corn each, no water and no grass, nor are they allowed to lie down at night.

"The Indian officers at the gun park gave me secret smiles of recognition as I passed them.

"A human head on a pole outside the gate of the fort!

"*Otanchee to Poskyam, Monday, May* 31*st*.—Started after breakfast. Our party was joined by Hayward, and we rode the march together. Great pleasure to meet an Englishman again. The Panjâbashee returned to Yârkand after I had given him a turban.

"At Poskyam we were shown into houses in the town. Hayward and I sat together indoors, and afterwards under shade of trees by a tank. A man 'possessed of a devil' (jinnee) was brought to me to be cured. Declined to undertake the case!

"The Yârkand River has less water in it than before.

"Hayward told me he had not been allowed to pass through the city of Yârkand either going or returning, but was taken round outside the walls.

"As I before mentioned (I think) the road is marked all along with boards on poles at distances of one tash (Toorkee) or farsakh (Persian) apart, (about 5 miles) counting from Khoten.

"*Poskyam to Yak-Shamba Bazâr* (one and a half tash), *Tuesday, June* 1*st*. Tash thirty-fourth (at exit from Poskyam) and thirty-third (half tash short of Yak-Shamba Bazâr), South by East.—A very pleasant ride through lovely green country covered with farmhouses and orchards.

"Passed through the little town, and were taken a few hundred yards beyond it to a farmhouse and vineyards and gardens some little way off the road. Carpets spread on open spaces in the gardens for

Hayward and for myself. Very pleasant under shade of trees.

"Hayward and I dined together.

"Letter from Dâd-khwâh, asking me to assist a Hajjee whom he was sending to buy guns, &c., in India. Also a robe of honour. Gave the bearer a cotton robe, and replied suitably.

"The Yoozbashee, talking about Shahidoolla Fort, says the Atalik-Ghâzee was very angry about it as it was distinctly in his dominions, the Khirghiz paying him tribute. I told him that the Lord Sahib would be very angry on hearing that the Maharaja had advanced beyond his boundary. The Yoozbashee said it was at first thought that this invasion was done by the English, but since my arrival they now knew better.

"*Yak-Shamba Bazâr to Kargalik, Wednesday, June 2nd.* Tash thirty-second, thirty-first, and thirtieth (the latter just outside Kargalik; former about one and a half tash from Yak-Shamba Bazâr).—Cross River Tishnâf, a mile or two south of thirty-second tash—some fifteen yards across; about three feet deep.

"Same fertile country all the way.

"We were taken half way through the town, and then to the right beyond the houses, to a large garden or orchard. There our camp was pitched on the banks of a tank, under the shade of large walnut and mulberry trees. Delightful place.

"Was met about three miles out by the Bokhâra Hajjee, who said he was going to Hindostan and would go with us. Afterwards met by Ibrahim Bey, the Sirkar of Kargalik. The Hajjee sat with

us some time. He says the branch of the Amoo (Oxus) at Koondooz is only passable in boats, while the other four branches are fordable until their junction. He declares that the only true Persian is talked at Bokhâra! It is slightly different both in words and in pronunciation from Irânee Persian. He himself converts *b* into *w* or *o*: as Âw (or Ao) for Âb, Shāo for Shab, &c.

"*Kargalik, Thursday, June 3rd.*—The Hajjee came and sat with us. Afterwards the Yoozbashee brought a band consisting of guitars, violoncello, harpsichord, tambourines, &c., and gave us an entertainment of music and dancing. Coppers were passed over the heads of the dancers, and then thrown to the musicians. All the standers-by were given handfuls of coppers for that purpose.

"Afterwards Hayward and I went to visit the Yoozbashee at his own place; dastar-khan.

"*Kargalik, Friday, June 4th.*—Halted still. Men came for medicines.

"The barley is ripening. The wheat in full ear, but still green. Melon plants not in flower yet. Rice being sown. 'Béda' (lucerne) being cut as wanted (successive crops). Nectarines (white stone) just coming in. Dishes of them with dastar-khan; apricots.

"*Kargalik, Saturday, June 5th.*—Halting still.

"The Yoozbashee, looking at a portrait of a Magdalen in a book of Hayward's, says (chaffing); 'This is some daughter of a Lord Sahib whom the Captân Sahib (Hayward) wanted to marry but was disappointed of. That is why he keeps her portrait.'

"The Hajjee says this country is known generally

by the name of Kashkar, and the Atalík-Ghâzee is called King of Kashkar.

"*Kargalik to Besharik* (one hour's ride), *Sunday, June 6th.*—Escorted by Hajjee and party. Oasis along course of stream, which is, however, drained dry for cultivation. Stony desert between Kargalik and this. Camp under trees by tank. Several Afghan merchants had a talk with them. Moonshee hears a report from a Toorkee that Peshawur has been taken by the Akhoond of Swat, in alliance with the Afghans. The Yoozbashee laughs at the report, which I told him of, laughing. Says he had heard of the Akhoond as a robber like the Kanjootees.

"*Besharik to Bora* (twenty-two miles, five hours' ride), *Monday, June 7th.*—Crossed the little stream (coming from Kugiar) which supplies the irrigation of the Besharik oasis; then entered stony desert like a sea-beach (covered with rounded pebbles and sand). Misty wet morning. Nothing distant visible. Valley-oasis of Bora beautifully green. Indian corn a couple of feet high in some places; in others shorter, being ploughed up by ploughs with *single-bullocks* to root out weeds (the Indian corn being uprooted at the same time!) Small stream through deep banks lined with tall reeds (hence name Bora). Camp in orchard by tank. Breakfasted on arrival.

"Yoozbashee said in confidence that he had heard a little news last night, that the Afghans had taken several 'yourts' from the English, and then an English Beg had come and defeated them. But this is distant news, he added, and very likely untrue. I told him that when I came away the King of Câbul was a great friend of the English, having sent

envoys to them, &c. He seemed to agree that the report was false.

"They talk of large herds of wild horses, like the Tibetan Kyang, near Tashkand. They call them 'koolan.'

"*Bora to Ooce-Taghruk, Tuesday, June 8th.*—About twelve miles.

"We ascended from the fertile valley of Bora on to the barren plains which slope down from the mountains, and through which the several streams have cut their way, each forming a sunken oasis down its course. These sloping barren plains, at the foot of the mountains, form a peculiar feature of the country; they are found also on the Western side when we passed through them from Kokhrabat to Yang-hissâr.

"After winding for twelve miles through the sand-hills, which cover this plain, we reached the brink of another oasis, into which we descended to the village of Ooee-Taghruk. It is only about a mile above the village that the little ravine or valley begins to sink below the level of the plain, gradually increasing its depth till it runs between cliffs 300 feet high, being itself about half-a-mile wide and beautifully cultivated. The plain is formed of water-worn stones (including pieces of granite) and sand, suggesting the idea of its having been the beach of some inland sea, which may have covered Eastern Toorkistan up to the base of the mountains which surround it on three sides. The edges of this sloping beach, towards the lower plains (or the bed of the imaginary sea), are cut into ravines and broken ground. These ravines, for the most part, contain

only brushwood; but such of them as extend far enough back, and have their source in the mountains, form the lovely fertile oasis of Bora, Ooee-Taghruk, Koshtak, Sanjoo, &c. It is decidedly much cooler here. No fruit is ripe, and the barley is still green.

"*Koshtak to Sanjoo, Thursday, June 10th.*—The last five miles we came through sandy hillocks gradually ascending to the brim, whence a descent of 800 or 1000 feet leads down into the valley of Sanjoo. We were met half down this descent by our old friends the Alam Akhoond (chief priest) and two Kirghiz headmen. Dastar-khans were spread for us at the entrance of the cultivation. We rode two miles through houses and fields, down the valley, crossing the river. Hayward was shown to a place prepared for him in a garden. I was taken on to the house of Mahammad Bai (the old man of Sanjoo), where I was shown to a kind of daïs, with carpets and a raised seat, and a tent-roof overhead. Tea was poured out for myself and the Yoozbashee by the son of old Mahammad Bai, the Kirghiz chiefs sitting on the edge of the carpet and receiving tea also. Afterwards I had a visit from the Beg of Khoten, Mansoor Khoja, a jolly fat man, formerly Governor of Yârkand city, who fell into disgrace and was imprisoned for a year. He was only let out about six months ago. The house I lived in at Yârkand had been his. He has been newly appointed to Sanjoo, and seems to think such an office rather below his dignity. On my saying (in order to console him) that his district was of high importance, being the door of communication between India and Toorkistân, he rejoined, 'Then I am the Ghoolam-

i-Darwâzah' (Slave of the Gate). He came and sat with me several times, and when the Yoozbashee was not there, he broached his grievances (begging me not to mention them) 'However,' he said, 'I do my best in my present position. The late Beg' (Shereef Khan, whom I had seen when I passed through Sanjoo before) 'was dismissed and imprisoned for his tyranny. The peasants were half ruined,' continued the Ghoolam-i-Darwâzah, 'so I have been trying to set them up again; borrowing money and advancing it to them to buy cattle, &c., with.'

"At Sanjoo we halted a day to prepare for our journey and load up provisions, &c. My host (old Mahammad Bai) and his sons were very polite. He is a rich old farmer, with a very pretty daughter. I saw this damsel several times when she came out of the house with a jar on her shoulder, and accompanied by a female servant or slave, to fetch water for the household. She seemed to fetch far more jars full than could be necessary, and made little opportunities of lingering about the doorway and looking at the English stranger and all his wonderful arrangements. I learned, afterwards, that my Yoozbashee was in love with this young lady (I quite admire his taste, nothing could be prettier than her dark eyelashes, rosy cheeks, and dimpled chin). He had asked old Mahammad Bai to give her to him in marriage, but the old man said he wished his daughter to marry a man in his own station of life, who would settle down near him, and not a soldier who was always on horseback, at one moment on the Pamir and the next on the borders of China. The Yoozbashee hopes to persuade him, and I was aston-

ished to see the alacrity with which my highly connected guardian got off his horse and ran forward to embrace the old farmer. But love levels all distinctions apparently, in Toorkistân as well as elsewhere.

"*Sanjoo to Kizil-Aghil, Saturday, June 12th.*—We started by a new route to avoid going up the Sanjoo stream, which is much swollen. Mansoor Khoja, the Beg, came to see me off, and repeated a prayer with outspread hands for my safe journey. As usual, the Argoons, Jooma, Koodoo, &c., were not to the fore.

"We crossed a sandy ridge on the opposite side of the Sanjoo Valley from that by which we had entered it, and got into another smaller valley, at a village called Poské. The stream was followed upwards to a patch of cultivation with trees and one house, belonging to an old Moollah on the banks of the stream.

"The Yoozbashee and the Kirghiz (who accompany us), on being questioned, say that the great Peak near Yang-hissâr is called Taghalma Mooztagh (Mooztagh means ice-mountain). They know plenty of local names, but have no general name for any range. 'Sarikeea' is the name they give to the valley of the Karakash, where they pasture their sheep.

"In the evening the Yoozbashee and his men were firing at a mark.

"*Kizil-Aghil to Mazar, June 13th.*—On starting the Yoozbashee called for the old Moollah, to whom the orchard belongs, and told him, 'Dua kilip' (say a prayer). Upon which the old man goes down on his knees with outspread hands, every one else out-

spreading theirs also, while he prays, after which we all stroke our beards, and the Yoozbashee cries, 'Barak-allah, barak-allah' (with God's blessing); and so we ride away.

"Still following up the stream, while it enters the higher mountains, we came in sight of the crest of the range at the head of our valley. It was covered with snow, below which some bright green grassy slopes extend, a great contrast to the barren mountains around. We camped at the junction of a valley leading away westward, at the head of which is the small pass which we are to cross to-morrow, and which will lead us back into the valley of the Sanjoo stream, but at such a point that we shall no longer have any difficulty on account of its swollen state.

"On the road, Hayward often stops behind to take observations. The Yoozbashee seems to have got quite accustomed to this now, and says to me, 'There he is, off again after some new road.' They have an idea that his sole object in exploring is to find some easy road into their country.

"The Yoozbashee is redoubling his attentions as the time approaches for us to part. To-day he gave us some cold breakfast on arrival, as our things were not up. He tells us that the Toorks are lovers of horses (ashik).

"*Mazar to Tam, Monday, June 14th.*—Across the Choo-choo Pass. First up the side valley six miles, then an easy climb up to the Pass, which leads across a spur of the range. Dusty road. The descent is chiefly down a narrow gorge, emerging into a more open valley, which leads to the Sanjoo Stream. We turned up this stream, crossing it three times, passed

the old ruined wall which used to guard the valley, to a patch of cultivation and the few huts of Tam. We arrived about 2 P.M. Presently the river rose suddenly so as to become impassable, thus cutting off all our baggage from us. We had to sleep in one of the huts without bedding, on the ground, and with our saddles for pillows. The Yoozbashee and his man were firing at a mark; also a Shikaree (or hunter) who lives here. This man is said to be able to shoot an apple off a man's head, and to have done so the other day at Khoten before the king, who gave him a considerable reward.

"*Tam to Tadlek, Tuesday, June 15th.*—Our baggage rejoined us in the morning when the stream had diminished sufficiently. It was still quite high at 5 A.M. We rode a few miles up the stream, and encamped on a grassy spot to consult with the Kirghiz about our future movements.

"*Tadlek to Kichik-Yelâk* ("small pasture"), *Wednesday, June 16th.*—At five miles a valley joins from the right; at eight miles the road begins to ascend long grassy slopes, occupying a broad valley. At the junction of a valley from the left (N.E.) we came upon a Kirghiz camp, four akooees pitched separate for myself, Hayward, Moonshee, and Yoozbashee. Yoozbashee told me a story of a small Russian force near Chimkend being surrounded, and agreeing to become Mussulmans (!) in three days' time. At the end of the three days it was found that they had strongly entrenched themselves, and declined to come over to the true faith.

"All the Kirghiz came out to meet us. Numerous greetings from old acquaintances. The Kirghiz here

consist of twenty-two households (called 'yürt;' he denies that that name is applied to the felt tents, which are called akoocs), they migrate between Sarikeea and Sanjoo districts only. No camels. An old man, with narrow eyes, says he came from Tashkoorgan twenty years ago. Has traded with Chitral, bringing back one year ten slaves and the next thirty, which he sold at Kâshghar. Has been since as Envoy to Kanjoot, on friendly business from Kirghiz.

"These Kirghiz migrated here from Sarikol twenty years ago. None were here before.

"A Kirghiz akooee which I measured was 51 feet in circumference, 8 feet high in the middle, and 4 feet at the sides to the springing of the dome.

"*Kichik Yeilak, Kirghiz camp, June 16th.*—The old Kirghiz further told me that both the Chitrâlees and the Kanjootees are Sheeas (or heretics), although the ruler of Chitrâl says his prayers *à la* Soonnee (orthodox). Kanjoot is divided into two by the river, on one side of which is Nagar, on the other Hoonza. The bridge between is guarded by detachments of both tribes. There is often war between the two. The old chief Ghazanfar is dead; his son is now ruling Hoonza. That town alone contains 3000 houses, and the chief can turn out with 3000 or 4000 troops. Any one coming with a friendly intent is well treated, but merchants are often looted, and suspicious persons are killed at once. He says they are women as far as fighting is concerned, and only pounce upon caravans, as a cat does on a mouse. From Kanjoot to Tashkoorgan is ten days (two routes, one bad); from Tashkoorgan to the Alai plains seven days, whence to Khokand four

days. Between Tashkoorgan and the Alai plains you must cross two or three passes, but they are not difficult; from Wakhan to Kâshghar is twenty days (ten across Pamir); from Badakshân to Kâshghar is thirty days. There are two Karakül lakes; one, twelve days round, on the Pamir, drains into the Karategin River westward. The other, much smaller (two days round), at the foot of the Taghalma Peak, drains into the Kâshghar River. The Kirghiz do not now come across into the Pamir, although it is covered with grass.

"*June* 17*th*.—Choomâroo and Jooma went off with all the baggage, which was taken across the pass with Kirghiz yâks. Jooma came back about two o'clock.

"*Friday, June* 18*th* (*Grim Devân*).—Across Grim Dewân (Sanjoo Pass). Started at 7 A.M. on yâks. The Yoozbashee rode half-way to the foot of the Pass with me, and then took an affectionate farewell —embracing me almost with tears. Sâdoo Khoja came across the Pass with us. First we went up slopes of grass surrounded on three sides by snow mountains, a kind of bay. Then turned off to south up the ridge. No snow till the very summit, though off the road it was lying 1500 feet below the top. More snow on the southern descent, slushy for 1000 feet. No accidents—rode to very top. On the other side found Choomâroo with the baggage that crossed yesterday. Took leave of the Kirghiz Akshal (gave him a silk robe, and a white turban to my Chief), also of Sâdoo Khoja, to whom I gave a silk turban. Fifteen Kotass (yaks) with five or six Kirghiz go with us as far as Shahidoolla. Came down the bed of

the stream, much swoollen, to former camp, where we pitched, leaving Choomâroo to follow with the remaining things in the morning.

"Misty, no view. The top of the ridge is a kind of slaty shale.

"*Camp to Pilâtaghuch, Saturday, June 19th.*—Down to the Karakash at Mazâr Aboo Bakr. Breakfasted, and then walked twenty minutes up-stream where deep water runs against the rocky side, and everything has to be carried by men for fifty yards. Sent the horses round above. The Kirghiz drove their yâks through the stream, here about forty yards wide, average two feet deep, running four miles an hour, by experiment. Another twenty minutes' walk to rejoin horses, then one hour to camp in grass and bush jungle.

"*Sunday, June 20th (halt at Pilâtaghuch).*—Waited for baggage to rejoin us from the last stopping-place. Shod the horses. An old Kirghiz, seeing me with this very Diary Book, asked whether it was the Koran. I said it was a Kitab (book), upon which he reverentially touched it with his finger, which he then kissed.

"Had a conversation with this old Kirghiz. He says this tribe first lived in Sarikol, but were so persecuted by the Kanjootees (*yaman kâfirs*, evil heathens, he calls them), that they migrated to Sarikeea[1] twenty years ago; they consisted of thirty families. Since the Atalik has been in power, the security now enjoyed in Sarikol has induced a fresh immigration of Kirghiz from the Alai plains (in Khokand), and

[1] Sarikeea is the name given to the pasturages on the upper course of the Karakash River.

they now number 200 tents. It is ten or fifteen days' ride from Shahidoolla to Taghdoombash[1] in the Sarikol district, and about as far onwards to Andijân across the Pamir. The passes are low. There is no lake called Sarikol, but one, twelve days round, called Karakûl. The Pamir is covered with grass, and abounds in wild animals, among which are the big-horned 'arkar' (*Ovis Poli*), and its female, the 'goolja;' they are very shy. The Kirghiz asked me whether I had any '*Frang* miltek,' or Frankish gun, by which he means a rifle (as I found by his description); he said he and the other Kirghiz were mad upon them, and would perform any service to obtain one.

"*Pilâtaghuch to Shahidoolla Khoja, June* 21*st*.—On approaching the Fort, we were met by five soldiers under a Panjâbashee about two miles out. They made complimentary inquiries after our health, &c., and rode back with us. We crossed the river twice, and camped near the Fort. A little spitting rain in the evening. Snow down to 1000 feet above the valley.

"*Shahidoolla to Souget, Wednesday, June* 23*rd*.—I started with a few light loads, leaving my heavier things to follow. Hayward did the same. Took my own five horses and three of Jooma's. The Panjâbashee and four soldiers escorted us for a mile out, and then took leave respectfully. There is plenty of grass at the evening's camp, under an immense old moraine descending from the snow mountains to the

[1] Taghdoombash means "the head of mountains." It is the upper part of the Sarikol district.

East of the valley. Lots of shrubby wood also by the stream.

"*Souget to Chibra, Thursday, June 24th.*—Eight and a quarter hours, or fifteen miles. Our Pass of Souget wound up the stony bed of the valley, first one mile south-west, then half a mile west. (Here a nullah joined from the west by which one could get over into the Khirghiz Pass Nullah.) After a couple of miles more S.S.W., we emerged from the stony nullah, and entered on almost flat country bordered on both sides with rounded mountains leaving a broad open valley between. Here we continued S.S.W. for a couple of miles more, approaching a snowy range of rounded hills which ran right across our front. Approaching the foot of these, we found one open valley running down from the right, and another from the left, forming one straight line and having their exit by the road we had come. To the left we turned S.E. towards the pass at the head. The opposite valley having a similar but snowless pass at its head, N.W. For six miles we gradually ascended the open valley to the foot of a short and rather steep ascent covered with snow. A quarter of an hour placed us on the top of it. From the pass a gentle slope in a broad valley for three miles S.E., after which it turns round S.S.E. for half a mile, when we reached a dry nullah with a few stone enclosures and many dead horses. Here we halted. Valleys with easy passes through low snow mountains leading about N.E. to the Karakash.

"*Chibra to Châdartâsh, Friday, June 25th.*—For six miles we went down the broad valley south, the

mountains on either hand gradually diminishing in height till they sank into the plain or high table-land through which an almost-dry river-bed cut its course, twenty or thirty feet deep. Thence turning S.S.W. we had a full view of the high snow mountains opposite (Karakoram), of which we had been seeing more and more peaks ever since Chibra. Ascending the level of the table-land on our right, we saw a cut in the range S.S.W. This leads to the Karakoram Pass. Further to the left, snowy mountains come round (bordering the upper Karakash), getting more and more rounded, though still snow, till they meet the Kuen Lun or Sooget Range behind us. This range, a high snowy one, faces the Karakoram, being about parallel and more regular as we see the actual range, while of the Karakoram we only see the snowy buttresses, not the actual watershed: one is an army in line, the other is an army in parallel columns, of which we can only see the heads. The whole space to our left is a high irregular table-land, sloping up for thirty miles or so to the mountains to the east, which bound the Upper Karakash.

"Through these mountains a pass is visible southward, between a rocky peak to the south and a high double snowy mountain to the north. This high table-land which I have mentioned is called the 'Dubsa Sergot or Sertkol;' it appears utterly barren. A broad almost dry river-bed issues from it and unites at our feet with a similar one from the Karakara Pass opening, and with the one we have followed down from Chibra. The three go off together north-westward, forming the Yârkand River (which

here has but little water, scarcely flowing, so gentle is the slope of the broad shingly bed). Further on this appears to sink deeper, and to become a kind of ravine between the barren spurs sent out from the Sooget snowy range to the north, and one from the Karakoram on the south. Then the character of the country seems to change from the open plateau on which we now are. Here one is reminded of views of Iceland, so close does the snow of the mountain sides come down to the plains. These mountains, although probably none less than 18,000 feet, seem mere hills, so high is the plateau from which they rise. The contrast between the view east and the view west is remarkable. Descending into the shingly bed again we turned towards the Karakoram, though the difference between our former descent and our present ascent was scarcely perceptible. After a couple of miles from the turn S.S.W. we cross the shingly bed from the Dubsa Sergot. Here it was evident that it came from the pass of the Karakash, which hence bore S.E. The furthest point to which we could trace the Yârkand River bore hence N.W. by W. Four miles further, a few dead horses, in a side bed, marked the halting-place called Malikshah. Here, on the table-land to the left, we saw six *white* bucks (Tibet antelope). Beyond this the river-bed became entirely dry, and we marched up its interminable plains for eleven miles, till some low spurs from the Karakoram formed a kind of portal, through which we entered the mountains again: this is Wahabjilga. Thence, through a broad mountain valley three miles S.W. by S. to a solitary rock in a grass-plot standing in the middle of the

shingly bed, which here has a little water in it. The slopes near have a little Tibet spiky grass: this is Châdar-tâsh (tent-stone) where we camped. No water or grass between Malikshah and this.

"*Châdartash to Kiziltagh, Saturday, June 26th.*—One and a half hours = 5 miles. To the east of Châdartash a broad valley plain leads to an apparent Pass through snowy downs about fifteen miles off. This Pass bears S.E. by S., and probably leads to the Upper Karakash also. Hayward means to try this route, so here we part. Starting I passed one of those large ice-sheets which are common in these parts, formed by the repeated floodings and freezings of the stream in flat parts of its bed. At a mile from Châdartash obtained a view of the Sooget Pass through an opening. Halted on a slope with a little grass at a place where the bed of the stream forms a little plain of shingle surrounded by red hills, just before the entrance of some valley among big snow mountains. They say there is no grass further up, and the Pass is still distant. Went up a ridge E.S.E. three miles, to get a better view.

"*Sunday, June 27th (halt at Kiziltâgh).*—In the morning the mule and the grey horse (Yoozbashee) were missing. I sent out in all directions. Yoosaf on the other grey, after hunting about for the tracks, was suddenly seen to go off straight down the valley like an old hound that has found the scent. I found the two tracks leading that way, after vainly searching all the other directions myself. Sent two others after Yoosaf on horseback with nosebags, and food for the men. Presently comes Hayward's Argoon, saying Hayward's white horse is dead, and

my two went past Châdartash at daybreak! I scolded him for not turning them (Hayward suggested in a note that I should give him a licking). Also gave him a few spare nails, Hayward not having a sufficient supply for his horses' shoes.

"No news of the horses when we went to bed. Horrid being kept here just on the borders of civilization after so long an absence. Won't I load that mule heavily if I catch her.

"*Monday, June 28th (halt at Kiziltagh).*—Still obliged to halt, as neither men nor horses have turned up. A frightful trial of patience.

"Counted remains of eighteen horses lying about the camping-ground within a radius of 100 yards.

"All along the road at every few hundred yards you find a skeleton, while the halting-places are crowded with them. At night we hear the howling of wolves who haunt this road. They are probably now expecting the opening of the horse season.

"The Boy Abdulla came back at 3 P.M., saying he had followed the tracks of the mules, &c., nearly to Chibra. Yoosaf had evidently, from the tracks, tried several times to catch her, but in vain. They must all have gone over the Pass, where they will come across my caravan, &c. Determined to start to-morrow in any case, if possible."

Here ends my diary, for the difficulties of the road left me no more leisure, even to jot down a few lines at night.

The Toorkee boy, Yoosaf, who started on the tracks of my mule and horse which ran off from Kiziltagh on the 27th, followed them most pluckily

over that high desert plain. It was not till the next day that he rode in, half famished, to the camp of some of my servants, sixty miles back at Shahidoolla, who were coming after me, and who had already caught the horse and mule.

I have mentioned the parallel ridges of mountains about the Karakoram Pass, which are like an army in column. As you progress through them by the broad valleys which separate them, you find that they diminish in height, and gradually sink below the line of perpetual snow, with the exception of isolated peaks which rise above it. The valleys keep on rising, but never at a steeper gradient than you could drive a carriage up. At last you come to a ridge barring the way, and looking no higher than a railway embankment, though it may perhaps be a couple of hundred feet high. This ridge constitutes the Karakoram Pass, which seems rather like a *lip*, by which some ancient lake may have discharged itself, than what we understand by a mountain pass. The so-called Karakoram *Range* might better be described as the raised edge of a basin, or the culminating part of an irregular plateau, than as a chain of mountains. The descent on the south side is greater, but you can hardly believe yourself to be on the watershed between the great river-system which flows into the Indian Ocean and that which runs eastward towards China. The heights on either side nowhere rise beyond the dignity of hills, and there is no perpetual snow at hand, though the Karakoram is 18,000 feet above the sea. The road is marked with skeletons of horses; the rarity of the atmosphere and the absence of grass for many days' journey

causing a mortality among the beasts of burthen which hardly seems to be justified by the amount of inconvenience which the traveller himself experiences.

At the distance of a day's march south of the pass, you come in sight of a range of real glacier mountains. The Shayok River, one of the sources of the Indus, rises in a perfect ocean of ice, far more worthy of that name than the Mer de Glace of Chamounix, which is rather an ice *river* than a *sea*. Two glaciers, coming down from stupendous peaks, unite and overflow a large plain with their blue waves. It is worth a journey from England merely to see this place. The plain, barren as it seems, is frequented by Tibetan antelopes, with their slender lyre-shaped horns, the most elegant of their species. Terraces and other marks of the former existence of a lake extend to a height of 200 feet up the sides of this plain and of the gorge by which the stream escapes. There are the marks of a lake which has repeatedly been formed here by the glaciers blocking up the ravine below, and which caused such devastation by the cataclysm of 1841 (of which an account will be seen in the Appendix). But I think the marks are too considerable to have been formed during the short existence of recent lakes, and rather point to repeated phenomena of the same sort in earlier times. This, if true, is very interesting.

But directly after this you leave the high plateaux and rounded downs which are the characteristics of the country, and follow the river down into the narrow gorges of the mountains. You have reached the broken edge of the table-land. So narrow was

MER DE GLACE AT THE SOURCE OF THE SHAYOK RIVER, IN THE KARAKORUM MOUNTAINS.

DRAWN BY MAJOR STRUTT FROM A SKETCH BY R. B. SHAW.

MER DE GLACE AT THE SOURCE OF THE SHAYOK RIVER, IN THE KARAKORUM MOUNTAINS.

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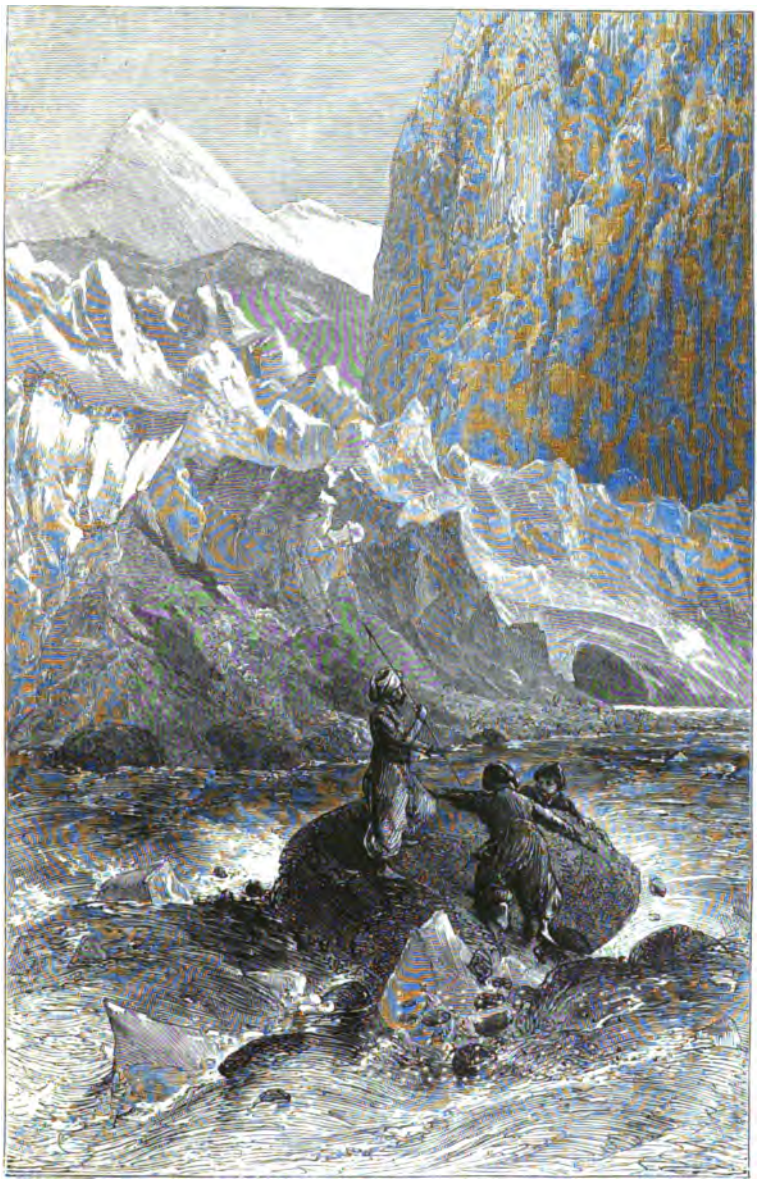
the ravine we entered that the river had to be forded and re-forded at every turn, the way being constantly closed by its windings. The most difficult of these fords was caused by a huge glacier called Koomdan, whose nose protruded from a side valley, with pinnacles and seracs, some of which were quite 200 feet high, glistening like sugar. I had ridden half across the stream when my horse seemed to fall, as if he had broken through a sheet of ice. I was soon on my legs in the bitterly cold water, and on looking round saw all the horses floundering for their lives, like a shoal of fish in shallow water. We had got into a quicksand! Most of us reached the shore with a little difficulty, but two of the horses had got more involved; their loads were washed loose by the torrent, and they themselves lay exhausted and panting on their sides (for the actual water was here not more than two feet deep), with their heads gradually sinking below the stream. The sand which engulfed a horse was firm enough to support a man, and we were able with some trouble to hold the horses' heads above water, while they were being released from their loads and dragged ashore. Even when on dry land, they still lay exhausted on their sides, with their teeth firmly closed, blood oozing from their noses, and trembling in every limb. I have frequently noticed the presence of quicksands in proximity to glaciers which reach a low-level, and of the ice-beds described above.

Some three miles below this, another glacier blocked the way. After careful examination we discovered that the passage was entirely closed for

horses, as the ice had in the last three months[1] advanced as far as the opposite cliffs, tremendous lime-stone precipices, while the river forced its way under it through a kind of tunnel. To make matters worse, it began to snow, and my servants, already wet through in fording the ice-cold water, sat down like natives to bemoan their fate and die. Moreover, night was coming on; so there was nothing for it but to halt. No grass could be discovered, and our supply of grain for the horses would only hold out another day, by which time we had hoped to reach a pasture ground. Now, however, this was impossible. The baggage had all to be left on this spot to be fetched hereafter, and the next day horses were sent round by a five days' *détour* over the mountains, dependent on a little of the men's rice for food. Being anxious to reach an inhabited place, so as to send off news of my safety, after eight months' silence, I started with two men to cross the obstacle, leaving tents, bedding, cooking things, and everything else behind.

After passing the glacier, we had again to ford the river, but this time on foot. It was coming down full of huge blocks of ice, which fell from the roof of the glacier-tunnel, alternately blocking it up, and again being swept away by its force. Choosing a moment when the tunnel was blocked and the water shallow we pushed in to the water. Before we were half-way across a rushing sound made us look round, and we saw a mighty ice-laden flood sweeping down upon us. A rock in mid-water formed our only

[1] Since the passage of one of my guides, three months before.



ESCAPE FROM INUNDATION CAUSED BY THE MELTING OF A GLACIER.

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refuge. We scrambled on to it and were but just in time, for Tashee was knocked on to his knees by one of the foremost blocks as I was helping him out of the water.

The rock was but a low one, and as the waters raged around us, piling up blocks of ice on each side and gradually rising higher and higher, I foresaw the moment when it would be sweeping clear over our place of refuge! We spent a "*mauvais quart-d'-heure!*" When the level of the stream was not more than a foot lower than the highest part of our rock its rise was stayed and presently it began to abate, the ice blocks ceasing. I roused my companions, and we hurried through the remaining stream. Before we had left the spot another flood came down, and this time we saw our friendly rock hidden under a surging tide of huge ice-blocks. Some of them must have been over a ton in weight!

Drenched in the icy water, we had to spend the night lying on the least windy side of a large stone, under the shadow, as it were, of the huge glacier cliffs, whose pinnacles and "seracs" shot up 200 feet against the sky. The next night, at an elevation of over 16,000 feet, I found a hole in the rock in which I could curl myself up, while a waterproof sheet spread across the entrance kept out the falling snow. The next day we crossed the Sasser Pass, over vast fields of yielding snow, in which one sank up to the thigh at every fifth or sixth step. Here my guide gave in, being struck with snow blindness, and I had to lead the way by compass. We had eight hours of this work through snow, and the night was falling as we left it behind us. Misled

by the guide, and hoping to reach an inhabited place, we held on till midnight, when we had again to lie down on the leeward side of a stone not three feet high. But this time we had no food at all.

Starting again at dawn with our throats feeling like iron, and our feet like lead, we reached a Tibetan shepherd's hut after ten miles' walk, and thought the milk and barley-meal which he gave us the finest food in the world.

We had here arrived in the British dependencies, having crossed the Karakoram and Sasser Passes, first explored by Dr. Thomson. The country beyond this is known to our surveyors and our sportsmen, though the latter seldom penetrate to the Karakoram. I will now, therefore, close this account of my journey, for I considered that I had almost reached home when I crossed that imaginary *red line*, which, after at first modestly surrounding a few factories on the coast, has now reached its farthest extension among the snows and high plateaux of the Karakoram, the watershed between India and Central Asia.

CHAPTER XVIII.

NATIVE OPINIONS RESPECTING INDIA.

The Moonshee and Hindoo Servants — Talk about India — Social Customs in India — Infanticide — The Moonshee's Family — State of India before British Rule — Distinction between Matters of Religion and Worldly Matters — Estimation of the Korân in practical Life — Bribery in the District Law-Courts of India — Native Officials — Paucity of English Judges — Evils of frequent change of Officials in India — Caste a social Custom in India, totally unconnected with Religion — Similar Distinctions in Europe.

EXTRACTS from Diary :—

"*Kâshghar*, 1869.—Still no change in our monotonous life. It is difficult to describe weariness without imparting it, so I will not try. For want of other occupations, we have much talk about India, which is interesting, from the fact that here my Moonshee and the servants lay aside all restraint, and tell me things which one would not hear in a lifetime in India. Witness the Moonshee's candid confession of intended infanticide.

"To-day we were talking of social customs. I had not been aware that in Indian Mussulman families no wife can appear before her husband while his parents or his elder brothers are present. If a man's father or mother are sitting with the women of the household, he must announce his approach by a cough, or by calling aloud. His wife must then rise up, and retire from the company. These foolish restrictions break up all family life, as the Moonshee confesses.

"I told him that I thought this accounted, in some measure, for the frequency of fratricide, and similar crimes, among Mussulman chiefs. Their family ties are so loose that they kill a brother with as little compunction as a stranger.

"He answered 'No; that is not the reason; it is the lust of power which causes these murders. With you there is a fixed order, which prevents the relatives of a ruler from expecting any advantage by his death; but with us, each brother wishes the other dead, that he may enjoy the sovereignty.'

"I told him that such had formerly been the anarchical state of Europe, but that the great mass of the people, being more numerous than the intriguing nobles, united to put a stop to such constant disturbances. The weight of the free and peace-loving middle and lower classes was thrown into the scale of orderly government and stability. We would not suffer that a few disorderly chiefs should ruin the prosperity of whole nations, to gratify their ambition and mutual jealousy.

"The Mussulman populations seem never to have known their own power of forbidding those never ending struggles for dominion, which are the cause of all their miseries. I have been reading a life of Timoor (Tamerlane), which gives an astounding view of the state of Central Asia in his days. It is a perfect kaleidoscope of rulers. No sooner have you ascertained the relative positions of three or four chiefs than you find a fresh combination in the act of forming. The ruler of one state unites with the chief of a second to conquer a third. They succeed, but only to find, on their return, that their own

principalities, have fallen into other hands. They then quarrel for their remaining prize, and the loser flees in utter discomfiture. In a year or two you find him more powerful than ever, lord of two or three fresh provinces, acquired in the general scramble. One is reminded of the French game of 'La mer et ses enfants,' where the players, at a given signal, all endeavour to seat themselves in a row of chairs too few for their numbers. In the sanguinary game which has been so long played in Central Asia, the only difference is that all the bystanders join in the crush. Any resolute soldier who can collect a following by the promise of plunder may hope to enjoy for a few months, or years, the precarious honours of sovereignty.

"*Kâshghar.*—Yesterday my Moonshee was relating to me the feuds and dissensions of the petty hill Rajahs of Rajaoree, to whom his family has been attached by hereditary service for many generations. His father, he said, had never passed two successive years undisturbed in his own house. Now he was flying with his chief from the attack of some neighbouring Rajah. Now, it was his own Rajah who sent him into exile for favouring some pretender. At one time, the success of his patron would raise him to high prosperity: at another a rival branch would be triumphant, and he would be consigned to a prison. Intrigues, treasons, civil wars, and foreign invasions, were as common among these little kingdoms, forty or fifty miles long, as with larger states. These Mussulman chieftains thought nothing of murdering their nearest relations while at prayers, or even of committing worse crimes. A

defeated rival was fed on salt food, while water was withheld from him, and his wounds treated with irritating drugs till he died. This was only the other day, before we took the Panjab.

"I ask my Moonshee whether those good old times are regretted now. He says the Chiefs are rather ashamed of their own past conduct, seen in the light of our peaceful and just administration. But still this feeling would not be strong enough to prevent their renewing the former turmoil, were the English rule removed.

"He describes the insecurity of the country even under the strong hand of Runjeet-Sing as very great. A journey to Lahore was considered as great a thing as a journey to Yârkand is now, and not to be undertaken without stern necessity.

"The traveller would take leave of his family with tears, and they would bid him Godspeed, saying, 'Go, brother, and may you return in safety. God will be with you there as well as here.' The roads were infested by robbers, while each chief of a district was a fresh enemy.

"Now, a man will start for a journey to Delhi or Calcutta as if he were going to the next bazâr. He will sleep without fear in the most lonely jungle. He will make no secret of his wealth, nor disguise himself in mean attire.

"Thus the mass of the people have every reason to be content. But, adds the Moonshee, it is otherwise with the class that furnished hangers-on to the numerous petty courts. Formerly, some signal service performed to a Rajah would secure the fortune of a man's whole family and posterity. Now every

one eats his own bread. That which he earns, he earns for himself alone. The wages that he stipulates for, those he gets, but he gets no more. His sons must begin again from the same starting-point as he. It is true he is not exposed to such sudden and disastrous downfalls as before, but neither has he the hope of rising to any eminent height. Nor does his office remain in his family. Formerly, if a Vizier died, leaving a young son, the widow would retain his seals of office for the benefit of her child. But now, the son of a high native officer must begin life as a court-writer on a level with every other.

"I began explaining to the Moonshee that we considered it unjust to reward merit at the expense of the community, by conferring offices of public importance on any but those who are qualified to fill them. The community would suffer if, in order to recompense an able father, his incapable son were to succeed to his office. For such merit as was too great to be rewarded in the actor's life-time, we had dignities descending to his children, but they were not of such a nature that the incapacity of a successor would cause injury to the public.

"I tried to think of examples of such rewards in India, but had to stop short, for I could find none. It has since struck me that, perhaps, in this lies one cause of the unpopularity of our rule. Other irremovable causes in abundance there are, of course. But is not this removable? We rightly confine all office (in theory) to those who have qualified themselves for it by their own conduct. But the principles of hereditary rewards is inherent in Oriental

minds. Should we not strengthen our rule by adopting it in some unobjectionable form?

"Continuing my previous conversation with the Moonshee, I said, 'Are your Mussulman chiefs, who commit all those crimes, looked upon as evil doers? It seems to me that they may murder and rob, and yet, if they say their prayers regularly, they are considered pious Mussulmans. In our country open criminals begin by neglecting the offices of religion.'

"He replied, 'Matters of religion and worldly matters are separate. No one is guided in his daily conduct by what he hears or says in the mosque.'

"I said, 'My astonishment is not so much at that. What I wonder at is that those who break the greater commandments of your religion should still think it worth their while to keep the lesser ones.'

"He could not explain this. I then asked, 'Do your moollahs raise their voice against all these crimes? Has your religion done anything towards stopping those commotions, and the constant bloodshed which are the characteristics of all heathen states? Though our religion is by no means fully acted up to, yet it has done wonders in calming disorders and conducing to peace. We are not constantly fighting among ourselves for the supremacy of *individuals*.'

"This he allowed, but said, 'That is because you have fixed regulations and laws for the settlement of all disagreements.'

"I said, 'So have you in your Korân.'

"He answered, 'Ah, yes, the Korân; but, then, nobody listens to it in practical life.'

"I laughed, and said, 'Then you confess that we obey our book, and you disobey yours.'

"This country, Eastern Toorkistân, is certainly in a higher grade of civilization than the Panjab was before its annexation. Property is secure from all but the ruling powers; the roads are safe; arms are never worn, except by soldiers, and by them only when on duty. Wars there have been, but they are the wars of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, rather than those of the twelfth: wars of succession, and wars of conquest; not the endless fights between petty chiefs who divide the country amongst them.

"One day Choomâroo amused me by a dramatic representation of the way in which petty bribery is done in our District Law-Courts in India every day.

"Some unfortunate villager who has a case in court comes up meekly, not knowing whom to apply to. A Chooprassee (a servant of the court) begins driving him roughly away.

"The suitor humbly represents that he has a case to bring forward.

"The official interrupts him, saying: 'It is no use your bringing such a case forward. The Sahib (the European magistrate) won't hear it. Be off.'

"The man, after the usual Indian custom, answers with folded hands: 'Oh, Maharaj!' (a title of respect), 'my only hope is through you.'

"The Chooprassee whispers: 'How much will you give?' The suitor mentions a trifling sum.

"The official then bids him be of good cheer; he will manage the whole business. Off he marches with a hurried and business-like air (and the money

in his pocket) to the door of the Court-room. As soon as he is inside he drops his swagger, and moves noiselessly forward as if merely come to take his turn of attendance, or to whisk away the flies from the magistrate's head.

"Having stayed a considerable time inside (long enough in the eyes of the waiting litigant for him to have talked over the English magistrate, which the poor ignorant wretch quite believes possible), the Chooprassee comes out again (undergoing a fresh metamorphosis from the humble attendant into the swaggering official), takes the anxious applicant aside, and assures him that he has spoken to the Sahib and made all square.

"The grateful suitor invokes blessings on his head, and makes the lowest salâms touching the dust at his feet.

"Thus ends the comedy for that day.

"But it has many acts, in all of which the unfortunate victim is made to bleed, while the delusion is kept up that he is securing a valuable friend at head-quarters. Thus not only the administration of justice suffers (because it weighs unnecessarily on the poor), but also the reputation of our officers, of whom the litigant carries away an entirely false impression.

"This account of Choomâroo's brought up many other instances of the same kind, which were related in quick succession.

"One example is the following:—

"The briber will come up before a native official, who is sitting in public taking down depositions, or otherwise employed, and say: 'Here, sir, take the

five seers of ghee (or the cart-load of hay, &c.), which you have just sent me the money for.'

"The official says: 'Give it to my servant.'

"The servant, who is acquainted with his master's tricks, will come back with an aggrieved air, saying: 'The ghee is a quarter of a seer short in weight.'

"To which the briber with joined hands will reply: 'Nay, sir, I brought the full quantity.'

"Then the official, with a magnanimous air, will say: 'Well, well, never mind; let it pass.'

"All the while he has never given a farthing to the man; it is all a pure bribe. And the three actors in the farce will all keep their countenances under perfect command!

"When my people were tired of relating these instances, I said that I had heard it maintained that our Court officials were quite trustworthy.

"The whole party burst out laughing. The Moonshee said: 'Why, I have given them dozens of bribes with my own hand. The thing is universal.'

"Choomâroo said: 'I could prove a dozen cases on the shortest notice.'

"I answered: 'That is just it. You mention all these things now, but if we were back again at your home, you would not open your mouths.'

"They laughed and said: 'Who would dare to incur so much enmity in his own neighbourhood. But in another district we should not mind a bit.'

"There are three great expenses that a suitor, especially an appellant, has to undergo. First, the legal expenses (which form a comparatively small item). Then the cost of petty bribery at every stage of the proceedings (considered to be a way of greasing

the wheels, without which the case would stick on the road, instead of being brought forward at the proper time). Thirdly, the loss and expense of hanging in attendance on the courts for months, and perhaps following a camp for several hundred miles, expecting to have the case called up by this perambulating court.

"Owing to the paucity of English judges, and the size of the country, justice is not brought to every man's door. Instead of that she drags a train of victims behind her car. It is as if, in England, the circuits of the judges were so arranged that suits from Northumberland would be heard in Cornwall; or that the parties and witnesses in a case from Kent should have to make the tour of Wales with the judge, in daily expectation of being called up and heard.

"There is another evil under the sun of India, and that is the frequent change of officials.

"The position of a district officer in the Panjab is that of a little king. When he has become known to the people, all their hopes and wishes seem to concentrate on him. Not only his will is law; but the very law itself is obeyed because it is *his* will. The Viceroy is revered because he is *his* superior. Even when his decision has been given against a suitor, the latter shrugs his shoulders and says it is fate, a dispensation of Providence. Even his whims they respect, without presuming to account for. He is a superior being.

Now this is an authority that grows up of itself, without any special talent on the part of the British official. Where that talent exists in addition, you

obtain such wonders of influence as those of Nicholson, or of Edwardes. But the mere fact of seeing the same Englishman, year after year, exercising authority, deciding everything, making and unmaking, being the highest visible expression of power, creates the influence of itself. His superiors issue their edicts on paper, and in their offices. But he is *seen* to do it.

"His name is gradually shaped into some soubriquet which native lips can pronounce, and under that name he becomes a local divinity—propitious or evil, but still an irresistible divinity.

"This is a source of power which no Government would do wisely to neglect. It requires not so much talent as long-continuance; not so much wise laws as a living personal will, which is the only law that an Asiatic can understand. This is a source of power which the British Government can always command; and a British officer will always exercise it for the good of the State.

"But we too often see this influence frittered away by constant changes of officials. Men who would be gathering strength to the British rule, if they were only left alone, are transferred and retransferred from district to district, unable to take a real interest in any, while the natives look on in wonder and say that the days of Runjeet Singh's death have come over again, when the Panjab had ten kings in the course of a twelvemonth.[1]

"It is a bad sign when the country-people do not even know the name of their district officer. That

[1] This was actually said to me by an old man who remembered those days.

is the time for native officials to wax fat. *They* remain and take root, but it is like the creeper which gradually exhausts the trunk to which it clings. *Their* influence is not exercised for the benefit of English rule or the people of the country, but of their own pockets and those of their partisans.

"It may be asked, What has all this to do with Toorkistân? But consider that, if I were to ascend a high mountain, and on coming down merely describe the formation of the summit and the plants gathered on the way, without saying a word of the wide view to be obtained over other mountains and plains, you would think I had not done half my task. In the same manner our residence in Yârkand and Kâshghar is a kind of vantage ground which permits one to obtain views of Indian matters that one could not easily get in the country itself. Minds have been opened and tongues unloosed by travel, and by the absence of any controlling element. It is worth while to note down the results.

"*Kâshghar.*—We have to-day had a disturbance in our otherwise peaceful household. The cause was laughable. I think I have not mentioned that for some weeks past I have been teaching arithmetic to my Guddee servants. Every evening I have them in, and set them sums. Sarda is the sharper of the two, and learns quickly. Choomâroo, who is slower, got angry with Sarda for laughing at him, instead of showing him the way out of his difficulties. They had both, however, made good progress, and could do long division, &c., without a fault.

"But for two or three days past, Sarda has had a

stupid fit, and got stuck in his sums. This morning he announced to the other servants that Choomâroo must, out of envy and jealousy, have bewitched him, by means of some 'mantr,' or *charm*. Refusing to speak to him on that account, he sent him a message by Tashee, saying, 'A joke is a joke, but now unloose my hands, and give me back my power of doing arithmetic.' Choomâroo denies the charge, and laughs at the possibility of charms. I am happy to see that several others, my Moonshee included, have got rid of that superstition.

"The Moonshee gives me an account of some incantations that were done at Noorpoor, near his home. A certain religious mendicant announced that there was a 'jin' (or evil geni) in a certain house, and offered to expel him. The people gladly agreed, and supplied him with all the money he asked for. He prepared several hideous figures of 'jins' and demons drawn on a sheet of paper with milk and fig-juice. The figures were thus invisible, till heated. At the time appointed, he made a circle of lights round the woman of the house, and had a brazier of hot charcoal put before her. After many incantations, he gave her this sheet of (seemingly) blank paper, and told her to press it to her breast, and the demon would enter into it. After this, he made her hold it over the hot charcoal, when, of course, the hideous figures made their appearance, signally proving the skill of the exorcist. This got noised abroad, and reached the ears of the native doctor, who had apparently imbibed, with his medical learning, a disbelief in magic. He set a man to catch the faqueer in a trap by offering to pay for the exorcism of a 'jin':

from his own house. This man, being instructed beforehand, when the time came drew out of his breast, instead of the prepared sheet, a similar piece of blank paper which had been concealed there. This paper was in vain toasted over the fire; to the confusion of the exorcist, no demon appeared. The next day he made up his bundles, and left the unbelieving spot.

"Talking of superstitions, I to-day heard a tale that I did not know of before. It appears that on a certain day of the year all the witches and all the 'devtas' (or local divinities) of the Kangra district come together on a mountain called the Babboo. Here they have a grand fight. If the 'devtas' win, there is a famine; if the witches gain the day, the land is spared. This they generally do. But, as these personages are given to mischief, and might, on their way to the rendezvous, cause some ill to any children or cattle they might come across, all the people of the district keep close within doors on the appointed night, when the witches are supposed to be flocking by from all directions.

"The 'devtas' also take leave of absence from their respective temples. At my village of Kanyâra the reigning divinity is a snake-god, called Indroo-Nâg. He goes to the yearly fight (at least, his attendants say so, and they ought to know). Being usually wounded there, however, he cannot get farther than a village called Bâree on his way home. So it is an annual ceremony to go and fetch him from thence. When the Brahmans announce that he has arrived, all the village goes out with drums and fifes, taking a litter to bring him back in. Arrived at Bâree,

they put the litter down by the side of the stream, and retire a space for him to enter. Then the Brahmans return and put into the litter the iron cat-o'-nine-tails (with which they lash their bare backs during certain religious performances). Afterwards they carry the litter back to their temple, and put it down beside the stone image, which, all the while, has not stirred from its place, of course. Here the people crowd round them, to ask after their god. They reply, 'The witches have wounded him; he is much hurt, and had great difficulty in getting to Bâree, but here he is, safe back again at last.' Upon which there is great rejoicing.

"All this my men now told with considerable amusement.

"On another occasion Sarda related to me a conversation that he had been having with one of the Mussulmans. 'He declares,' said Sarda, 'that the Maharâj (God) has a large army of soldiers up there, like the English and the Russians have, and with every drop of rain he sends down five of these servants, who make it descend gently on every living thing, instead of hurting them by its fall from such a height. Then he says that some day one of these servants will roll up the earth like a carpet, after sweeping together the remains of all living creatures like dust. After this a kâfir (heathen) will come and unroll the earth and scatter this dust over it, from which will spring again all living creatures, as from seed that is sown. I think the kâfir is the better of the two; don't you? Why do they call us Hindoos such bad names? We worship God as well as they.'

"I answered, 'Both we and the Mussulmans look upon you as heathens on account of your idols. For once that you worship God, you fall down before stones and images a hundred times.

"'Those stones,' replied Sarda, 'are only put there as guides or objects to keep our eyes upon. God is in them as He is everywhere else; we cannot worship empty space, so we appoint a stone as the form we are to worship God in. But we always pray to Him, saying "Ai Maharâj," and not to the stone.'

"I said, 'We find it possible to worship God without putting up a stone before us; and, moreover, you also worship other beings and even dead men. Siv and Râm are more on your lips than God.'

"'That is natural,' he answered, 'has not every king his Vizier, and he accepts obedience to his Vizier as paid to himself? So we have been told, whether rightly or wrongly, that these are his ministers, and that they are easier of access than God Himself, who is too exalted. But even in praying to them, we always take God's name first.'

"Choomâroo interrupted my answer by saying, 'That is all very well, but I know perfectly that He will not accept such worship. It is all a pretence. Learned men may make such distinctions, but common folk worship without any thought of God. However, the fault is in our teachers. What can we unlearned men know in such matters?'

"'Besides neglecting God,' I continued, 'you have introduced distinctions of caste among mankind, who are all brethren. What would you think if in your own family two of your four brothers were to say to

the rest of you, "Keep away from us; we will not eat with you any more; you are vile"?'

"'True,' they both replied, 'our castes are altogether a wrong state of things. But what would you have? We individuals cannot fight against it. The blame lies with those who first made the breach in the family.'

"So ended this conversation for the time.

"One day a Punjabee, a native of Rajaoree, near Cashmeer, met one of my servants. He said that he and 200 other soldiers of the Maharaja of Cashmeer had been taken prisoners during the war in the Hill State of Gilgit, two years ago, and sold as slaves. By some chance (which there was not time to relate), they had come into the possession of the Atalik-Ghâzee, and were detained here in his service. With tears in his eyes, this man spoke of his old mother, whom he had left at Rajaoree, and of the little hope he had of ever seeing her again. A good number of his fellow-prisoners had been Hindoos, but had been made Mussulmans.

"My Moonshee joked the two Hindoo servants on this, saying that they too would have to say the kalamah, or confession of faith—'La Illahi ill' Allah' ('There is no God but Allah'). Sarda, who is a Brahman, replied, 'By all means; if we were never to return to our homes, we would turn Mussulmans at once.'

"This confirms an opinion which has been growing upon me, viz. that the attachment of Hindoos to their caste is purely a social matter, and that they have in point of fact very little religious feeling. The ease with which they relax their observances on a journey,

or when unobserved; the contempt with which they often talk of these restrictions, even while observing them themselves, all point the same way. This morning Choomâroo was relating with great laughter how the Rajpoots drink the water drawn by their Girth servants, but will not let them enter the sacred circle round their cooking-place. He added, 'It is the people who stay at home that keep us to our strict observances; all who see the world are ready to throw them off, but this cannot be unless the whole crew join; two or three alone cannot do it.'

"All my observations lead me to believe that caste as it now stands is a social custom unconnected with religion. Its origin also points the same way.

"I have often asked myself, would not our missionaries do better if they admitted to Christian fellowship such natives as would renounce their idols, without forcing them to do violence to every feeling in their nature by eating and consorting with the filthiest of the human race—men who feast on carrion and dispute with vultures for their food? Would an English clergyman turn away from the communion table a peer because he declined to admit a chimney sweep to his dinner-table? Why, then, withhold baptism from those whose conduct is almost similar? Why connect the idea of Christianity with something so repulsive; so that, if you were to ask an ordinary native what becoming a Christian meant, he would probably reply, 'Eating with sweepers'? Is it necessary to be perfect *before* you can become a Christian, or is not Christianity rather a means of *making* a man perfect?

"Slavery is now allowed to be an unchristian insti-

tution, but did St. Paul refuse baptism to all masters who did not first free their slaves? Had he done so, it is probable that neither the masters would have become Christians nor the slaves free; whereas now we see both ends attained. In like manner, it might be expected that those Hindoos, who already laugh at their own mythology, and seem merely to hold to it for want of a better, would by degrees receive the truths of Christianity, were they not burdened by the incubus of social degradation. It might then be hoped that this leaven of Christianity would produce its proper effect on the mass. Caste would disappear as slavery has disappeared.

"Our missionaries' conduct in this respect seems to me like that of a doctor who should refuse to admit into his hospital any patients but those who have already got over the crisis of their disorder. It is requiring the effect to precede the cause. But, of course, they have also much to say on their side of the argument. Another evil seems to me to attend the practice of requiring all converts to separate from their caste and family. Missionaries complain that one of their chief difficulties arises from the necessity of providing work for the maintenance of their catechumens, and the danger of this maintenance becoming a bribe to the unworthy who often come to them 'because of the loaves and the fishes.' This difficulty seems created unnecessarily. Allow the converts to remain in their families and they will both earn their own livelihood as before, and perhaps also win over the unbelieving (1 Cor. vii. 12–26.).

"In conversation with my Hindoo servants another

day, I arrived at the very point which I had been discussing in my own mind — viz. the connection between their caste and their religion. Talking of the Goleiria Rajpoot, who has been made a Mussulman, I asked whether he could recover his caste. They said, not unless the Cashmeer Maharaja, whose servant he was, should restore him to caste privileges by going through the ceremony of eating with him, as he sometimes did in similar cases.

"I said, 'Can no one but a Rajah do this? I thought some religious ceremony performed by the Brahmans was necessary.'

"They replied, 'What has it got to do with religion? It is merely a question whether his own kindred will eat with him or not; and the difficulty is to get all to agree. When a Rajah has set the example, no one can then hold back.'

"I said, 'We English fancy that your caste is a religious obligation.'

"Choomâroo answered, 'There is no connection between the two. If I were to take up stones and throw them at one of our idols, my people would cry out, "Ah, Maharâj! dost thou not punish this man who is mocking thee?" but the thought would never strike them to put me out of caste.'

"Sarda added, 'If caste depended on our religion, we should have but one caste, for Brahmans and sweepers, all worship the same deities.'

"Choomâroo went on to say, 'For some years past I have given up believing in all our fables about Sree Râm and Siv, but I am none the less secure in my caste. If I were to say the Mussulman "namâz" daily, I should in no way forfeit my caste so long as

I did not take into my mouth anything considered impure. In my former service my master used to read to us out of your Book, and I learnt all your faith.' (You must remember that, in the East, repeating a formula constitutes religion. A man who says, 'La Illahi ill' Allah; Mahammad ar-Rasool Oollah,' *is* a Mussulman, though he may not know the meaning of the words. Thus learning a faith, or listening to its exposition, comes very near to accepting it in their eyes. Hence the objection of Mussulmans to the street preaching of missionaries, which forces what they consider unholy sounds on their ears.)

"I then asked whether the duties connected with caste did not necessitate some kind of acknowledgment of the national idols.

"They both answered, 'No; whatever worship we bestow on them is purely voluntary. If we should omit it altogether, superstitious old women would shake their heads and prophesy that evil would befall us; but the omission would not affect our caste standing in any way.'

"Now here is an exact confirmation by two high-caste Hindoos (one of them a Brahman) of an opinion which my own observations have been leading me to; no one will accuse Hindoos of understating the force of caste. I do not venture to speak about the rest of India, but certainly in the hill-country of the Panjab, caste is as purely a social arrangement as morning calls or dinner parties are in England. It does not exclude the national religion, but it does not depend on it. It differs in degree, and not in kind, from the distinctions existing in European

society. The latter excludes as rigorously from its tables the ill-bred man (unless he has counter-balancing advantages), or the man of inferior rank, as if it formally cut him off from the social hookah and water. The only difference lies in the greater complexity of the Hindoo arrangements, and in the fact that they last a man's life, while in England circumstances may break the barrier. It is a frequent reproach on English social customs that they emulate the Hindoo castes. But I don't think it is commonly known how close the resemblance is."

CHAPTER XIX.

SUMMARY OF CHARACTERISTICS OF TOORKISTÂN.

Saint's Bridge at Yârkand — Rivers and Streams — Size of the City of Yârkand — Population of Yârkand — Defences of Yârkand and Kâshghar — Streets and Bazârs — Game — Cookery — Buying and Selling — Coinage — Education — Administration of Justice — Modes of Punishment — Prisoners of War — Handicraftsmen and Labourers — The Army — Price of Provisions — Value of Land — Taxation — Climate, Dust Storms, and Earthquakes — Mineral Productions: Jade, Copper, Iron, Lead, and Gold — Measures of Distance — Costume of Women.

HALF-WAY between the fortress and the Old City of Kâshghar (a distance of five miles) the river Kizil is crossed by a bridge of eight boats, which has been constructed by the Atalik-Ghâzee.

Close to the gate of the city, on the further or northern side, flows a big river called "Toomân," with a bridge of fifty-five boats, also constructed by the present ruler, there having formerly been only ferry-boats. After this there are six more streams, of which the furthest is called after the name of Hazrat Apâk, whose shrine is on its bank.

Here there was formerly a very old bridge, built by the saint himself, a former king of Eastern Toorkistân; so old as to be dangerous. No one dared to remove it or build a new one, several irreverent men who had taken away pieces of its wood for their own uses having been killed by the supernatural vengeance of the saint. One had no sooner placed his log on the fire than it burst into

splinters, one of which entered his brain and he died. Another had mended his roof with a beam from the sacred bridge, but it fell out on to his head and killed him. So the old obstruction remained a standing nuisance.

When the Atalik came and began to improve his new possessions this difficulty stared him in the face. How was he to make a passable bridge without offending the superstition of his subjects? He succeeded admirably. He brought an offering of ten camels, ten bullocks, and ten sheep, to the shrine of Hazrat Apâk, and having so appeased the saint, he lifted the first log off the bridge himself, amid shouts of "Allaho-Akber" (God is great). All his nobles and officers took up the other planks, and brought them in procession to the shrine, where they were ranged in order as consecrated wood, not to be defiled by mean uses. Having thus got rid of the privileged nuisance, he built a new bridge in its place.

All the eight streams above mentioned separate *naturally* from a parent trunk, about one and a half day's march above Kâshghar. This parent trunk, however, is formed from numerous tributaries rising in the mountains nine or ten days to the west of Kâshghar.

In a similar way the five streams crossed between Yepchang and Kâshghar are derived through a trunk stream from the mountains and glaciers. The names of the two principal streams are the Karasoo (the middle one) and the Telwachook (the big one nearest to Yepchang).

The river which is crossed close to Yang-hissâr is

the Shahnâs. This is said to rise in a small lake called Karakül, on the eastern side of the mountains quite distinct from the big Karakül Lake on the Pamir steppe.

This latter fact probably affords an explanation of the difficulty in which geographers were placed by the supposition that one of the Kâshghar rivers sprang from the Karakül Lake on the Pamir, which belongs to a different river-basin, draining westward towards the Oxus.

It is difficult to obtain any reliable statistics in these countries. The population of the towns fluctuates, owing to the great number of strangers who at certain times congregate there.

I attempted to ascertain the size of the city of Yârkand in the following manner. My servants paced the circuit of the walls bit by bit, so as not to excite suspicion. They went out at one of the five gates, and paced as far as the next, then re-entered the city, and came home for that day. They kept a record by transferring a grain of Indian corn from one pocket into another at every hundred steps. These grains they brought to me to be counted. Each servant did this independently.

By repeating this process several times for the different divisions of the wall, and by comparing the various statements, and taking a mean which was then reduced from paces into yards, I hope I attained some amount of correctness.

The circuit I make to be close upon four miles. There are hardly any open spaces or gardens to be allowed for. According to my calculation, based on the average number of doors in a hundred yards of

street, &c., we get 25,000 as the number of houses in Yârkand city.

Now the people are very closely packed; one of my servants compares them to chickens in a fowl-house, another to grapes on a cluster. The number of children seen everywhere is surprising. Thus three persons per house is a low allowance. From this I make out that Yârkand old city cannot contain less than 75,000 inhabitants.

The new city or fortress is much smaller (about 1000 yards square), and is full of open spaces, being inhabited by the wealthier and governing classes. But it also contains the barracks, so that it cannot hold less than 5000. I believe, therefore, that when accurate statistics come to be taken, it will be found that the city and fortress together contain not less than 80,000 people.

Kâshghar city I had no opportunity of visiting; but my servants reported it to be larger than Yârkand.

The Fortress, or Yang-Shahr of Kâshghar, situated about five miles to the south of the city, has a length, from E. to W., of about 1000 yards. The breadth, N. and S., is a little over 800 yards—say half a mile.

From the single gate of entrance in the middle of the N. wall a broad bazâr runs across the whole breadth of the fortress to a blocked-up gateway in the S. side. About 100 yards from the gate of entrance, on the left-hand side of this central road, is a broad open space before the palace, which forms the south and east sides of the square. My house was a little way down a street opening into the

central bazâr-road, immediately opposite the palace square.

The fortifications of both Yârkand and Kâshghar consist of a wall between thirty and forty feet high, composed of sun-dried bricks faced with mud. They are between thirty and forty feet thick at the base, diminishing to sixteen feet at the top, where a road twelve feet wide runs round between two parapets, pierced for musketry. At the corners are bastions, while the curtains are broken by projections affording a flanking fire. Outside the wall is a covered way, defended by a parapet, on the outer side of which again is the ditch, some thirty-six feet wide at the top, narrowing towards the bottom, and fifteen or twenty feet deep.

The gateways are carefully protected, the wall being thickened for forty or fifty yards round them. The gate in the main wall is not opposite the gate through the parapet of the covered way, and the space between them is well defended, forming a kind of *place d'armes*.

The streets or bazârs of the towns are from ten to fifteen feet wide, and many of them are roofed over, as a protection against the sun's rays. The different bazârs are allotted to different kinds of goods, and take their name from them. The towns are supplied with water from tanks, which are filled by canals. In every street during the summer ice is sold, which has been pitted during the winter. Iced sherbet is much drunk. The ice costs one "phool," or one-twelfth of a penny per cupful.

Game, both pheasants and venison, is to be obtained

in the winter, when it is brought in *frozen* from the mountains.

Capital bread is made by steaming over boiling water, the loaves being placed in vessels with a false bottom made of open wood-work. In similar vessels also are cooked various delicacies which make good and savoury food, especially what the Toorks call "mantoo," being little balls of forcemeat enclosed in small dumplings with gravy. They are really delicious.

All the bargaining in the bazârs is conducted in a silent manner with the hands. The seller, the buyer, and all the officious assistants who never fail to present themselves on this occasion, pull their long sleeves over their hands, and in this way make bids on each other's fingers, saying, "so many hundreds," —a pull of the fingers. "So many tens,"—another pull,—"and so many units,"—another pull. They seem to think that no offer is valid, unless it has been conveyed in this manner.[1]

When the time comes for payment, some difficulty is experienced from the inconvenient nature of the coinage. The change for a silver "kooroos," or "yamboo" (value nearly 17*l.*), consists of about 1100 "tangas." But the "tanga" itself is a nominal coin, being composed of twenty-five little copper cash, with holes pierced in them, and called "dah-cheen." These are strung together, and the quantity of them required to make up the value of one of these silver ingots of course weighs a considerable amount. I once sent to get change for a "kooroos,"

[1] Marco Polo mentions this also.

but my servants were obliged to charter a donkey to bring it home.

I fancy this is the reason why there are so few ready-money transactions, almost all the selling and buying being done by barter or in account. Merchants who are in a hurry have very often to compound for a less sum than is their due, in order to get paid in cash and at once.

I notice that the local measure called "alcheen" of about twenty-eight inches, must be the same as the Russian measure called "arschine" of the same length. This is a wonderful proof of Russian commercial progress, that even the measures of this country were borrowed from Russia.

The arrangements for education are very complete, though the quality is rather inferior. In every street wherever there is a mosque a primary school is found attached to it. For pupils of riper years, (from fifteen to twenty), there are the colleges, fifty or sixty in number, in Yârkand city. Each is capable of instructing a hundred scholars on an average, and is well endowed with lands.

A trifling sum is paid by each pupil, in addition to the funds of the college, but the education they receive is merely enough to enable them to read and write, to recite the Koran (and sometimes to understand its meaning), and on the strength of their acquirements to inscribe themselves "Moolla."

The number of colleges has increased since the time of the Chinese. The Atalik has just built and endowed two fresh ones in Yârkand, together with large tanks shaded with trees.

Since the arrival of the Atalik and his Andi-

jânees the practices of Islâm have been very strictly enforced, after the pattern of Bokhâra the Holy. The Kazee, or religious magistrate, always perambulates the streets with his satellites, like a Cambridge proctor with his bull-dogs. They are armed with a peculiar kind of broad leather strap, attached to a short wooden handle, and with this strap they castigate all men who are found without turbans, and all women without veils. When they are seen coming everybody scuttles out of the way, lest some fault should be found with them.

The Kâzee also punishes in a summary manner dishonest dealings of various kinds. My servants once saw a man with a pair of scales tied round his neck being led about the bazâr. One official was inflicting the punishment of the strap on his bare shoulders, while another went before and proclaimed his offence, which was that of having used a false balance in his trade of butcher.

More serious cases are reserved for the hearing of the Kâzee Kalân (or Chief Justice) who sits in the palace of the Dâd-Khwâh at Yârkand, and obtains the sanction of the latter to his judgments, especially when he assigns the penalty of death.

At Kâshghar the King himself hears and disposes of many cases. Every morning, about eight or nine o'clock, all his officers come and pay their respects to him. He sits on a raised floor in a sort of verandah, and the officers come up by fives, and salâm to him; while he monotonously replies "O aleikoom as-Salâm." The inferior officers and the greater part of the troops in garrison then come up by twenties or thirties to the outer gate of the courtyard, and

thence salute him at a distance. Those who have any petition to make remain till the ceremonial is over, when their requests are listened to by the King.

After this he generally goes out and sits in the large roofed gateway of the Fortress, and gives an opportunity to all his subjects of approaching him. They have the greatest freedom in speaking to him, but woe betide any too forward individual who takes advantage of this liberty to trouble his Majesty with trifling or untrue complaints.

Prisoners are not confined for any definite time. Their names are brought up periodically by the jailor, for the King's orders. His Majesty then commands the release of those whose punishment he considers to have been sufficient. But imprisonment is not commonly resorted to. Petty thieves have their hands cut off; more serious offences are punished with death. One of the Pathan officers in service at Kâshghar declares that when the Atalik thinks his men are getting too independent (or "mast" as the Afghan expresses it), he cuts a few throats and drops the bodies about here and there, "pour encourager les autres."

The King's chief councillors are two old men, named Haider Beg Dâd-Khwâh, and Nar Kol. But he generally takes council of himself alone. After these come four viziers, called respectively Ismail Beg Toorra, Kâmil Beg Toorra, Sayad Toorra, and Ikbâl Beg Toorra. These all belong to the Khoja's family, the former ruler of Eastern Toorkistân, to which also belonged Boozoorg Khan, whom the Atalik has exiled, and Wallé Khan whom he has killed.

Next in rank come the Pansad-bashees,[1] then the officers called "Oomra," then Yooz-bashees, &c., Ming-bashees,[2] and "Lashkar-bashees (chiefs of armies) are only appointed as special officers in war time, I believe.

I am assured that the Atalik-Ghâzee never kills prisoners of war, with the exception of such as he considers political offenders (such as the rebel-chief of Sarikol). The mode of execution is generally hanging for thieves; other malefactors who are condemned to death have their throats cut with a long pointed knife, which is dug into the neck from side to side, and then cut outwards to the front.

I am afraid a good many exceptions must be made to the above-mentioned general rule about prisoners of war. To begin with, all the Chinese who would not turn Mussulmans were killed. These are said to have amounted to a total of nearly 40,000 in all the provinces, including civilians as well as soldiers. It is true only a small portion of these fell to the Atalik's sword, viz., the garrisons of Yangee-Shahr, Kâshghar, and perhaps Maral-bashee. The remainder had previously been massacred by the Toongânees and the people of the country.

The administration is at present chiefly carried on by Andijânees. The governors of Aksoo, Kâshghar, Yang-hissâr, Yârkand, Poskyam, Gooma, and Sanjoo are of that nation, while those of Kargalik and Khoten are Yârkandees, the Vizier of the latter being an Andijânee.

The treatment of the people is not tyrannical.

[1] Nominally 'chiefs of five hundred.'
[2] Chiefs of one thousand (nominal).

There is no forced labour in this country, no "corvées" such as disgrace Cashmeer, and even our own hill-districts of the Panjab. All government work in Eastern Toorkistân is done by the soldiers, even the building of houses, the digging of canals, &c. There was a large establishment of tailors near my house at Kâshghar. They were employed in making up clothing; but they were all soldiers, and went out every morning to their drill. If extra labour is required, men are hired without compulsion, and receive regular payment varying from one to two "tangas" (fourpence to eightpence) per diem.

I have noticed that there is none of that exaction practised on the peasants here which strikes one so in Cashmeer. Every service is paid for; if insufficiently so, the men refuse to give it. The wood for burning used by our party was regularly bought at the door by the Atalik's officials, who were charged with supplying our wants. My servants constantly saw the payments being made, at the rate of four "tangas" (sixteenpence) per donkey-load.

The labourers, too, give a good day's work for a good day's wages. There were some men employed making a melon garden under the walls of the fortress, just behind my house at Kâshghar. For this purpose, they had to move a large quantity of earth, and they went at it heartily like Englishmen. My Guddee servants used to notice how differently they worked from the Indian coolie's listless idle way. What they did in one day (three men) would certainly have taken a dozen coolies to do in the same time. They got one "tanga" (fourpence) a day, and laboured just as hard when their employer

(a shoe-maker) was out of the way, as when he was present. (This I myself noticed.) They used the Indian "phowra" or broad hoe.

The officers of the army are paid by grants of the revenue (in kind) from so many houses, or villages. The men are paid one "tanga" a day, and are clothed and fed by the King. Their horses also belong to him. Besides this, both officers and men receive frequent distributions of presents (robes, boots, &c.), especially when engaged in any service.

Food is cheap. Flour was selling in the spring of 1869 at 90 "phools" per "châraḳ" (or a little more than 26 lbs. for a shilling).[1] It is said that the price was a third of this some time ago in the time of the Chinese. The Chinese officials used to send 1000 "yamboos" or 17,000*l.* a-year to Pekin besides Government dues in kind. Ala Akhoond who had been interpreter in the staff of the Chinese Governor at Kâshghar was my informant. He says that the total demand from Kâshghar province, including the pay of local troops and officials, amounted in round numbers to nearly 100,000*l.* a-year. This was collected by the native chiefs, for the Chinese did not in any way interfere with the internal administration of the country. But they allowed the local officials to plunder prodigiously. Under the present régime, however, the officials are held to a strict account, and during my visit to Toorkistân I knew of three instance of Governors being deprived of their office for their exactions.

The same Mahram-bashee, Ala Akhoond, gives the

[1] In the Panjab it is scarcely ever cheaper than 18 lbs. to the shilling.

following account of the value of land. He says a "pâtmân" of land is as much as it takes sixty-four *châraks* of wheat to sow. Sixty-four châraks are 990 lbs., which in Kangra would be sufficient to sow about twenty-five *goomaos*. The price which that quantity of land used formerly to sell for in Kangra is about 150 rupees, or 15*l*. (at 6 rupees per goomao). Here, the Mahrambashee says, it sells for from 5 to 10 yamboos, or 850 to 1700 rupees. Bad land sometimes sells as low as 1 yamboo, or 170 rupees. Taking the average at five, land is worth here nearly nine times as much as it was in the Kangra Valley before the tea plantations were begun! And this although silver is here dearer in proportion to gold than in India.[1]

The Mahrambashee says the taxes on the cultivators are levied in kind at one-tenth of the produce. For this purpose, sirkars or collectors are stationed in every village, who store up the royal shares of grain. To these sirkars the King gives orders under his seal thus:—1000 châraks of wheat to such a Yoozbashee, 500 to such an one, 300 to the Mahrambashee and so on. This forms their yearly allowance according to rank. When the store of any sirkar comes to an end, he brings in his report to the head Sirkar at Kâshghar. I asked whether these sirkars practised exaction. He laughed, and said, "If they did, the villagers would give them a good thrashing, and they would not dare to complain of this to the King, as he would kill them for their

[1] In Kangra the average selling price of land in late years has been little if at all lower than that given in the text for Kâshghar.

roguery." He then said, "Under the Chinese there was great tyranny—one-fourth of the produce was taken." I told him of Cashmeer, where the taxes are farmed out, and where between one official and another from two-thirds to three-fourths of the produce of the peasant's land is taken from him! He held up his hands with horror, and exclaimed against that kâfir, the Maharaja. Other taxes, he says, there are none, in this country. Internal trade and production is untaxed, but customs dues of one in forty are levied on all goods or cattle entering the country.

The following account of the climate, &c., was given me by one Mahammad Oommar. There are three months of winter, and forty days of great cold; so also three months of summer and forty days of great heat. The wheat is sown in October and November, the cattle eat off the first young shoots, which spring up again after winter: more wheat is sown in the spring; all ripens at the same time, viz., three months later, but the early sown is the strongest. The summer is very hot; people live out of doors in gardens and on the banks of streams, and go about in carts.

I have observed that the dust-storms in Toorkistân are different from those of India. There, the dust arrives with the wind, being brought from afar. Here the wind begins without dust, and it is not until it has been blowing for some time that the air gets full of particles of sand and earth from the neighbourhood.

Yepchang, a village between Kâshghar and Yanghissâr has been the scene of several earthquakes.

The shocks lasted for a period of eight months (eight or ten a day) ending about the spring of 1868. They began by a heavy shock felt over the whole country. The subsequent ones were felt only within a radius of a mile or two round Yepchang. Three slight shocks were felt while I was at Kâshghar. The Mahrambashee's gun, which was standing against a wall fell down. This was in the early morning, and I must have been asleep as I did not notice them.

The extreme cold of winter necessitates a peculiar mode of cultivation for the vines, which are common about Yârkand. They are planted in rows, with a slanting trellis-work on one side, and a trench on the other. In summer-time the vines are trained over the trellis, while the trench serves to bring water to their roots. Before the winter they are disengaged from the wood-work, and twisted down into the trench, where they are well banked over with earth until spring comes. Thus they do not suffer from the severe frosts.

One of the most valuable productions of Eastern Toorkistân used to be jade. The quarries are about six miles above the camping-ground of Balakchee on the right (or northern) bank of the River Karakash in the Kuen Luen Mountains (in latitude 36° 18′ N., and longitude about 78° 15′ E). The central mass of the range consists of granite. The chief quarry is situate some distance up the mountain side, but a quantity of débris has been washed down to the level of the river, forming a bank in which there are many marks of digging, the refuse being thrown up in heaps, while many fragments of raw jade, in-

ferior in quality, are exposed. At the quarry itself the galleries run for some distance into the mountain, and pieces of wood, wedges, &c., were seen by Dr. Cayley lying about, abandoned by the workmen at the time of the Mussulman insurrection, by which the Chinese rule was ended in 1863-64. Further up the Karakash River are marks of the former traffic. At one place there is a piece of a path built up with a wall to support it on the precipice side, elsewhere there is a group of stone huts. These signs all lead up to the Elchee Dewan (or Pass) further up the Karakash, by which Mr. Johnson crossed over to Khoten in 1865. This must have been the route usually taken by the Chinese miners to reach the quarries.

All down the River Karakash pieces of jade are found amongst the pebbles in the stream. These are estimated at three times the value of the quarry stones; they are called 'Soo Tash,' or 'Water Stones.' The probability is that constant knocking about in the rapid stream would have developed any cracks that there might be in the stone, and split off the extra pieces. Hence all "water stones," are pretty sure to be free from flaws. It is this which gives them their value; for with the quarry stones the workmen were always liable to have many days or months of labour wasted by the sudden appearance of a crack in the material, which would prevent all further carving. The chief value of jade seems to have been in the workmanship which it would bear owing to its hardness and toughness. I cannot learn that the raw uncarved jade bore any value at all in proportion to that of the finished article. The industry

is now entirely extinct. The carving is said to have been done in Khoten and Yârkand by Chinese workmen. I believe none is carved in India, although some of the patterns bear a certain resemblance to Indian models. But the raw stone is not to my knowledge ever imported into India, although a considerable number of trifling articles made of jade are brought over every year. And I have seen in Yârkand itself jade carved in the form said to be Indian.

This quarry on the Karakash is not the only place in the locality where jade is found. On the summit of the Sanjoo Pass (the Grim Dewân) over the northern crest of the Kuen Luen Mountains I found coarse jade *in situ*, forming a saw-shaped cliff. Jade is found also in a river called Yooroong-Kash, draining into Khoten from the same mountains, as does the Karakash. The termination kash in each of these words signifies *jade* in Toorkee.

Marco Polo mentions that "jasper" is found in the bed of a river which may be identified with the Karakash. He probably means jade. Benedict Goez also visited the jade mines during his stay at Khoten. A passage in the Chinese "thousand character classic" has been quoted which says, "Jade comes from the mountains of Kwan-lun (Kuen Luen)."

Other mineral productions of Eastern Toorkistân are copper, iron, lead, and gold. The copper is said to be found near Aksoo. The iron is got from the Kizil-Tagh (Red Mountains), to the west of Yârkand, and is worked in the villages of Toblok Kizil (so called from the "red" colour of the soil), &c., south of Yang-hissâr.

Lead is obtained from some of the valleys near Sarikol, where the Yârkand River comes out of the mountains. It is also said to have been worked near Kâshghar, in the mountains which form the northern boundary of the Pamir plateau.

Khoten is famous for its gold, of which there are several mines under the mountains near Kiria to the east of Khoten. This gold-field probably is connected with that to the eastward of Roodok and Gortok, which was lately visited by one of Major Montgomerie's "Pundits." Gold is reported to exist in the mountains between these two scenes of mining operations. At Kiria the shafts are sunk to some depth to reach the auriferous beds, of which the earth is brought up to the surface, and then washed in cradles. The produce is a kind of coarse gravel of gold, if I may so describe it, consisting of dust mixed with smaller or larger nodules or lumps, none of them, however, being bigger than a broad-bean, and of irregular shapes.

I heard a rumour of some substance resembling coal being found in the jungles to the eastward of Yârkand. I fancy, however, that there is no doubt of its existence in the mountains of Andijân, near the town of Oosh. An Andijânee described it to me under the name of Tash-kümür (stone-charcoal) which comes very near to the French "charbon-de-terre." He says that a seam of it crosses out in the mountains, and that men sometimes go and pick up a few fragments to burn, but it is not regularly worked.

I tried to ascertain the exact length of the distance which is called a "tash" or in Persian "farsakh" (parasang) or a "sang" (the latter word is a mere

translation of the Toorkee "tash," so called from the stones put up by the roadside to mark the distance).

I soon discovered that it was far more than the common "farsakh" of Persia, which is only three and a half miles. But it is probably more a measure of *time* than of *distance*, like the "stunde" of Switzerland. In most hill countries one is told that the distance between two places is so much if you are going up-hill, but only so much if you are coming down.

In the plains of Eastern Toorkistân travellers go at a quick jog trot, which the horses can keep up for many hours at a stretch. Here, therefore, the number of miles travelled in the hour is probably more than it is in Persia. I noticed also that when one gets into the hills, the "tash" diminishes in length.

The natives declare it to be 12,000 paces. On the road between Kargalik and Yârkand, where the distances are marked by posts, I made my men pace out a "tash" several times both on foot and on horseback. On foot they made it out to be 11,000 paces, which, at twenty-eight inches to the step is nearly five miles, and at thirty inches comes to five and a quarter miles. On horseback they made it 5740 double paces. Galton, in his 'Art of Travel,' calculates that 950 double paces of a horse go to a mile. This would make the "tash" just six miles. But the ambling pace of a horse shortens his steps. A "tash" is probably about five miles, which distance we usually did in the hour. The latitudes also agree with this reckoning.

From measurements of distance to women's garb

is an abrupt transition, but I must say a word or two on the latter subject. I have already described the men's dress, but not the women's. In the winter the latter wear a little *pork-pie* hat turned up all round with a fur border. This is set on a white kerchief, of which one corner comes over the forehead, the opposite corner falling down the back, while the two other corners rest on the shoulders. The rest of the costume consists of long robes one over the other, reaching to the ankles, and without any waist.

But in summer the dress is more peculiar. The commonest head-dress is like the globe of a lamp set on the back of the head. It is generally white, but among the richer classes is made of silk or of brocade stiffened into a globular shape. The body-dress when "en famille," or even in public with the lower orders is a simple one, resembling the night-garb of more civilised countries, and reaching within a foot of the ground. Beneath this appear the ends of a pair of wide trousers, which ends are generally embroidered or entirely composed of some ornamented and coloured material, most often red. The feet are enclosed in high-heeled red-leather boots, which are understood to reach to the knees. But when a lady of distinction moves out of doors, she puts on over all this a long robe made of a black glazed material, which reaches to the ground, while the sleeves conceal the very tips of the fingers, with a good deal to spare. On the front part of the head is placed a small *horn*, stiffened by many folds of calico or other material. This horn supports a tunic of flowery muslin made with sleeves, &c., as if intended to be

worn on the body, but which custom has converted into a kind of màntilla, as it has in Europe decreed that a hussar's jacket should be suspended from one shoulder. The face is hidden by a small square veil tied round the head, while the mantilla hangs over the head and shoulders down to the waist. Thus every portion of the fair Yârkandee is concealed as effectually as a silk-worm in its cocoon.

It is said that this *horn* head-dress is the original costume of the country. And with this agrees a description which is to be found in the travels of Hwui Seng, a Chinese pilgrim, who visited Eastern Toorkistân in A.D. 519. He says: "The royal ladies . . . . also wear on their heads a *horn* in length eight feet (?) and more, three feet of its length being red coral. . . . . As for the rest of the great ladies they all in like manner cover their heads, using *horns*, from which hang down veils all round like precious canopies."

The horns of the present day, however, seem to have grown shorter, unless the measure translated as a "foot" was really an "inch."

The hair of the Toorkistân ladies is gathered over the ears into two long plaits, which hang down the back. They do not scruple to increase the bulk and length of these pig-tails by artificial means. Hair is at a premium in Yârkand, and when my Moonshee (who in India wore his hair in loose locks) had his head shaved after the orthodox fashion, previous to entering Yârkand, the caravan men were quite indignant with him for having thrown away his discarded chevelure, telling him that it would have fetched a considerable sum of money.

The artificial pig-tails which are to be bought in all the bazârs, are composed of short hairs plaited together in such a manner, leaving out several inches of the ends, that the central plaits are quite concealed. Several of these gathered together form quite a respectable queue.

The ladies are not usually much given to ornaments, as these are contrary to their religion. No gold must be worn on the person; but I managed to pick up a set of pretty silver ornaments set with turquoises and coral, in a very tasteful manner. There was a bracelet, four large acorn-shaped buttons to be attached to the front of the dress, two talisman cases to hang on either shoulder, and a pair of ear-rings made in such a manner that the pendants occupy the inside of the large rings which hang from the ears.

The Yârkand ladies look upon the Indian habit of piercing the women's noses to receive huge rings, as quite barbarous. But they are not above using a little artificial colour for their cheeks. In the bazârs tinted cotton is sold for this purpose, which being slightly wetted and rubbed on the face gives a bloom that does not look unnatural even on a European skin.

APPENDIX.

Extract from Cunningham's 'Ladâk.'

CATACLYSM OF THE SHAYOK AND INDUS.[1]

During December, 1840, and January, 1841, the Indus was observed to be unusually low between Torbela and Attock. In February and March it became lower, and was even fordable not far above Attock; but in April and May, though still very low, it was no longer fordable, as the depth of the stream had been much increased by the melted snows.

Early in June the barrier was burst, and the collected waters of nearly six months rushed with overwhelming violence down the narrow valley of the Shayok, sweeping everything before them. Houses and trees, men and women, horses and oxen, sheep and goats, were carried away at once, and all the alluvial flats in the bed of the river, which had been irrigated with laborious care, were destroyed in a moment. This happened in the middle of the month of Jyeth, in the Sambat year, 1898, or about the 1st June, A.D. 1841.

[1] It seems right to note here that Mr. Shaw does not seem to have been aware that the essential connexion between the bursting of the barrier in the Shayok, and the great flood at Attok in 1841, is not admitted by various gentlemen very competent to form an opinion (*e. g.* Major-General Strachey and Major Montgomerie). It seems impossible that the mere abstraction of the water contributed to the Indus by the Shayok, at a point only some 40 miles from the sources of the latter, should have produced a great and palpable diminution of the stream of the Indus at Attok 330 miles below, before reaching which the river has received such a number of other important tributaries. See a Memorandum by Major T. G. Montgomerie, R.E., on another great flood, which reached Attok on the 10th August, 1858, in the 'Journal of the Asiatic Society of Bengal' for 1860, pp. 128-135. It must be remembered that to a long tract of the course of the main Indus, between Ghilghit and Torbela, we have even now absolutely no access.

According to the testimony of the people of Chalung and Tartuk, on the western boundary of Chorbat, the waves of inundation passed the villages at two o'clock in the afternoon. As these villages stand on opposite sides of the river, and are ten miles apart, the concurrence of the testimony may be taken as a proof of its correctness. Two days afterwards, and exactly at the same hour, the flood passed by Torbela, a distance of 550 miles. The rate is 11·4583 miles per hour, or 16·81 feet per second, being only just half that of the flood-wave of the Val de Bagnes in 1818 at its first burst into the valley of the Rhone. The fall from the Khundan glacier to Torbela is 16,000 feet, or just 20 feet per mile.

The devastating effects of the terrible flood were still quite fresh in 1847. At Tertse, one of the widest parts of the valley, they could be traced to a height of more than 20 feet above the stream, where straws and twigs were massed together in lines two or three feet broad, and upwards of half a mile from the channel of the river in October, 1847. But the most striking effect of the flood was the entire absence of trees in the valley of the Shayok, while the lateral valley of Nubra was full of trees upwards of 100 years old. There were, of course, many young trees in the bed of the Shayok; but they were the growth of only a few years. At Surma and at other places in the Khapolor district, numbers of fruit-trees were observed standing amidst large tracts of sand and gravel. . . . . The principal loss of life occurred in the Nubra district, where the valley of the Shayok expands to about half a mile in breadth. There the shepherds and herdsmen, with their flocks and herds, were overwhelmed in the midst of the open plain, without the chance of escape. In the lower part of the valley, where the channel is confined, and where the villages are generally built high above the streams, there was no loss of life. Even amongst the low-lying hamlets in the bed of the river the loss of life was trifling, for the distant roar of the rushing waters was a sufficient warning to the people who had beheld

the inundation of 1833, and with a few exceptions, they all made their escape up the mountains.

The effect of the inundation at Torbela has been so graphically described by Major James Abbott from the lips of an eye-witness, Ashraf Dhan, of Torbela, that I will quote it entire. "At about 2 P.M., a murmuring sound was heard from the North-east among the mountains, which increased until it attracted universal attention, and we began to exclaim, 'What is this murmur? Is it the sound of cannon in the distance? Is Gandgarh bellowing? Is it thunder?' Suddenly some one cried out, 'The river 's come!' and on looking I perceived that all the dry channels were already filled, and that the river was racing down furiously in an absolute wall of mud, for it had not at all the colour or appearance of water. They who saw it in time easily escaped; they who did not, were inevitably lost. It was a horrible mess of foul water, carcases of soldiers, peasants, war-steeds, camels, prostitutes, tents, mules, asses, trees, and household furniture, in short, every item of existence jumbled together in one flood of ruin; for Raja Golab Singh's army was encamped in the bed of the Indus at Kulai, three kos above Torbela, in check of Painda Khan. Part of the force was at that moment in hot pursuit, or the ruin would have been wider. The rest ran: some to large trees, which were all soon uprooted and borne away; others to rocks, which were speedily buried beneath the waters. Only they escaped who took at once to the mountain side. About 500 of these troops were at once swept to destruction. The mischief was immense; hundreds of acres of arable land were licked up and carried away by the waters. The whole of the Sisu trees which adorned the river's banks, the famous Bargat tree of many stems, time out of mind the chosen bivouac of travellers, were all lost in an instant."

Throughout the mountain course of the Indus, the devastation caused by this terrible flood in the low lands along the bank of the river was complete. All the cultivated lands were swept away, and not even a single tree was left standing

to mark the spot where careful tillage and laborious irrigation had for hundreds of years wrung luxuriant crops from the thirsty soil. The fields, the houses, and the trees were all overwhelmed in one common ruin; while men and the animals which he has domesticated, horses and oxen, sheep and goats, generally managed to escape.

The ruin caused by this awful inundation in the bed of the Indus, between Torbela and Attock, was so overwhelming and so vast, that "it will take hundreds, if not thousands, of years to enable time to repair, with its healing hands, the mischief of that terrible hour. The revenue of Torbela has in consequence dwindled from 20,000 to 5,000 rupees. Chach has been sown with barren sand. The timber, for which the Indus has been celebrated from the days of Alexander until this disaster, is now so utterly gone, that I vainly strove throughout Hazara to procure a Sisu tree for the repair of the field artillery carriages. To make some poor amends, the river sprinkled gold-dust over the barren soil, so that the washings for several successive years were farmed at four times their ordinary rent."

Opposite Attock, the waters of the Cabul River were checked and forced backwards for upwards of twenty miles by the mighty waves of the inundation. The fort of Akora and the village of Messabanda were overthrown; and when I saw them, in January, 1848, were mere scattered heaps of ruin. . . . . By dividing the maximum discharge of 100,000 cubic feet per second by the ascertained velocity of 11·4583 miles per hour, or 16·81 feet per second, we obtain 5948 square feet as the sectional area of the cataclysmal wave. From this I have deduced the rise of the river in different parts of the channel according to its width. These heights, however, do not give the actual rise of the water, which must always have been greater immediately above every narrow part of the channel.

	Width of river.	Rise.
Above Tertse	250 feet broad.	23·79 feet.
Near Turtak	100 „	59·48 „

The height of the flood below Tertse was ascertained to

have been between twenty and thirty feet, by the broad lines of straw and twigs which marked the extreme limits of the inundation. In the open plain of Unmâru, the waters must have been kept at the same level as at Tertse, by the obstruction offered to their passage in the narrow channels between Chulung and Turtuk. This would account for the lines of straw and twigs being observed about half a mile from the present bed of the river. The valley of the Indus, below the junction of the Shayok, narrows in some places to 100 feet, and even less. At these points, therefore, the flood must have risen to a height of sixty feet at least, and must have caused a considerable back-wave upon the confined channel of the Indus proper, or Lé River. And this was actually the case; for the effect of the inundation is said to have been felt for nearly thirty miles up the Indus, while at Sarmak, ten miles above the confluence, the lower cultivated lands were destroyed, and no less than 1200 fruit-trees were swept away by the backwater flood.

At Skardo, where the river expands to 520 feet in width, and where the sandy flats rise at least thirty feet above the general level of the stream, it is probable that the flood did not spread much beyond the usual limits. The rise would therefore, not have been more than ten feet. But below Skardo, in the confined and rocky channel, which is the prevailing character of the bed of the Indus throughout the Rongo district, the flood-wave would have risen to its full height of sixty feet; and at the "craggy defiles" of Makpon-i-Shang-Rong, the curbed waters must have been massed up at least 100 feet in height.

At Ghoritrap, below Attock, where the width of the river is not more than 250 feet, the waves of the inundation must have attained a height of at least 23·79 feet; and this will at once account for the height of the waters at Attock, which are said to have submerged the Fort of Khairabad by their sudden rise of nearly thirty feet.

From Attock to the sea the inundation pursued its ruinous course; but I have no information as to the extent of the

country flooded, or the numbers of people swept away. According to the papers of the day, the devastation of the three Deras,—Ismael Khan, Gazee Khan, and Fateh Khan, was very great; and I trust that full particulars of this extraordinary flood may yet be collected by some of our many British officers stationed along the Indus.

NOTE.—At present in the upper course of the Shayok numerous little heaps of *débris* are to be seen scattered here and there on the flat river-terraces which line the valley. They consist of stone and gravel of all sizes, but all derived from a slate rock. Now, the formation of the mountains in this neighbourhood is granite and gneiss, and slate is not met with till near the head of the river, some eighty miles up. The natives, when asked for an explanation of this, say that these heaps were brought down by the great flood on blocks of ice, which got stranded, and in melting, left the *débris* with which they had been charged.

This explanation is entirely in accordance with appearances, and shows some amount of observation on the part of those who gave it.

R. B. SHAW.

March, 1871.

THE END.

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